

onely trewe and spicere Cronicle of
the warres betwixt the Grecians and
the Trojans, and subsequently of the first en-
croon of the auncient and famousse Eypse of
Trope under Lamedon the king, and of the
laste and synall destruction of the same un-
der Pyram, wyrtten by Daretus a Trovan
and Dictus a Grecian both souldigurs and
present in all the sayde warres and diges-
sed in Latyn by the learned Cupido
de Columpnis and lastes
translated in to en-
glishe verbe
by John Lpdgate Woncke
of Wurce. And newely
imprinted. An. 15.
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To the reader.



Although the battayles betwixte the Greepans and the Trojans before the laste and synall euersion of þe City of Troy (as an historie woorthye of eterne memorie hath passed through the pennes of sundry famous Doctes and great clerkes, Grekes, and Latynes, as Homer, Virgyle, Ouyde, and others, whych for that they woordes thereof came to the handes of most men, haue therfore hitherto ben holden as chiefest reporters of that historie. Of whom neuerthelesse partly by affection towardes they countrey men, as Homer fauourynge the Greepans, and Virgyle and Ouyde the Trojans, and partely breakynge out (as who sayth) into theyr poetycall fictions, the historie was so peruerted: that the verie trouthe therof is not to be had in theyr dygestes. What we maye then hope to fynde of the trouthe, in theyr doynge that haue onely laboured as translators of Virgyle & Homer into theyr peculyer and bulgare languages, as it is easely to be considered. Of whome, although some I do confesse haue learnedly and that ryghtly well perfourmed theyr enterpryse therein. Yet hath there ben other some, so beastly bolde to undertake wout eyther wytt or any learning, to translate the same historie namely the Eneides of Virgyle into englyshe, not vnderstandynge scarce any word what Virgyle met in all that worke. As by example, if a man studyouse of that historie, shoulde seke to fynde the same in the doynge of Wyllyam Carton in his leauide recueil of Troy: what shoulde he then fynde thynke you: assurably none other thynge, but a longe tedious and Brayneles babbling, tendynge to no end, nor haunyng any certayne begynnynge: but proceadyng therein as an ppyot in his follye, that can not make an ende tyll he be bydden. Suche lyke the folye and vnsauere doynge of Drettes, whom I humillly remembreth, that after he had wyrt his booke to the iuste volume, filled then the mergentes and outwarde sydes with his madness, whych after both that with in and wpythout considered tended to no pur-

pose at all. whych Cartons rectified, who so lyttly wpyth iudgement peruse, shall rather thynke his doynge woorthye to be numbred amongst the trufelinge tales and barrayne luerdies of Robyn Hode, & Beuys of Hampton, then remaine as a monumēt of so woorthy an history. Yet hath there not wanted the faythful & trewe reporters of þe historie, as Daretus the Phrygian, and Hytus the Greepan, who both caryouse of the woorthy dedes of theyr countreites, & both lykwys presēt in al the sayd warres haue dyligently regestred the same, whose bokcs although by iniurpe of the tyme, were not of long estant, yet at the last beyng founde at Athenes, haue sing by deuue conference ben founde hooly to agre, in all the dyscourse of þe sayd warres, which the laboures almost of Daretus as Hytus, at the laste came to the ryght & handes of the lerned and dyligent Guydo of Columpna, who hath syncretely and prythely digested the same in one latyne volume. And so by these degrees, hath bene at the laste by þe diligence of John Lydgate a moncke of Burye, brought into our englyshe tonge: and dygested as maye appere, in verse who estrange as well in other his doynge as in this hath wpythout doubte so muche preuayled in this our bulgare language, that haunyng his prayse deuue to his deseruynge, may woorthily be numbred amongst those that haue theselye deserued of our tunge. As the verie perfect disciple and imitator of the great Chaucer, & onely glozpe and beauty of the same. Neuer theles, lykwys as it hapned þe same Chaucer to leaue þe prayse of that tyme wherin he wrot beyng then when in dede al good letters were almost allepe, so farre was the grosenesse and barbarousnesse of that age from the vnderstandinge of so deuynne a wyrt. That if it had not bene in this our tyme, wherin all kindes of learnynge (thancked be god) haue as much florished as euer they did by anye former dayes within this realme, and namely by the diligence of one Wyllyam Thome a gentilmā who laudably studyouse to þe polynge of so great a Jewell, with ryght good iudgement trauail, & great paynes causing the same to be perfected and stamped as it is now read, þe sayde Chaucers woordes had vterly perished, or at þe lest ben so depaured by corruption of copies,

that at the laste, there shoulde no parte of hys meaning haue ben founde in any of them. Euen the same inurye almost hath happened to this wyrtier in this his Pamphlete of the c- uerisio of Troie: being printed about .xlii. yea- res agoe, euen then in the tyeple (as it hapned) of the dercke and vnlearned tynes, suche was then the ignozaunce of bothe the prynter and correctour, nerther of them as it shoulde seme cyther learned or dinderstandynge englishe, & y same worke is so falsed in his verbe by either lacke, folthe surplus, or displasinge of y wor- des, that thereby y sentence and cōsequētye y hissoye is so confused and obscurd, that in most places, there can be almost nothing ga- thered therof. I therfore muche meruaylinge how it hath happened, whether for lack of co- pies, (as in dede they be but few or otherwise y this boke being thonly tiew & sincere englishe Cronicle, of that so worthye an hissoye wher- vpon so many great clerkes in other langua- ges haue voutfased they traunples, hath not before this tyme (whiche in dede lacketh not that haue already by their doynges shewed them selves to haue ryght good iudgement in our language) bin purged of his falsities, & reduced as nere as might be with conueniēce to the auctours translation. Haue therfore ta- ken vpon me as one studious of y language of my countreyn although I must confesse y least able of a great neibze, to bring again this hissoyan into lyght somewhat I truste more perfecte & polished then before, not inuertynge therein cyther matter or sentence, but leaueyng that to the auctour his commendacyon, as of right apperteyneth. Natheles if I would haue ben withdrawen from this myne attempte, to that which I myght iustly haue recompted to my selfe, that is, to consyder how great an en- terpryse he vndertaketh, that goeth aboute to byrnyge perfected into the handes of men y cor- rupted labours of foizner wyrtiers, and howe lyttle thanke is gained thereby I shulde neuer then haue dared, to haue bestowed here- of one penful of yncke. Considering that who so traunplethe in other mennes doynges is thought to do nothinge of him selfe, and there- by in some mens iudgements hath before had the thanke that he deserueth. But if any such be that shal so discern hereof, I may accompt

his iudgement like indifferent as is that mas that shoulde iudge, that he wherch hath purged an ouergrowe felde of thornes, & stones, hath also solued y same wyth cozne, & shuld in y end be no partaker of y fruytes or increase therof. And surely who so euer shal take vpon hym thus to traunple in others mens labozes, whe- ther ye lyst to waie y difficultie of the thing or the commoditie & pleasure that shal ensue to theym that be desirous to vnderstande the prynties of our englishe tonge, me thincketh such one worthy of his praise. And that I may say my iudgemēt his traunple ought not to be thought muche lesse then is his that wyrteth of his owne inuēcyō. For if the one com- mend y quickenes of y wit, thother declareth the ripenes of iudgement. He haunp a large felde to discoure in, thother cōciled with y straight boundes of y wyrtier. The one may vie y frugalitie of inuēcion & wyrt, thother must so moderate the same, y when he hath greatest neade therof, yet may he not passe the lymtes. Not one onely coppe must be perused, but ma- ny exāplars looked ouer, & therein he maye not chose such as lyketh his fantasie, but y which shal seme to come more nere to y auctours me- ninge, and maye most please and pleasure the readers. So that therein, he shal be compel- led to put on (as it were) they fantasie, and yet that so sparinglye, y he maye neither adde nor take awaye, but where he shalbe thereto led by certayne & sure iudgements. Al which thinges how easie they be, who so list practyse the same maye sone discern. Thus muche I haue thought good to set in wyrtynge before this worke. To tend the readers maye be ad- monyshed, that this without other is the very trewe and sincere englishe hissoyan of the la- mentable battels, destynpe, and vter euerisyon of the auncient and famouse Cytpe of Troie and also to pzenent the malice of suche, as shal haplye accompt my traunple herein, rather rather presumptyon, then anye vertuous imi- tacion of wel doyng.

Finis.

 Robert Braham.

The prologue of the Translatour.

O myghty mars that to thy sterne lyght, In armys hast the pōwer and y myght, And named arte from easse to occident, The myghty lord, the god Arripotent, That with the shyninge of thy strenges rede: By influence dost the byrdell lede, Of chualtrie as soueraygne and patron, Full hote and dyre of complexion: Frons woode and malencolyke, And of nature brent and colerike, Of colour shyninge like the fiery glede, Whose ferle lokes ben as ful of dede, As is the leuene that alighteth lowe, Solue by the skies from Iupiter his bowe, So bene thy strenges passing dyspyteous, And to beholde so my furious. Thou causer art with thy fyre beames, Of werre and strife in many sūdyre realmes. Whose lordshipp cheifest is in Capricorne; But in the crabbe is thy power lozne. And causer art of conteke and of strife. Now for the lone of her Vulcanus wife, With whom whilom y were at mischiese take, So helpe me now onely for her sake, And for the lous of thy Bellona, That with the dwelleth beyonde Circha, In Lypre londe byon the sandes rede: So be my helpe in this great nede; To do succour my stile to dyserte, And of my penne the traces to correcte. Whiche barrayne is of aureat lycoure. But in thy grace I finde some succoure: For to conuoy it with thine influence, That stumblen aye for fault of eloquence. For to reherse or wryten any worde: Now helpe o mars y art of knighthode lord: And hast of manhode the magnificence; And other goddes y arne of highe prudence, This worke teplete that ye not refuse, But maketh Cypso for to be my muse, With her sytten that on Vernaſus dwelle, In Circha by Helyron the welle. Renning full cleare with strenges cristallyn. And called is the fountayne Caballyn, That springeth by touche of the Pegase, Helpe me also o thou Calliope, That were mother vnto hym Orpheus, Whose dyces weren so melodius, That the werbles of his reſowninge harpe,

Appeased all the wordes therpe: Bothe of Barchas and furies infernall, And Cerberus so cruell founde at all. He cōyed also bothe beast foule and tree. Now of thy grace be helping vnto me. And of thy golden dewe let the lycoure wet; My bulled brest that with thy hony swete: Suggest the tūnges of Aethyopiens, And maystresse art to all musiciens; Now be mine helpe tenlumine to thy worke: Which am beset with cloudes dunne & derke, Of ignozaunce in making to procede: To be to theym lustye that shal it reade. And in herte I am so full of dede, When prudent spers hereto shal take hede: Who as in makinge more skill can than I: That they vouchecase I pray full beningly, Of they goodnesse to haue compassion: Where as I erre in my translation: For god I take highly to witnesse: That I this worke of hertie lowe humbleſse, Toke vpon me of good entencion, Dewoyde of pride and alpresumption. For to obey withouten vraypaunce, My lordes biddinge fully and pleasaunce, Which hath desyre sothely for to sayne, Of very knighthod to repozte agayne, The worthynesse if so I shal not lye: And eke the prōwesse of olde chualtrie. Bycause that he hath ioye and great deintyre, To reade in bokes of olde antiquyte, To finde onely howe he may vertue lewe, By they ample also and to eschewe: The curied byce of slouth and idelnesse. So he enioyneth in vertuous busiuesse, In all y longeth to manhode dare I sayne, He busyeth him and therto is so sayne, To haunte his bodye in playes marciall, Through exercise to exclude slouth in all, After the doctrine of Aligerius. Thus is he manfull and eke vertuous, More passingly than I can of hym wryte. I want conning his renoune to endite. So much of manhode men may in him ſene, And for to witen who that I would meane, He eldest sonne is of the noble kinge, Very y fourth of knighthode well and spring. In whom is shewed of what stock he grewe, The roots vertue thus can the sett renewe:

that at the laste, there shoulde no parte of hys meaning haue ben founde in any of them. Euen the same inuirtue almost hath happened to this wyrtier in this his Pamphlite of the conuersion of Troye: being printed about .xlii. yeares agoe, euen then in the tyme (as it hapned) of the dercke and vnlearned tynes, suche was then the ignoraunce of bothe the prynter and correctour, neyther of them as it shoulde seme eyther learned or dnderstandynge englishe, yf same worke is so falsed in his verse by either lacke, folide surplus, or displacing of y wor- des, that thereby y sentence and consequente y hisooye is so confused and obscured, that in most places, there can be almost nothing gathered therof. I therfore muche meruaylinge how it hath happened, whether for lacke of cop- ies, (as in dede they be but few) or otherwise y this booke being thonly trew & sincere englishe Cronicle, of that so worthe an hystooye wher- vpon so many great clerkes in other langua- ges haue voutfased they traunayles, hath not before this tyme (whiche in dede lacketh) not that haue already by their doynges shewed them selves to haue ryght good iudgement in our language) bin purged of his falsities, & reduced as nere as myght be with conueni- ence to the auctours translation. Haue therfore taken vpon me as one studious of y language of my countreith although I must confesse y least able of a great nūbre, to bring again this hystorian into lyght somewhat I truste more perfecte & polished then before, not inuerting therein eyther matter or sentence, but leauyn- g that to the auctour his commendacion, as of right apperteyneth. Natherles if I would haue ben withdrawen from this myne attempte, to that which I myght iustly haue recompted to my selfe, that is, to consyder how great an enterpryse he vnder taketh, that goeth aboute to bringe perfected into the handes of men y cor- rupted labours of former wyrtiers, and howe lyttle thanke is gained thereby I shoulde neuer then haue dared, to haue bestowed here- of one penful of yncke. Consydering that who so traunaylethe in other mennes doynges is thought to do nothinge of him selfe, and there- by in some mens iudgements hath before had the thanke that he deserueth. But if any such be that shal so discern hercof, I may accompt

his iudgement like indifferent as is that māg that shoulde iudge, that he whych hath purged an ouergrowne felde of thornes, & stones, hath also sowed y same wyth corne, & shuld in y end be no partaker of y fruytes or increase therof. And surely who so euer shal take vpon hym thus to traunayle in others mens labours, whe- ther y lyst to waye y difficultie of the thing or the commoditie & pleasure that shal ensue to theym that be desirous to vnderstande the ppyeties of our englishe tonge, me thinketh such one worthy of his praise. And that I may say my iudgement his traunayle ought not to be thought muche lesse then is his that wy- teth of his owne inuencions. For if the one com- mend y quickenes of y witt, thother declareth the ripenes of iudgement. He hanping a large felde to discourse in, thother cōpiled with y straight boundes of y wyrtier. The one may vie y frugalitie of inuencion & wytt, thother must so moderate the same. y when he hath greatest neade therof, yet may he not passe the lymittes. Not one onely coppe must be perused, but ma- ny exāplars looked ouer, & therein he maye not chose such as lyketh his fantasie, but y which shal seme to come more nere to y auctours me- ninge, and maye most please and pleasure the readers. So that therein, he shal be com- pelled to put on (as it were) they fantasie, and yet that so sparinglye, y he maye neither adde nor take awaye, but where he shalbe thereto led by certayne & sure iudgements. Al which thinges how easie they be, who so list practise the same maye sone discern. Thus muche I haue thought good to set in wyrtynge before this worke. To thend the readers maye be ad- monished, that this without other is the very trewe and sincere englishe hystorian of the la- mentable battels, destynie, and vtter euersion of the auncient and famous Cytie of Troye and also to ppeuent the malice of suche, as shal happye accompte my traunayle herein, rather rather presumpon, then anye vertuous imi- tacion of wel doyng.

Finis.

 Robert Braham.

The prologue of the Translatour.

O myghty mars that to thy sterne lyght, In armys hast the power and y myght. And named arte from easte tyl occident, The myghty lord, the god Armpotent. That with the thynge of thy strenges rede: By influence dost the byrdell lede, Of chualrie as sowerayne and patron, Full hote and dype of complexion: Frous woode and malencolyke, And of nature bzent and colerike. Of colour thynge like the fiery glede, Whose ferre lokes ben as ful of dype, As is the leuene that alighteth lowe, Downe by the skies from Jupiter his bowe, So bene thy strenges passing dyspyteous, And to beholde so my furious. Thou canst art with thy fyrie beames, Of werre and strife in many sūdye realmes. Whose lordshipp cheifest is in Capricorne, But in the crabbe is thy power lozne. And cauler art of conteeke and of strife, Now for the lone of her Ucanus wife, With whom whilom y were at mischiefe take, So helpe me now onely for her sake, And for the laus of thy Bellona, That with the dwelleth beyonde Circha, In Xpyre londe vpon the sandes rede: So be my helpe in this great neede, To do succour my stile to dyrecte, And of my penne the traces to correcte. Whiche barrayne is of aureat lycoure. But in thy grace I finde some succoure: For to conuoy it with thine influence, That stumbleth aye for fault of eloquence, For to reherse or wryten any worde: Now helpe o mars y art of knighthode lord: And hast of manhode the magnificence. And other goddes y arne of hygh prudence, This worke teplete that ye not refuse, But maketh Cypso for to be my muse, With her syster that on Vernalus dwelle, In Circha by Helyon the welle. Renning full cleare with strenges cristallyn, And called is the fountayne Caballyn, That springeth by touche of the Pegase, Helpe me also o thou Calliope, That were mother vnto hym Opyheus, Whose dytees weren so melodius, That the werbles of his resoundinge harpe,

Appeared all the wordes therpe:

Bothe of Marchas and furies infernall, And Cerberus so cruell founde at all. He cōyed also bothe beast foule and tree, Now of thy grace be helpynge vnto me. And of thy golden dewe let the lycoure towe, My dulled brest that with thy hony sweete: Sugrest the tinges of Rethoriciens, And maystrelle art to all musiciens: Now be mine helpe tenlumine to thy worke: Which am beset with cloude dunne & derke, Of ignoraunce in making to procede: To be to thepm lustye that shal it reade. And in herte I am so full of dype, When prouident spsters hereto shal take hede: Who as in makinge more skill can than I: That they vouchesafe I pray full beningly, Of they goodnesse to haue compassion: Where as I erre in my translation. For god I take highly to witnesse: That I this worke of hertie lowe humbleste, Take vpon me of good entencion, Deuoyde of pride and al presumption, For to obey withouten varpaunce, My lordes biddynge fully and pleasure. Which hath desyre so help for to sayne, Of very knighthod to reporte agayne, The worthinesse if so I shal not lye: And eke the prowesse of olde cheualrye. Becaue that he hath ioye and great deintye, To reade in booke of olde antiquite, To finde onely howe he may vertue sewe, By they ample also and to eschewe: The cursed vyce of slouth and welnesse. So he enuoyne in vertuous businesse, In all y longeth to manhode dare I sayne, He busyeth him and therto is so sayne, To haunte his bodye in playes marciall, Through exercise to exclude slouth in all, After the doctrine of Vigecins. Thus is he manfull and eke vertuous, More passingly than I can of hym wryte. I want conning his renoune to endite, So much of manhode men may in hym seie, And for to wryte who that I would meane, He eldest sonne is of the noble kinge, Hery y fourth of knighthode well and spring. In whom is shewed of what stock he grew, The rootis vertue thus can the sett reuewe:

The prologue.

In euery parte the tarage is the same.
 Lyke his father of maners and of name.
 In sothfastnes and this no fable is.
 Called Henry eke þe worthy prince of Wales.
 To whom shall longe as by succession,
 For to gouerne this Britis albon,
 Which hath me bydde the dery pyteous fate,
 Of them of Trope in ynglyshe to translate.
 The siege also and destruction.
 Lyke as the latyn maketh mencion,
 For to compile and after Guido make,
 So I could and wyte it for his sake.
 Because he would that both to highe & lowe,
 The noble stoyr openly were knowe.
 And in our tunge about in euery age,
 Witten it were as well in our language,
 As in the latyn and the frenshe it is.
 That of the stoyr we the trithe not mys.
 No more than dotheche other nation:
 This was the fine of his entencion.
 The which emprise anon I giue shall,
 In his worthepp as for memoypall.
 And of the tpyne to maken mencion,
 Whan I began on this translation,
 It was the peare sothly for to seyne,
 Fourtene complete tho of his fathers reygne.
 The time of peare shortly to conclude,
 Whan .xx. grees was þe hebus altitude.
 The hour whā he hath made his stedes drazo
 His rosen chariet lowe vnder the wawe,
 To bathe his beames in the wawy sea,
 Grefed lyke golde as men myght playnly se,
 Passyng the bordure of our Ocean.
 And Lucina of coloure pale and wan,
 Her colde arisyng in Octobze dyght,
 Tenchase the darkenes of the frosty nyght,
 That then amuddes was of the Scorpion.
 And Vesperus gan fast to wester down,
 Her course to haste agayne the mozowe gray.
 When Lucifer the nyght to bord away,
 The messenger is called of the day.
 Our hemispher to put out of Affray,
 With bright kalēdes of þe hebus byrist thene,
 Out from þe boundes of þe zolterpin þe quene.
 Where Pluto dwelleth the darke region,
 And there the furies haue theyr mansion.
 Till after soone Apollo lyst not tarpe,
 To take his sojoune in the Sagittarye.
 Which time I gan the prologue to behold,

Of Trope bokeymade by dapes olde.
 Where witten was of Auctours vs befozne,
 Of all the dede the very trewe corne,
 So as it fell leuered from the chaffe.
 For in their hande they holde as for a staffe,
 The truth onely which they haue compyled,
 Unto this tpyne that we were not begyled,
 Of negligence thozough forzetfulnesse,
 The which serpent of age by longe processe,
 Engendred is fiercelly vs to assaile,
 And of the trouth to maken vs to fayle,
 For nere wryters all were out of minde,
 Not stoyred onely but of nature and kinde,
 The true knowing shuld haue gon to wyake,
 And our wittes from sepyence put abacke.
 He had our elders serched out and soughte,
 The sothfast pythe to impe it in our thought,
 Of thinges passed fordyked of the pythe we,
 Which thzough the wryting be refreshed newe.
 Of Aucters and left to vs be hynde.
 To make a myrrour onely to our minde.
 To se eche thynge truly as it was,
 As bright and cleare as it were in a glasse.
 For nere theyr wrytynge nowe memoypall,
 Death w his swerde shuld haue slayne all,
 And ydimmed with his sodayne showres,
 The great prowesse of these conquerours.
 And derked eke the bryghtnesse of their fame,
 That shineth yet by repozte of her name.
 For vnto vs their bokes represent,
 Without saynyng the waye that they went,
 In theyr dayes when they were alyue,
 Agayne the trouth who so euer stryue,
 Or counterplede or make any debate,
 The south is redde of high or lowe estate,
 Without fauour who so lyst take hede,
 For after death clerkes litell drede,
 Of theyr deserte for to beare wytnes.
 For of a tyraunt the trithe to expresse.
 Als men deserue without excepcion,
 With las or pris they graunt their gurdon.
 Wherfore me semeth euery maner man,
 Shulde by his lyfe in all that euer he can,
 For vertue sake eschewe to do amys:
 For after death playnly as it is,
 Clerkes willyn wyte and except none,
 The playne trouth when a man is gone.
 And by olde time for theyr wrytinge trewe:
 They cheryshed were of lordes þe knowe.

And

The prologue.

And honoured greatly as in the dayes.
 For they enacted and gilt with theyr sayes.
 Theyr high renouwe their māhod & prowess:
 Their knighthod eke and theyr worthines.
 Their triumphes al and eke their victozies,
 Their famous conquest & their longe glozies.
 For point to point reherfinge alþy trouth,
 Without fraude necligence or slouth.
 They did theyr labour and theyr besynesse,
 For elles certayne the great worthinesse:
 Of all theyr dedes had bene in bayne.
 For dyked age elles would haue slayne,
 By length of yeres the noble worthy fame,
 Of conquerours and playnly of theyr name,
 For dimmed eke the letters aureat.
 And eke defaced the palme laureat,
 Which þe they wan by knighthod i their dayes.
 Whose frefing ruste newe and newe assayes,
 For to eclipse the honour and the gloz,
 Of high prowess which clerkes in memozy,
 Haue truly set thzough dyslygent laboure,
 And enlumined with many curious floure,
 Of Rethozike to make vs comprehend,
 The trouth of all as it was the kinde.
 Byshed them and faithfully trauailed,
 Agayne all that that age wold haue assayled,
 In theyr bokes euery thynge plet,
 And with the key of remembraunce is thet.
 Which lasteth yet and dureth euer in one.
 Recorde of thebes that was so longe agone.
 Of which the ruyn and destruction,
 We may beholde by good inspection.
 Crophe and roote right as it was in dede,
 On Stace loken and there we may it rede.
 Howe Polycece and Creacles,
 The brethren two ne could not liue in peace:
 Till thebes brought was to his ruyn.
 And all the maner howe they dyden fyne,
 That death also of worthy Cideus,
 And howe Edipp with teares full pyteous,
 Wept out his eyen and all his dery payne,
 And how þe smokes departed were in twaine,
 At the feast of fynes funerall.
 In great Stace we may reden al.
 The fyre engendred by brotherly hatred,
 Where thzough þe death was the cruel mede.
 In very sothe of many worthy man,
 Lyke as mine Auctour well reherse can.
 Of Trope also that was of latter yeres,

By diligence of these Cronycleres.
 We may beholde in theyr wrytinge well,
 The strife werre the siege and euery dell.
 Right as it was so many yeres sin passed,
 Whose stoyr pet age hath not diffaced,
 For cruell deathe with his mortall strokes,
 For maugre death we may beholde in bokes,
 The stoyr fully reherled newe and newe,
 As frefhe as floure of coloure and of hewe.
 From day to day quicke and nothing feinte,
 For clerkes haue this stoyr so depeynt,
 That death no age by any other weye,
 The trouth may not make for to deye.
 All be that some haue the trouth spared,
 In their wrytynge and playnty not declared.
 So as it was noz tolde out faithfully,
 But it transformed in theyr poesy,
 Thzough bayne fables which of entencion,
 They haue contriued by false transsumptio.
 To hide trouth falsly vnder cloude.
 And the sothe of malyce for to shroude.
 As Homer did the which in his wrytinge,
 I feryned hath full many dyuers thynge,
 That neuer was as Guido lyst dresse.
 And thinges done farr in another wise,
 He hath transformed then the trouth was,
 And feryned falsly that goddes in this case.
 The worthy Grekes helpe to warrey,
 Agayne Tropens & how that they were sey.
 Lyke lyfely men among them day by day.
 And in his dytyes that were frefhe and gay,
 With sugred wordes vnder hoony sothe,
 His galle is hyd lowe by the roste.
 That it may not outward be aspyed,
 And all for he with Grekes was alyed,
 Therfore he was to theym fauorable,
 In much thynge whych is not commendable,
 Of theym that lust to deme after tpayt,
 For in making loue hath lost his sight.
 To gyue a prys where none is deserued,
 Cupide is blinde whose domes ben obserued,
 More after lust then after equitye:
 Or after reason how the trouth be.
 For synfulerte and false affection,
 Repleth ful ofte by bayne lausion,
 A man to worthepp that deserueth none.
 By false repozte and thus full many one,
 Without merite hath his fame blowe,
 Wherof another the renouwe is vnanow,
 B.ii. That

The prologue.

That i armes hath fūdymeruailes wrought
Of whoſe perauiter ſpeaketh no mā nought.
For fauour only is foſtered moze the rightes,
That hindred hath many worthy knightes.
Quide alſo poete egally hath cloſed,
Falked with trouthe & maketh the men enoſed:
To which parte that they ſhall theym holde,
His miſty ſperche ſo hard is to vniſolde.
That it entrikerh readers that it ſee.
Virgil alſo for loue of him Ene,
In his Eneyd reherſeth much thinge:
And was in partie trewe of his writing.
Except onely that him liſt ſomwhile,
The traces ſolowe of Homeris ſtile.
And of this ſpege wrote eke Lollius,
But tofore all Daretus frigus.
Wrote moſt truely after that he ſonde,
And Darius eke of the Grekes londe.
For they were preſent and ſene euery dell,
And as it ſil they write trewe and well.
Eche in his tūge by ſuche conſonance,
That in theyr bokes was no variaunce.
Which after were vnto Athenes brought,
And by proceſſe ſerched out and ſought,
By diligence of one Cornelius,
Who newe was vnto Saluſtius.
Of rōme yborne which did his delue,
Them to tranſlate and the traces ſewe,
Of theſe Auctours by good auſement,
But for bycauſe he ſet all his entent,
For to be breſe he leſte muche behinde:
Of the ſtoꝝ as men in bokes finde.
The fiſte meuinge and cauſe oziginnall,
What was the gūnnige and roote in ſpeciall,
He how they come by lande oz by nauy,
How fiſte the ſparke was kindled of enuy,
Betwixt Grekes and theim of Troye towne,
Of this Cornelie maketh no mencione.
Of theyr ſhyppes noz of theyr bytaye,
Noz how that Grece is called piagle.
And the laſſe as bokes verſe,
As named nowe the lande of Rōmanye.
What numbꝛe of kinges and of Dukes wēt,
Toward the ſpege all of one aſſente,
To wyne woꝛthyppye and for exerceiſe,
Of armes onely in full knyghtly wyſe,
Abdyng there to ſe the verſion,
Of the cꝛtye and noble Illyon.
Noz what the maner was of theyr armure,

Noz at the ſpege who longeſt did endure.
In what wiſe eche other dyd aſſaye,
Noz how often they met in battayle,
How many woꝛthy loſt theyr hiſe,
How olde hatred wrought by neuwe ſtryfe,
Noz of theyr death he dateth not the yeare,
For his wytyng was ſo particulere,
Without fruite he was compediouſe:
This foꝛſayd Rōmanye this Cornelius.
Wherefoꝛe but late in compariſon.
There was an Auctour of ful highe renoune
That beſeyd hym the traces for to ſewe,
Of Witte & Daret & caſt him not tranſneue.
In all the ſtoꝝ a woꝛde as in ſentence.
But foloweth theym by ſuch conuenience,
That in effect the ſubſtaunce is the ſame:
And of Columpna Guydo was his name.
Which had in wyting paſſing excellence,
For he enlumineth by craſte and cadence:
This noble ſtoꝝe with many freſche colour.
Of Rethorik and many ryche floure,
Of eloquence to make it ſounde the beſt.
He in the ſtoꝝe ympe hath and ſet.
That in good fayth I trowe he hath no perre,
To reckon all that write of this matter.
As in his boke ye may beholde and ſe.
To whom I ſaye knelyng on my kne.
Laude and honour and excellence of fame,
O Guydo maſter be vnto thy name.
That excelleſt by ſoueraingtye of ſtyle,
All that wyte this matter to compyle.
Whom I ſhal folow as nere as euer I may,
That god graunte it to be to the paye,
Of hym for whom I haue it vnder take,
So as I can this ſtoꝝe for to make.
Prayinge to all that ſhal it read oz ſee,
Where as I erre there to amende me.
Of humble herte and lowe entencion,
Committing all to theyr coꝛrection.
And therof thanke my will is & they wygn,
For through theyr ſupport thus I wil begin.

The ende of the prologue

The fyrſte boke.

How þ kunge of Theſſalie named Pelles
loſt all his men by diuine puniſhment who af-
ter by his praier obtained others. Ca.i.

In þ reigne and land of Theſſalye,
The which is now ynamed ſaloni
There was a king called Pelles:
Wyle and diſcrete & alſo vertuouſe.
The which as Guido liſt to ſpecifie,
Helde the lordſhippe and the regalye,
Of this yle as gouernour and kynge.
Of whych the people by reſozde of wytinge,
Mirusones were called in tho dayes.
Of whom Guido ſayneth in his ſayes,
Metamorphoseos where as ye may rede,
How this people ſothfaſtly in dede,
So as mine Auctour maketh mencion,
Were brought echeone to deſtruction
With ſodayne tempeſt and with fyer leuen.
By the goddes ſent downe from the heaue,
For they of yꝛ without moze offence,
With ſwerde and with þ ſtroke of peſtilence,
On this yle whilom toke vengeance:
Like as it is put in remembraunce.
For this people deſtroyed were certayne,
With thunder dint & with hayle and rayne,
Full vnwarely as Guido liſt deſcriue,
For there was none of them left a liue,
In all the lande that the vyolence,
Eſcape might of this peſtilence.
Except the kunge the which went alone,
Into a wood there to make his mone,
Sool by him ſelfe all diſconſolate,
In a place that ſtoode all deſolate.
Where this kunge connyng to and fro,
Complayninge aye of this his fatal woꝛ:
And the harmes that he did endure,
Till at the laſt of caſe oz auenture.
Beſide an holt he ſawe where ſtoode a tree,
Of full great hight and large of quantite:
Holowe by the roote as he coulde knowe,
Where as he ſawe by the earthe lowe,
Of Antes crepe paſſing greates plente,
With which ſight he fell downe on his kne.
And made his prayer in his panim wiſe,
To the goddes with humble ſacratiſe.
Upon his kno and great aduerſitee,
Onely of mercy for to haue pytee.
To turne theſe Antes into foure of man:

Thus gan he praye with colour pale & wan.
His lande tenhabite which ſtandeth deſolate,
And he alone awhaped and a mate,
Comfortles of any creature:
Him to releue of that he did endure.
And as Guido maketh mencion,
The god Jupiter herde his ozilon,
And hath ſuch routh on him at the leſte,
That he anon fulfilleth his requete.
And of his might which that is diuine,
His grace he made from heuen for to ſhine,
Benignly vnto the earth adowne,
That by a ſodayne tranſmutacione,
The Antes were brought to foure of me a:
Which on their ſete vpright gan to gon. (non,
To Theſaly and ſalue there the kunge,
And like his lieges toke theyr dwellinge,
Within a cite called tho Egee,
As in Guido ye may beholde and ſe.
The which people for theyr woꝛthineſſe,
For theyr ſtrength and great hardineſſe,
Mirusones ſo longe haue boze the name,
As in the liſe ye reade may the ſame.
Of ſaincte Mathewe how they be called ſo,
Where the Apoſtle ſo much had a do.
Which for their wiſdome their prudent aduer-
ſe labour and wiſfull diligence, (tence,
By forſeing and great diſcretion,
As I ſuppoſe in mine opinion:
That this fable of Antes was contriued,
Which by their wiſdome haue ſo much achueued.
Through their knighthod who ſo liſt to loke,
Their manly dedes throughout Troye boke,
In al miſchere ſo wel they haue theim boꝛne,
That they full wiſely pꝛouided were tofoꝛne,
Of that it ſil both in werre and peace:
For of ſlouthe they weren not reckles.
But as the Ante to eſchewe idleneſſe,
In ſomer is ſo full of beſineſſe,
Oz winter comme to ſaue her from the coldes
That ſhe to foꝛe aſtoꝛed hath her holde.
But in this matter I holde no ſermon,
I will no longer make diſgreſſion,
Noz in fables no moze as nowe ſoiourne,
But there ſteſte I will agayne retournes
Of Pelles farther to procede.
Which king foꝛtothe in ſtoꝝ as I rede,
And as mine Auctour liſtch to endite,

Hadde a wife that called was Tethie.
Of whyche twayne platly this no lees,
The manly man the hardy Achilles,
So as Guido liste to termine,
Descended was sothely as by lyne.
Most renowned of manhode and of might,
Amonges Grekes and the best knyghte,
Yholde in sothe throughout all the lande:
In worthines proued of his hande.
Whose cruelte Troysen soze abought,
By his merueyles that he there wrought,
Durynge the syege as ye shall after here:
Parcelyntly ye shall list to heare.
¶ This Pelles that I of spake afore,
A brother had of one mother bozne,
That hight Eson so ferre proune in yeres,
That he of lust hath lost all his desyres:
So ferre he was copen into age,
That all his wyrt was turned to dotage,
For bothe minde and memoiall,
Furdilled wex and dercked so in all,
That verily his discrecyon:
Was him beraste in conclusion,
Wherfore the reigne and land of Thelalpe,
Croune and ceptre with all the regalpe,
He hath assigned his brother for to queme:
Cstate so pall and also diademe.

¶ Howe Eson the kyng for that he was olde
and myghte no longer welde the gouernayle
caused to crowne his brother Pelles. Ca.ii.

Because he crooked was lame and blinde,
And to gouerne lost both wit and minde,
So feble was his celle retentive,
And forderked his imaginatife,
That lost were bothe memoire and reason.
For whiche he made hatte resignacion,
To his brother nexte heyre by degre:
And nexte allpe of his affynrye.
But as some Auctours in theyr bokes sayne,
To youth he was restored newe agayne,
By craft of Medea the great Sozteresse.
And renewed to his lustynesse.
For with her herbys and with her porions,
By subtil workynge of confessions,
By queintise eke of her instrumentes,
With her charmes and enchauntmentes,
She made a drinke in bokes as it is tolde,
In whych a yerde that was drye and olde,
Without abode anone as she it cast,
To blome and budde woulde begyn fast:
And eke grene and freshe to beholde.
And through this drinke she hatte fro yeres
Eson restored unto lusty age. (olde,
And was of wyrt and reason eke as sage,
As euer he hadde in all his life afore.
The whiche Eson of his wife ybozne,
Had a sonne and Jason was his name,
In worke of who nature was not to blame.
For the her craft platly and connyng,
Spent vpon him hooly in workynge.
Whan she him made with her wil & thought,
That of her craft behind was right nought.
To reken his shape and also his faynesse,
His strength, his beauty, and his liuelynesse,
His gentylnes and his wise gouernance,
How large he was and of dalyuance,
The most goodly that men coulde knowe,
In all his porte both to highe and lowe,
And with all this aune and eke trefable,
That of connyng god wote I am not able,
For to discerne his vertues by and by.
For as myne Auctour telleth faithfully,
He was beloued so of olde and yonge,
That through pld so is his honour sprong.
But for he was yet but yonge and slender,
Of age also inly grene and tendre,
He was committed to the gouernayle,
Of Pelles to whom withouten fayle.
In every thynge he was as seruiable,
As diligent in chambere and at table,
As euer was childe or any man:
Unto his lord in al that euer he can.
Glad in herte, of faithful obeyssaunce,
So that in cheare nor yet in countenaunce,
Inwarde in herte nor outward in shewing,
His vnkle against was he not grutchyng,
All be he had hooly in his hande.
The worthy kingdome and the riche lande.
Of this Jason and the heritage.
Onely for he was tho to yonge of age.
¶ Unto whom Pelles did his payne,
Against his herte falsly for to fayne,
To shewe other that he mente not in herte,
And kept him close & nothing him outserte.
Like an addre vnder floures sayre,
For to his herte his tynge was al contrayre.

Benigne of speche of menynge like serpent,
For vnder coloure was the trealon blente.
To shewe him goodly vnto his allpe,
But inward bent of hate and of enuy,
The hoot fyre and yet there was no smoke,
So covertly the malice was pyke.
That no man might as by signe espie,
Toward Jason in herte he bare enuy,
And meruayle none for it was causeles,
Sawe he dradde that he for his entres,
And for his manhode likely was tatteine,
For to succede as in his fathers reigne.
Whiche Pelles vniustly occupieth,
And daye by day cast and fantaspieth.
How his venim may by some pursute,
Upon this Jason be fully execute.
Here on he museth every houre and tyme,
As he that dradde to se an hasty yume,
Folowe chaunge as it is wounte to done,
Sodenly after a chaunge or newe mone.
He casteth wayes and compasseth soze,
And vnder coloure alway more and more
His fell malice he gan to close and hyde,
Like as a snake that wounte is to glide,
With his venim vnder freshe floures.
And as the sonne is right hote after shoures,
So of enuy hotter bent the glode.
Till on a tyme he thought he woulde procede,
To execute his meaninge every dell.
In port a lambe in herte a lion fell.
Double as Tygre syghtly to compace,
Galle in his breste and sugar in his face.
That no man hath to him suspencion,
How he purueyth the destruction,
Of his newe and that within a while,
Pretending loue all be the fine was gyle:
His malice was yhet so vnder kepe,
That his entent there can no man betwepe.
It was concealed and closed in sece,
Vnder the cloke of pryue enmyte.
And that in sothe greued him the moze,
Upon him selfe the angrer fette so soze,
Abidynge aye tyll vnto his entent,
He finde may leful conuenient,
Upon his purpose platly to procede,
For to perfourme it fully vp in dede.
Wherof Jason hath full lytell rought,
His vnkle and he ne were not in one thought,
Of whose meaninge was no conuenience,

For so was malice linked with innocence.
And grounde of all so as I can deuise,
Was false enuy and hatefull couetise.
Whiche fette soze falsly for to winne,
As crope and roote of every sorowe & synne.
And cause hath bene sith go full yore,
That many a realme hath bought ful soze,
The dreadfull venim of couetise alas.
Let them beware that stande in this case.
¶ To thinke afore and for to haue in minde.
That all falschyd draweth to an ende.
For though it bide and last a yere or two,
The ende in sothe shall sorowe be and woo.
Of all that bene false and enuious,
Hereof no moze but forth of Pelles
I will you tell that hath so longe sought,
Vpon this thynge till they were to him brought,
Tyndinges newe and that so merueylous,
That he astoned was and all his house.
Of a meruayle that tho was newly falle,
Beside Troy the plage orientalle,
Howe in Colchos as the tidynge cam,
Within an yle enclosed was a ram,
Whiche bare his flese full richly all of golde.
And for the richesse it was kept in holde,
With great aduice and great diligence,
That no man might there to do offence.
And in this yle there was a gouernour,
A noble kyng a worthy warour.
That Detes hight wise discrete and sage.
Which was also proune farre in age.
That in his tyme as bokes can deuise,
Had vnderfonged many great empyse.
In peace & warre and much worship wonne,
And he was also sonne vnto the sonne.
That gaue him byre to honour to attayne,
So as these poetes listen for to feyne.
Touchinge his line I leue as now & grete,
And of this Ram my purpose is to trete.
That was commyt I dare you well assure,
To the keepynge and the busy cure,
Of cruell Mars the mighty god of warre,
Which with the stremps of his rede sterre.
And influence of his deyte,
Oreynd hath by full great crueltee.
This Ram to kepe bullis full burnide,
With brasen fete ramageous and wilde.
And there with all fell and dispitous,
And of nature wood and furious.

The fyrste boke.

To hurte and flee ever of one desyre,
Out of whose mouth, leuen and wyld fyre.
Lye a flawme ever blased out,
To brenne all them that stode nygh about.
Eke of their eyen the lokes mooste horrible,
To a fourneys the streynes were visyble.
And who that wolde tencease his gloyre.
This Ram of golde wynnen victorie.
Fyrste he must of very force and myght,
Unto oultrance with these bulles to fyght.
And them vanquish the alder fyrst of all,
And make them humble as any ore in stall.
And sithe thein yoke and do them ere þ land,
Of very manhode this must he take in hand.
And after that he must also endure,
With a serpent of huge and great stature.
Without fauour playnely haue to do,
To oultrance eke without wordes mo.
The whiche serpent thoztly for to tell,
Was lyke a fende comyng out of hell.
Full of venym and of cruell hate,
And with scales harde as any plate.
He armed was to stande at defence,
And by his bzythe werse then pestilence.
Infecten wolde enuiron all the eyre,
In eche place where was his reperyre.
He was so full of foule corruption,
And eke so dzedefull of infection.
That deth in soth thoztly to deuylse,
Was the fyne of this hygh Empryse.
To suche as wolde this quarell take in hond,
Plyke in one both to fere and bonde.
But if he coude the bet him selfe defende,
And of his conquest this was eke the ende.
That when he had the myghty serpent slawe,
He must anone by custome and by lawe.
Out of his head his tethe echeone arrace,
And after towne them in the selfe place.
Where as the oxen eryd had afoze,
Of which seede there sprange a woder corne.
Knyghtes armed passyng of great myght,
Eueryche with other redy for to fyght.
Til eche his brother had ybrought to ground,
By moztall fate and yene his dethe wound.
This was the ende of euerychone,
For lowfastly of all there was non.
That liue myght by that fatall lawe,
A longer tyme then lyued his fellowe.
And by this way dzedfull and peryllous,

Who so desyret to ben victorious.
He passe must and manly to endure,
And how so fall take his auenture.
For of estate was no erception,
These who so wyll for this conclusyon,
He may not scape for fauour ne for mede,
Who so begynneth a byle him wel I rede.
For by the statute of the kyng he may,
Who so that wyll entre and assaye.
But after that he ones hath begonne,
He may not chese tyll he haue lost or wonne.
Yet as some other of this Ram expresse,
And of his fiele also bere wytnesse.
It was nothyng but golde & great treasour,
That Detes kyng with full hye labour.
Made kepe it as by Incantacions,
By sozlerpe and false illusyons.
That was spoke of in realmes fer about,
For whiche many put theyr lyfe in doubt.
Of hye desyre that they had for to wyn,
The great treasoure that was thyt within.
Colchos londe, as ye haue harde deuyse,
Whose pursuete rose out of couetyse.
Grounde and roote of wo & of myschance,
By wayne repozte thein selfe to auaunce.
For whiche they put thein selfe in iopardy,
Without rescues lykely for to dye.
There was no helpe ne no slepyght of armes,
That baile might agayne þ cursed charmes.
So were they stronge and superstitious,
That many worthy in knighthode famous.
Enhasted were vnto their deth alas,
That iopardy list their liues as in this case.
This lasterly for the tyll afterwarde byfell,
That Pelleus platly hath hard tell.
The great mischiefes and destruccions,
In Colchos wrought on sundry nations.
That haue pursued thes auntres to coquere,
Tyll Pelleus so ferforth gan enquere.
That he knewe hooly how the trouthe was,
And in his herte anone he gan compasse.
How that he myght by any syght make,
His newewe Jason for to undertake.
This hye Empryse in Colchos for to wende,
For by that way he myght hym best thende.
And gan pretende a colour freshe of hew,
Pgylte outwarde so lusty and so newe.
As though there were no treaso hyd within,
He saue also it was tyme to begyn.

On

The fyrste boke.

On his purpose tho fyrst he made it queint,
And gan forthwith with golde & asure paint.
His gaye wordes, in so wyngyng glorious,
Knowyng Jason was yonge and desyrous.
Unto suche thyng & lyghly wolde enclyne,
Therfore he thought that he wolde not spene.
Waynely to worke to his conclusyon,
And made anone a conuocation.
Of his lordes and of his baronye,
Aboute enuyron the lande of Thesalye.
For to assemble estates of eche degree,
Of all his realme within the chiefe citee.
To holde a counseyll bettely he caste,
Therby to achewe his desyre as faste.
And so his courte continued dayes thre,
Tyll at the laste his hyd iniquite.
He out gan rake that hath be hyd so longe,
For he ne myght no longer forth prolonge.
The venym hyd that fete so at his herte,
In so syde wyle that no man myght auerte.
Upon no syde but that he mente well,
So was his treason couered euerydell.
And curtined so vnder trechery,
For he this thyng so syghly gan to gre.
At prynte face that no man myght deme,
By any worde as it wolde seme.
In chere, in pozte, by hygne or dalyaunce,
But that he caste knyghly to auaunce.
His yonge newewe as by lykelynesse,
To hye honour of manhode and promesse.
For of thetent of whiche he gan purpose,
No man coude spee the effect he dyd to gloze.
The terte was so conueyed with flattery,
That the people coude not then espye,
Lyttell or nought of his entent within.
For whiche anone to prepele hum they begyn.
That he suche honour to his newewe wolde,
For with suche chere he began vnfolde,
Tofore them all this entencion.
That he hath boydded all suspencion.
From all that were assembled in the place,
And toward Jason he tourne gan his face.
Full louyngly in countenaunce and chere,
And to hym sayde that all myght it here.
Throughtout þ court to be naked was silece,
Thus worde by worde platly in sentence.

Howe Pelleus fearnyng to be deposed by
his brothers son Jason, a woorthye & valiaut

yonge knight, consayled him to undertake þ
perellous & almost inuincible conquest of the
golden fiele at Colchos, who by his perswa-
cion undertoke the same. Cap. iii.

Colyn Jason take hede what I shal sayne
For the I am so inly glad and sayne,
And so surprised with mirth through my hert
That it enchalety and voideth all my finerte.
For to consyder in myne inspection,
Of thy pouthe the disposicion.
The whiche thoztly for to compzchende,
Saue to vertue to nothyng do entende.
Unto woorthye and to gentylnesse,
To manly freedom and to hye largesse.
That verily whether I wake or wyke,
My toye is onely there on for to thynke.
My selfe I holde so passyng fortunate,
And all my londe of hye and lowe estate.
That lykely are in honour for to flete,
And to lyue in reste and perfecte quete.
Throught thy suppozte & woze by gouernaile,
Whose manhode may so muche to vs auayle.
By likelyhod and eke so morche amende,
In very soth to saue vs and defende.
Agayne al tho as I can descryue,
That of malis wolde agaynst vs stryue.
Or rebell be in any maner waye,
Of lurquedye or pryde to werraye.
Our woorthinesse assured in tranquyl,
From all assaute of them that wolde vs ylle,
For to perturbe our noble state roiall,
Agaynst whome thou arte our only wall,
Our myghty shyelde and our protection,
Thus deme I fully in myne opynion.
For of thyne age, thy wytt, thy prouidence,
Thy knyghtly herte thy manly excellence,
Reported ben and thyne hye renowne,
In many londe and many regyone.
This rounde wolde aboute in circuite.
Howe myght I than stonde in better plyte.
For thyne honour lyke as it is founde,
To my woorthye so hyghly doth rebounde,
That I wolde playnly seke & nothyng cease,
If I coude helpe thyne honour to encrease,
And hygh renowne þwys in euery houre.
And therupon spenden my treasoure.
This hye desyre withouten any fayle,
Of entier loue me dothe so soze assaile,

That

That nyght noz daye I maye haue no reste,
And all shall tourne I hope for the beste.
For tenhaunce thynne honour to the heauen,
Aboue the poole and the sterres leuen,
To whiche thinge I haue awaye espyed,
As I my wyrt therto haue applyed,
This is to meane what shuld I longer dwel,
My dere Cosyn as I shall after tell,
If it to were by manhode souerayne,
Of thy knyghthode that thou durst attayne,
The fiesse of gold to conquere by thy strength,
Whiche is spoke of so fer in bredth and length,
And home returne in body saufe and sounde,
If to this conquest myght in the be founde,
That thou achue durst this hyghe empyre,
Whose hertes ioye coude I not deuyse.
In all this worlde, for sochly at the beste,
My realme and I were fully then in rest.
For by thy manhode all men wolde vs drede,
Wherfore Cosyn of knyghthode & manhede:
Take vpon the my praier and request.
And here my trouthe and take it for behest,
What euer nedeth in meyne or costage,
I wyll my selfe towarde this biage,
Ordaine prouche in harnyse and araye,
That nought shal faile þ may be to thy paye.
And furthermore I playnly the ensue,
That if I see thou do thy besy cure,
This hyghe empyre for to byrg aboute,
Thou shalt not feare nother ben in doubt,
After my daye by succession,
For to be kyng of this Region,
And hooly haue sceptre and regaly.
Wherfore Iason lyfte vp thynne hertes eye,
Thynke thy name shalbe longe recorde,
Throughtout þ world wherfore be accorded,
Within thy selfe and plainly not ne spare:
Of thynne entent the sentence to declare.

Vhan Iason had his vncler bnderstade,
He muche reioyseth for to take on hand,
This dedfull labour without auilement.
He nought aduertith the menyng fraudulēt,
Thy priue popson bnder suger cured,
Nor howe to galle with hony he was lured.
The decke deceyte the cloudy false engyne,
Pygylt without but bnder was benyng.
Wherto Iason, hath none aduertence,
The kyng he wende of cleane conscience,

Withouten fraude had all this thyng yment.
Wherfore anon he penyeth full assent,
At wordes fewe and plainely gan to seye,
His vncler will that he wolde obeye.
He was accorded in conclusion,
With humble herte and hoole entensyon,
Wherof the kyng receyuethe suche gladnesse,
That he bunneth myght the same expresse.
But ryght as faste dyd he his besy paine,
For this iourney in hast there nedes ordaine,
And for asmoche as Colchos the countrey,
Enclosed was in ypon with a sea,
And that no man how longe that he stryue,
Without thyp thyder may aryue,
To his ptesence anone he dyd call,
Famous Argus that coude most of all,
To make a thyp and fyrst that art psonde,
To sayle with by sea fro londe to londe.
And he hath wrought a thyp by sotyl crafte,
Whiche was the fyrst that euer wawe caste,
To haue entre and Argon bare the name.
Gramariens do yet recorde the same.
The which thyp fyrst for that meruayle,
Is called so whiche proude bare her sayle,
As Cupdos boke doth vs specifye.
But how it happed forthe of this nauye.
Whan all was ready meyne and byrable,
They byde nought but wynde for to sayle.
And many worthye was there in compaigne,
Of noble byrthe and of great alleye.
In that byage ready for to gon,
Bothe for loue and worthyp of Iason.
Amonge the whiche the great Hercules,
Of force and myght of strength perelous.
And he begetten was vpon Alcene,
So truly sayre and womanly to sene.
Of Iubiter, and that full longe agone,
Takynge lykelynesse of Amphitron.
Downe fro the heuen for all his depte,
He rauished was through lust of her beaute.
For he her loued with herte and hole entent,
And of them two sochly by descent,
Came Hercules the worthy famous knyght,
Most renowned of manhode and of myghte.
Whiche in his tyme was so meruaylous,
So excellent and so victorious,
That Cupde liste recorden all hym selue,
In Methamorposhis his dedes twelue.
Whiche ben remembred there in speciall,

In

In his honour for a memoypall.

I And them reherse in orde by and by,
If ye lyst here I purpose vterly.
He slough Antheon in the eyer on hyght,
And many an other Spauit by his myght.
He hath outrayed for all their tynes rude,
The serpent Hydra he slough eke in pallude.
And Serberus the hounde he bonde so fore,
At hell gates that he brake no more.
And made him boide his benym in þ strife,
And bywarde gaue hym such a laratye,
That all the worlde his bzethe contagious,
Infected hath it was so venymous.
That with an blast he althinges wold do die,
He toke the Harpyes byrdes of Archady.
And slough the Centaurus best mostrouous.
The fyrste Lyon he beaste his house.
This is to sayne whan that he was slawe,
Out of his skyune he hath him stript & flawe.
With cruell herte throughte his hye renoune.
The golden applys he beaste the dragone.
The fyrre catte he slough withouten more,
Of Archadye likewyse the cruell bore.
And at the last on his Chuldres square,
Of veray myght the symment he bare.
But for that I ne may not reaken all,
His passynge dedes whiche ben histoyall,
Redeth Oude and there ye shall them fynd.
And of his triumphes how he maketh mide.
Throughtout þ world how he his honour fet,
And of the pylers that at gades he set.
Which Alexander of Macedone þ kyng,
That was so worthye here in his luyng.
Good in his conquest as Cupdo list to write,
With all his hoost proude to byrte.
Beyond whiche no londe is habitable,
Nor sea to sayle sochly conuenable.
So ferre it is beyonde the Decian,
That thypmen thense no further no skill can.
And Sibilles strenghtes maryners it call,
And these boundes named be of all,
Of Hercules for he hym selfe them set.
As for his markes all other for to lette,
Fether to passe as Cupdo maketh mynde,
And yet the place is called as I fynde.
Saracenic as fyne of his labour,
Of Longa, Saphy, recorde of mine auctour.
Of this matter what more shuld I sayne,
For unto Iason I wyll retourne agayne.

That in all haste doth him ready make,
Of his vncler whan he hath leue take.
Towarde the sea and Hercules yfeare,
With all his men anone as ye shall here.

The tyme of yere whan the shene sonne,
In his sphere was so farre vp ronne,
That he was fully passed the Gernyn.
And hath his chare whpyled by so hye,
Throughte the draught of Pirrous the reed,
That he had made in the crabbes head,
His mansion and his sea royall,
Where halowed is the stondynge estiuall,
Of fresse Appollo, with his golden wayne.
When herde men in herte be so sayne,
From the hete to throude them in the shade.
Under theise braunches & theise bowes glade.
Whan Phobus beames that so byrte thine,
Descended ben right as any line,
And cause the eyer by reflection,
To be full hoot, that lusty fresse the season.
Whan cornes gyn in the fiede to fede,
And the grasses in the grene mede,
Fro yere to yere ben of custome mooue,
And on the playne caste and leyde full loue,
Tyll the moysture consumed be awaye.
On holte and hette the merce somers daye.
At whiche tyme the ponge knyght Iason,
With Herules is forth to thyp gon.
And with them eke as I reherse can,
Of Grekes also many a lusty man.
Shyped echon with royall apparayle.
And whan they were crossed bnder sayle,
Within the thyp whiche that Argus made,
Which was so stanche it might no water lade.
They gan to sayle and had wynde at wyll.
The thyp gan brake the sturby wawes yll.
Upon the sea and so both daye and nyght,
To Colchos warde they held the waye right.
Spdyng their course by the lode sterre,
Where ere they sayle by costes nigh or ferre.
For Philoctetes was their alder guide,
That coude afore so proude proude,
Of great insyght to caste afore and sea.
Tempest or wynde both on lande and sea.
Or whan there shuld trouble of stormes fall,
For he was mayster plainly of them all.
In shipman craft and chose their gouernour.
And coude them warne afore of every shour,
That

That shuld be fall, whan sterres byd appere,
And specially as Cupido doth vs lere,
This Philoctetes whiche was tho no sole,
Had mooste his syght erecte vnto the pole,
His aduertence and cleare inspection,
To the sterres and constellation,
Whiche the actre rounde aboute gone,
That clerkes call the septemtrion.
For the pole ycalled Arcticus,
Euer in one appereth vnto vs.
Syght so in sothe who can loke arpyght,
Antarticus is throuded from our syght.
But to Chyppmen that be discrete and wyse,
That lyde their course prudently deuise,
Upon the sea haue suffisaunce ynoughe,
To gyde theyr passage by Arthours ploughe.
For it to them is playne direction,
Vnto the costes of euery region.
With helpe only of needle and of stone,
They may not erre what costes y they gone.
For maryners that be discrete and sage,
And lyke expert be of their lodmanage,
By straunge costes for to sayle ferre,
Synne their course only by the sterre.
Whiche that Arthur compasseth enuiron,
The whiche cercke and constellation,
Ycalled is the cercke Arctophilar.
Who knoweth it nedeth no moze to aske,
For it to Chyppmen on the sterre nyght,
Is suffisaunt whan that they see his syght.
And as poetes of these pooles twayne,
In their bookes lyken for to sayne,
And in their ditees manifest to vs,
Calisto and the yonge Archadius,
Her owne sonne were both y bellyfyed,
In the heauen and there defyed,
For that Juno had to her enuie.
With Jupiter whan she did her espye.
For whiche she was into a bere tourned.
And for her gylte she hath in erth mourned.
Till into heauen Jason can pou tell,
She was translate eternally to dwell.
Amonge sterres where she as is staled,
And besa maiore is of clerkes called.
So as her sonne for his worthy fame,
Of bysa minor beareth yet the name.
Of suche, the course might not aserte,
Philoctetes that was the mooste experte,
Of all Chyppmen that euer I herde tell,

For of cunnyng he might beare the bell.
And whan the Grekes had longe be,
For byrre and caste saylyng in the sea,
And all forweried after their trauaile,
They caste to aspye if it wolde auayle.
Them to refrethe and dispozte in ioye,
Upon the boundes of the londe of Troye.

Howe Jason in his expediton towardes
Colchos, casually with his felowshyp ar-
rived in the territorpes of Troye, meangnge
only there for a whyle to refrethe and reste
theim. Cap. iiii.

Whan Hercules & Jason on his honde,
Out of their ship taken haue the londe,
And to them eke their knightes euerichone,
That fro the sea be to londe gone,
Soze forweried after their trauaile,
As they in sothe come to arynaile,
At Symeonte an haven of great renobone,
That was but litle distant fro Troy towne.
And they were glad to be in spkerneffe,
From storme and tempest after wetternesse.
For they ne mente treason, harme, nor gyle,
But on the stronde to resten them awhyle.
No wight to hurt of any maner age,
For in that ple for to do damage,
To man nor beast where euer that they go,
But as to abyde for a dape or two,
Theim to refrethe and este repaire anone,
When that the rage of the seas were gone,
And whyle that they vpon the stronde laye,
They did nought els but to dispozte & playe,
And bath & washe them in the frethe ryuere.
And bronke waters that were soote & cleare:
That sprange like cristall in the colde well.
And toke right nought but if it were to selle.
It was nothyng in their entencion,
Vnto no wyght to do offensyon.
Or to moleste or greuen any wyght.
But the vnstable rule of fortunes might,
Hath euer enuie that men liue in ease.
Whose hasty course vnwarely doth diseafe.
For he was cause god wote causeles,
This gery fortune, this lady recheles,
The blinde goddess of transmutacion,
To tourne her whele by reuolucion,
To make Tropens vniustly for to wene,

That

That Grekes were arriued theim to tene.
So that the cause of this suspicion,
Hath many brought vnto destruction.
Full many worthy of kinges and princes,
Throughtout y world reckened in prouinces.
Were by this slaundre vnto mischief brought.
For thynge alas that neuer was be thought.
For it was cause and chiefe occasiowne,
That this cite and this royall towne,
Destructed was as it is playnly founde.
Whose walles hie were beted downe to ground.
And many a man & many a worthy knight,
Were slayue there and many a lady bright,
Was by dowe made by durelle of this werre.
As it is kouth and sith reported ferre.
And many a mayde in grene and tender age,
Be left were sole withouten mariage.
Behinde theyr fathers alas it fall shulde,
And for nought elles but y fortune would,
Shewen her might and her crueltie.
In vengeance taking vpon this cite.
Alas that euer so worthy of estate,
Shuld for so lytell fallen at the debate.
Whan it is gon it is not like to staunche.
For of the grafting of a litell braunche,
Full sturdy trees growen vp full ofte.
Who clymbeth hye may not fall softe.
And of sparkes that be of sight small,
Is fyre engendred that deuoureth all.
And as a gnat first of litell hate,
Encauleth slawme of contek and debate.
And enuiouslye to sprede abrode full ferre.
And thus alas in realmes moztall werre,
Is first begonne as men may reade and se,
Of a sparke of litell enmitie.
That was not staunched fyrst whē it begonc.
For when the fire is so ferre pronne,
That it cimbaleth hertes by such hatecrede,
To make them brenne as hote as any gleder.
On other partye throught his cruell tene,
Ther is no staunche but sherp swordes kene.
The which alas consumeth all and slethe,
And thus the fine of enmitie is death.
And though the ginning be but casuall,
The bidding freete is pa singly cruell.
To vynde realmes of reste peace and ioye,
As it fill whilom of this worthy Troye.
It doth me wepe of this case sodayne,
For euery wight ought it to complayne.

That litell gylt shuld haue suche vengeance,
Except percase throught goddes puruance,
That this mischicfe shuld perhappes be,
The ensuing cause of great felycite.
For Troye brought thus vnto destruction,
Was the ginninge and occacion,
In mine auctour as it is specified,
That worthy Rome was after edified.
By the of springe of worthy Eneas.
Whilom from Troy whan he exiled was,
The whiche Rome reade and ye may se,
Of all the world was head and chiefe cite.
For the famous passing worthynesse.
And eke whē Troy was brought thus in de-
And y walles cast & broke adowne, (stresse;
It was in cause that many regiowne,
Begonn: was and many a great cite,
For this Tropan this manly man Enee,
By sundrye seas gan so longe to sayle,
Till of fortune he came into Itayle.
And wan that lande as booke tellen vs,
With whom was eke his sonne Ascanius.
That after Enee doth by line succede,
The land of Itale iustly to possede.
And after him his sonne Siluius,
Of whom came Brute so passingly famous.
After whom if so I shall not sayne,
Whilom this land called was Britayne.
For he of geauntes throught his māhode wa;
This noble yle and it first began.
From Troye also with this ilke Enee,
Came worthy Francus a lord of hye degre.
Which after Rome tēcrease his high renowne
Builded in his time a full royall towne,
Whiche he sothely his honour to auance,
After his name he made do call it Fraunce.
And thus began as I vnderstande,
The name first of that worthy lande.
And Antenor departing from Tropens,
Began the cytie of the Aeneriens.
And Syrcanus within a litell while,
Began tenhabite the land of Cecile.
And after parting of this Syrcanus,
His worthy brother called Syrculus,
So as I finde repgned in that yle,
And after him it called was Cecile.
But Eneas is forth to Tully gone,
It tenhabite with people right anone.
And in Cecile he Rayles first began.

To which full many *Neopolitane*,
 Longesth this daye ful riche & of great might.
 ¶ And *Diomedes* the noble worthy knight.
 Whan *Troie* was fall with his toures faire,
 Howe to his regne he cast to repayre.
 His lieges tho began a quarell fayne,
 And him withstode wth al their might & maine.
 And of malice and conspiracioun,
 They him wheld both sceptre & the crowne.
 Their deuteye and theyr olde aliciance,
 And him denied both trouthe and obeyssaunce.
 Wherfore anone so as the boke tell,
 With all his folkes he went for to dwell,
 To *Calabze* and gan it to possede.
 And there the knightes of this *Diomedes*,
 That fro *Troie* haue him thither sewed,
 To fourme of byrdes wer anone traſnewed,
 By *Circes* craftie doughter of the *Sonne*,
 And in the eyer to flece anone they gonne.
 And called bene in *Iliadoze* as I reade.
 Amonge *Grekis* the byrdes of *Diomedes*.
 For as some boke of them list beare witness
 This chaunge was made by *Venus* & goddesse.
 Of wathe y^e she had to this worthy knight,
 Onely for that the sawe him ones fighte,
 With *Eneas* her ownely sonne deare.
 At which tyme as they faughte yfearce,
 And *Diomedes* with a darte ygrounde,
 Gan aine at him a deadly mortall wounde.
 ¶ His mother *Venus* gan anone him throude,
 Under a skye and a misty cloude.
 To saue him tho that tyme fro mischaunce.
 And for this skall *Venus* toke vengeance,
 Into byrdes to tourne his meyne.
 And in that fourme from yere to yere they fle,
 Unto his tombe where as he is graue,
 So y^e on him as yet a minde they haue.
 That of custome for a remembraunce,
 A rite they holde and an obseruaunce.
 At his ereques these byrdes euery chone,
 A dayes space and thence not ne gone.
 And mozeouer as it to them is dewe,
 They loue the *Grekis* & platly they eschewe,
 Latins all for ought that may betyde,
 For they present anone they flee aside.
 And esche from other as boke by assure,
 These byrdes knowe onely of nature.
Grekis and latines kindly assunder,
 Whan they theim se y^e which is such a wonder,

Unto my wit that I can not espye,
 The causes hidde of such forcerye.
 But well I wote though my wit be blent,
 That roote of all was false enchaunement,
 But of our sayth we ought to desyre.
 Such apparences shewed to the eyr.
 Which of the fende is but illusion,
 Therof no moze & thus whan *Troie* towne,
 ouerfled was and that brought to nought,
 Full many cite was ybyde and wrought.
 ¶ And many lande and many ryche towne,
 Was edified as by occasioun,
 Of this werre as ye haue herde me telle.
 Which to declare as now I may not dwelle.
 From popnt to popnt like as boke sayne,
 For to *Jason* I wyll resorte agayne,
 That landed is with worthy *Hercules*,
 At *Symeonte* the haven that he ches.
 As I haue tolde to reste them and comforte,
 And for not elles but onely to desporte.
 But to the kyng repnyng in *Troie* towne,
 That was that tyme called *Lamedone*.
 Of false enuye reported was and tolde,
 How certayne *Grekis* were of herte bolde,
 His londe to entre the which they not knewe.
 Well atayed and in a besell newe.
 Which to aryue had there no tyraunce.
 And theim purpose for to done offence.
 By lykelyhed and his lande to greue.
 For they of pryde without any leue,
 Of safe conduite haue the stronde ytake.
 And such masteries on the land they make,
 As in theyr power were all maner thinge,
 Without regarde playnly to thy kinge.
 ¶ Of his estate taking tho none hede.
 Of such straungers great is for to drede.
 If men by laches other necligence,
 Fully to wete what is theyr pretence,
 But forth proulonge and no perill caste.
 Such sodeyne thinge wolde be wist as fast,
 And not differred till the harme be do.
 For it were wisdom that it were so.
 Men may to longe suffer and abide,
 Of necligence for to let slide,
 For to enquire of theyr gouernaunce,
 This was the speche of the dalpaunce,
 ouerliche to other by reuelacioun,
 In euery strete throughout *Troie* towne.
 Some towning and some spake abode,

And

And this speche so longe there abode,
 From one to an other sothely that the towne,
 Reported was to kunge *Lamedone*.
 As ye haue herd the which of wilfullnesse,
 Without counsaile or auisenesse,
 To hastily maked hath his sonde,
 To wit how they were hardy for to londe.
 Beside his leue of presumption.
 Wherfore he had that in conclusion,
 Without abode soone to remewe.
 Or finally they shuld not eschewe,
 To be compelled maugre who sayeth nay.
 And so the king vpon a certayne day,
 In haste hath sente his ambassadoze,
 Unto *Jason* of *Grekis* the gouernoure,
 That nother thought harme nor villanye,
 But Innocent with his companye,
 Disported himendlonge on the stronde.
 And euer hath do sith he came to londe.
 And of the charge that he on him layd,
 And worde by worde to *Jason* how he sayde,
 As in effect with euery circumstance,
 This was the somme playnly in substaunce.

¶ How *Lamedon* king of *Troie* sent to *Jason*
 commaundyng him and his felowshippe
 forthwith to depart the confines of his coun-
 treith and of their answers sente apen to the
 kinge. Ca. b.

The wise worthy & famous of renowne,
 The mighty king & noble *Lamedon*,
 Hath vnto you his message thus pſent.
 Of which the effect as in sentement,
 Is this in sothe that he hath meruayle,
 Into his lande of your arriuayle.
 Bringing with you *Grekis* not a fewe,
 And haue no conduite for you for to shewe.
 Protection playnly nor licence,
 In preiudice of his magnificence.
 Wherfore he hath on me the charge layde,
 And will to you that it be platly sayde.
 That ye anone without moze delay,
 Without nople or any moze affraye,
 Of *Troie* land the bondes that ye leue,
 Or you and yours he casteth for to greue,
 And better it is with ease to departe,
 Than of folpe your lines to Jeoparte.
 In any wise for lacke of prouidence,

Against his will to make resistance.
 Other of pryde or of wilfullnesse,
 For to be bolde without auisenesse,
 To interrupt his high felicity.
 For he desireth in tranquillite,
 To holde his reigne withouten perturbatione.
 In whole parson is made such alpaunce,
 Attwene his manhode and Royall magistreye,
 That they will suffer none of no degre,
 Him to disquiet in any maner wise.
 Wherfore I counsaile as ye sement wise,
 To take good hede vnto this that I seye,
 And this his bidding not to disobey.
 ¶ Lest ye offende his knightly excellence.
 For ye shall finde as in experience,
 Without feyninge the sothe of that I telle.
 Take hede therfore I may no longer dwelle.
 From point to point sith ye be wise and sage,
 For this is hoolle the effect of my messaige.

¶ Whan *Jason* herd had of the messagere,
 These wordes al he ga to chaunge chere.
 And kept him close with sobze countenance,
 And was not Ireful hastye for greuaunce,
 He for no rancoure he caughte of his tale,
 Saue in his face gan to wachen pale,
 Longe abiding or he ought would sayne,
 And or he spake any worde agayne.
 As vnto him that fro the kinge was sent,
 He gan disclose the somme of his entent,
 Unto his folkes standing rounde aboute,
 For vnto them he tho disciured ouste,
 The messaige hole and first when he abeyde,
 Then worde by worde thus to them he sayd.
 ¶ Syys he sayeth to you be it well knowe,
 Take hede I pray and that both hye & lowe.
 How *Lamedone* that is the king of *Troie*,
 Hath sent to vs a wonderful Lennoyr.
 Charging in hast to hye out of his land,
 And axeth howe we thus vpon the stronde,
 For to arriue hadden hardinesse.
 Withouten leue se there his gentilnesse.
 And his fredome the which is not alite.
 Howe like a kinge he can him selfe aquite,
 Unto straungers that entre in his yle.
 For nought god wote but for a litell while,
 Them to restrethe and to departe anon.
 Like as ye can recorde euerychon,
 And hereof bearen witness al and some.

Alas fredome where is it now become.
Where is manhode and gentillesse also,
 Which in a kinge together both two.
 Shulde of custome haue they resting place.
 And where is honour y^e shuld also embrace.
 A lordes herte which of kyngely right,
 Of manly fredome with all his full might,
 Shuld straigers halfe refreche & recomfort.
 That afterwarde they might of him reporte.
Larges experte manhode and gentillesse,
 That they haue founde in his worthinesse.
 For if noblesse were aught of his allye,
 And fredome eke knit with his regallye,
 So as longeth to honour of a kinge,
 He shulde haue charged fithof all thinge,
 His worthy lieges with al that might please,
 To haue shewed theyr comforte & theyr ease,
 With all theyr might and theyr busy cure,
 Unto straungers that of aventure,
 Were in the sea fordyuen and dysmayed.
 And of our comming not be euill appayed.
 For yf that he in any case semblable,
 Oether by fortune that is variable,
 By sort or hap that may nosse withstande,
 Arpyed had into Grekes land,
 More honestly and like to his degre.
 He shuld of vs haue there recepyed be.
 Lyke as it longeth vnto gentrye,
 But sith that he for ought I can espye,
 Hath freedom honour and humanytye,
 At ones made out of his courte to fle,
 Chose dishonour and let worship gone,
 There is no more but we shall euerichone,
 That he hath chose helpe to fulfill,
 When that potuer shall not be like his will.
 That is to saye and sothe it shall be founde,
 That his dede shall on him selfe rebounde.
 Sith of malpce he hath this worke begonne,
 Perauerture or that the somer sonne,
 To zodiak hath thys gone about.
 For let him trust and nothing be in doubte,
 We shall him serue w^{ch} such as he hath sought,
 For if I lyue it shall be dere bought.
 Albe therof I set as now no tide,
 And in this lande I will no longer abyde,
 Till I haue seyn better to sojourne.
 And with that worde begā anone to tourne,
 With manly face and with a sterne cheare,

All sodeynly vnto the messagere.
 That fro the kinge was so vnto him sent.
 And in this wise he sheweth his entent.
My frende quod he I haue wel vnderstād,
 The messagere hoole that y^e hast toke in hand,
 From thy kinge to bringen vnto vs.
 Right now be vntwaryly & sith it standeth thus,
 That now I haue his meanunge euery dele,
 From poynt to poynt and vnderstande it wel.
 Worde by worde and playnly it conceyued,
 And the gistes that we haue recepyed,
 On his behalfe in this our great nede,
 I will remembre and take of it good hede.
 To euery thing that thou hast to vs brought.
 For truste well that I forget it nought.
 But shall imprinte it surely in my munde.
 And withall this how goodly that we finde,
 The great bountie in all maner thinge.
 Within this land of Lamedone the kinge.
 His welcominge and his great cheare,
 And goodly sonde that thou bringest here.
 Not accordyng as to our entent.
 For god well wote that we neuer ment,
 Harne vnto him nor playnly no damage,
 To none of his of any maner age.
 And there vpon the goddess immortal,
 That of theyr kinde ben celestiall,
 Unto recorde with all mine herte I take.
 And touching this my borowes I thē make.
 In witnessyng we ment none offence,
 He haue not taken as by violence,
 Within this realme of woman childe or man.
 And so thou mayest repozte if thou can.
 But for that we fordyuen in the sea,
 Compelled were as of necessitye,
 For to arriue as thou hast herd me sayne.
 Onely to reste vs here vpon the playne.
 Without more vnto a certayne daye,
 And afterwarde to hold furth our way,
 Upon our Journey and make no taryng.
 Like as thou mayst recorde vnto thy kinge.
 And saye him eke he shall the time se,
 That he perauenter shal moue thanked be.
 When time commeth by vs or by some other.
 So furth thy way & say him thus my brother.
 And then anone as Jason was in peace,

The

The manly knight the worthy Hercules,
 Whē he had herd this thinge fro point to poit,
 He was anone brought into such disioynt,
 Of hasty rancoure and of sodeyne Ire,
 The which his herte almost set a fyre,
 That sodeynly as he abzeyde abacke,
 Of his dedeyne euen thus to him he spake,
 With chere alskoyne vnto the messengere.
 And sayd felowe be nothing in feare.
 Of our abydinge but do the well certayne,
 That are Titan his bernes reple agayne,
 We shall departe and hence to shyppes gone,
 That of our men shall not be lefte one,
 Within this lande & god tofome to morowe.
 And there vpo haue here my faith to borowe.
 For we no longer shall holde here sojourne,
 For elles where we shall make our retourne,
 To morowe early by the daye dawninge,
 On payne of reprefe and to go saye thy kinge.
 And or thre yere yf god vs graunt life,
 Maugre who grutcheth or maketh any strife
 Unto this lande we shall agayne retourne,
 And cast anker a while to sojourne.
 Take hede therof and note well the time.
 A newe chaunge shall folowe of this prime.
 And thē his power shall not so large stretche,
 Of his safe conduit till shall we reche,
 I say the platly as is our entent,
 We will not haue vnto his maundement,
 But small regarde and we that daye abyde.
 For taking leue shalbe set aside.
 Brause he hath begonnen here a playe,
 Which we shal quite by god if that we may.
 That tourne shall into his owne shame.
 And spare not to say thy kinge the same.
This messenger then gan agayne replye,
 And sayd sye ye may nat me denye,
 Of honeste my message to declare,
 Aulse you well for I will not spare.
 The kinges sonde playnly for to tell,
 And where so be ye liste to go or dwell,
 Ye may pet chese w^{ch} so be lefe or lothe,
 Ye haue no cause with me to be wrothe,
 For it sit not vnto your worthinesse,
 If ye take hede by waye of gentillesse,
 Of manassing suche arowes for to thete,
 For bett it were your thetynge to lete,
 And kepe secret till ye be at your large,
 For certaynly no parcell of my charge,

Is to strue with you or make debate.
 But better is betimes than to late.
 That ye beware for harmes that might fall,
 And for my parte I say vnto you all,
 It were pytie that ye destroyed were.
 Or any man shulde hinder or do dere,
 So worthy persons in any maner wise.
 Which lily ben to be discrete and wise.
 And lest w^{ch} wordes as now I do you greue,
 I saye no more I take of you my leue.

The nighte ypassed at springing of y^e day,
 When that the lark with a blessed laye,
 Began to salue the lusty rowes rede,
 Of Phebus chare y^e ther were freshly sprede,
 Upon the bordure of the oriente.
 And Aurora of herte and hole entent,
 With the sweetenes of her siluer shoures,
 Bedewed had the freshe somer floures,
 And made the rose w^{ch} newe bawme to flete,
 The soote lype and the margarete,
 For to enclose theyr tender leues white,
 Oppressed hertes with gladnes to delite.
 That dery were afore of nightes tene.
 And hony suckels among the bushes grene,
 Enbawmed had enuyon all the eyre.
 Longe or Titan gan make his repayre,
 With the brightnes of his beames merye,
 For to reioyse all our Hemisperie.
 For longe afore are he did arise,
 This worthy Jason in full hasty wise,
 And his felowe Hercules also,
 Pcharged haue theyr shyppmen haue ado,
 To hale by anker and theym ready make,
 And bad in haste euery man to take,
 The right way vnto the shyppes auone.
 For in lothnes this manly man Jason,
 Thought he was not stuffed of meyne,
 To gin as than a werre on Trope cite.
 For he was not thortly to conlude,
 Egall in nombze nor in multitude,
 As for that time a werre to beginne.
 It was not likely that he shuld wyne,
 Victoize as tho for they were but a fewe.
 And it sitteth nought for a man to hewe,
 Aboue his head when it is ouer hpe,
 Leste that the chippes do fall in his eye.
 Wherfore of Trope they leue the costes bliue,
 They dize by sayle the ship began to driue,
 C.iii. The

The winde was good the goddes fauorable,
Fortune they frende though the be variable,
And thus to Colchos safe they ben ycome.
And vnto lande safe both all and some,
They ben arriued in a lifell space.
For in the sea founde they haue such grace,
Of Neptuneus that cauled them as blyue,
As I sayd erst at Colchos to aryue.

Now in this yle and in this lytell lande,
That Colchos hight ye shal vnderstāde,
Howe that there was a royall cheife cyty,
In al that regyne most of dignite.
Of worthinesse of ryches and of fame,
And Jasonites tho it bare the name.
Cheifest of all to speake of buylding,
With stretes large and curpous of housinge.
And therewith all dyched well without.
Stronge walled and toured rounde about.
Of huge height and aloft battayled,
And þe right strongly lest they were assailed,
With many paleys stately and royall,
For there was tho the seat most princē pall,
The kinge to abide better than elles where.
And at that tyme it happed him be there.
And he was called Detes as I reade,
Full renomēd of knightthod and of manhead,
And him about a well besene meane,
Like as was sitting vnto his degre.
And euery where the landes enuironone,
The same spredde of his hye renoune.
And al about this mighty chiefe cytye,
Where as Detes helde his royall sea,
Were riuers freshe of which þe waters cleane,
Lyke cristall thone agayne the sonne shene.
Fayre playnes as Cupido beareth wytnesse,
And holsome hilles full of lustinesse,
And many lake and many lusty welle.
And there were eke mine auctour cā you tell.
Full many a parke full fayre & freshe to sene,
And many wode and many a medowe grene.
With sundry floures among þe herbes meynt,
Which on theyr stalke nature hath depeynt,
With sundry hewes within and eke withoute.
After the season as somer came aboute.
For fishing fouling for hauking eke also,
For venery and hunting both two,
The place was right inly delytable.
Of cozne and grayne passingly greable,

And plenteous in all maner thyng.
For their men harde the birdes freshely syng.
In tyme of yere in their hermonye.
That the nople and soote melodye,
On freshe braunches full delyrious,
Beioyle wolde these folkes amorous.
Whom lores bionde had ftyed to the herte,
And este adawen of their paynes smerte.
That certeynly whan that grene were,
Ypassed was aye fro yere to yere,
And May was come the month of gladnes,
And freshe floures of floures Emperesse,
Had cladde the soyle newe at her deuyse.
This noble place was lyke to Paradyse.
And Ceres goddesse of largesse and foyson,
Suche plentye gaue vnto that regyon,
Of fleshe, of fythe, of wyne, of vitale and cozne,
That the lycour of her full hohne,
Upon the londe so gan to raine and snowe.
That all astatys yea both high and lowe,
Lad their life in soueraigne luffsaunce.
With al that nature coulede oʒ might auāce.
This litle yle with her gistes great,
Lyke as tofome ye haue harde me treate,
For ther was plētie & ther was habundaunce,
And there was al that might do pleasaunce.
To any harte and all comoditee.
And so befell that to this citte,
Jason is come and with him Hercules.
And after them foloweth al the pres.
Full well arayed and royally be sayne.
Their armes enclosed togyther twayne and
A people chole as it were for þe nones. (twain
And therewith all of browes and of bones,
Eueriche of them of makynge and facion,
Full well complete as by pꝛoportyon.
Ponge of age and of good stature,
Sadde of countenaunce and full demure.
That euery wight had great pleasaunce.
To se the maner of their gouernaunce.
So ponge, so freshe, hardy and meke also,
And all at ones they to the paleys go.
With suche a chere that eueriche hath disposyt,
To see the maner of their noble porte.
So gentlymanly they demeaned were,
That the people pꝛese gan euery where,
To see these straungers lyke the grekes gysle.
Demeanē them selfe in so thyfty wyse.
And of desire the people ne wolde cesse,

Aboute

Aboute them to gather and impꝛesse.
And to enquire what they myght be,
That of newe with suche a royalle,
Ben sodeynly entred into the towne.
Thus eueriche wold with his felowe robone,
They were so rīde to stare and to gale,
To gape and loke as it were in a mase.
As to wīth folke done so comonly,
Of euery thyng that falleth sodeynly.
But how Detes lyke a worthy kyng,
Whan that he harde fyrst of their comyng,
Recepueth them and hooly the manere,
If that ye lyst anone ye shal it here.

Vhan þe king hath sothly vnderstāde
How the grekes come were to lande,
And how Jason was also there with all,
Bozne by dissente of the blud royall,
Of Thesalpe and lykely to be heyre,
If he by grace haue agayne repeire,
The auentures achyued of Colchos.
The kyng anone out of his sea arose.
Of gentillesse in all the haste he may,
In goodly wyse to mete them on the waye.
And them receiue with a cheare benigne,
And vnto them anone he doth asygne,
His offycers tawayte them nyght and daye.
Chargynge them in euery maner waye,
That what soeuer may to them do ease,
Oʒ any thyng that may them queme oʒ plese,
That they it haue in foyson and plente.
Eueryche of them lyke to his degre.
Thus he commaunded in al maner thyng,
And than anone this noble worthy kyng,
As he that was of fredome a myrrour,
Through many halle and many riche toure,
By many tourne and many dyuers waye,
By many gree made of marbyll graye,
Hath them conueyed a full easy pale,
Tyll he the bꝛought there his chambꝛe was.
Where he with them helde his dalaunce.
And there anone with euery circumstance,
Of manly fredome he made vnto them chere.
And in his chambꝛe englofed bꝛight & cleare,
That thone ful shene with gold & with asure,
Of many ymage that there was in picture.
He hath commaunded to his offycers,
Only in honour of the that were straungers,
Sꝛꝛces and wyne and after that anon,

The ponge freshe the lusty man Jason,
As fast gan by lycence of the kyng,
For to declare the cause of this comyng.
But fyrst the kyng with great royalle,
Assended is into his royall sea.
Clothes of golde changed enuyzon,
After the custome of that regyon.
That to beholde it was a noble syght,
Stondyng aboute many a worthy knight.
And many a squyre and many a gentylman,
Full well besene and the kyng right than,
Vnto Jason stondyng in pꝛesence,
Commaunded bath of his magnifꝛesce,
With Hercules to sytte a downe besyd.
And Jason than no longer lyst abyde,
Of his comyng the cause for to shewe.
The effect of which was this in woꝛdes fewe.
Sawe Jason fyrst ere he his tale began,
Full well auised and chered lyke a man.
Conceyued hath and noted wonder well,
From poynt to poynt his mater euerydell.
And not forgot a woꝛde in all his speche.
But euen lyke as rethorpyke doth teache,
He gan his tale so by craft conueye,
To make þe kyng to that which he wold seye,
Condescende and rather to enclyne.
For to assente that he myght fyne,
Of his comyng the knightly hye empyꝛse,
Thus woꝛd by woꝛde as I shal here deuyse.

Right worthy pꝛince pꝛesēt in this place,
Only with supporte of your hyꝛ grace,
And your goodnes most excellēt & dign
With patience of your fauour benygne,
Duplese it not that I may saye and shewe,
And este declare with woꝛdes but fewe,
The spꝛyal grounde and cause of my comyng.
So that ye lyst whiche ben so noble a kyng,
In goodly wyse without moze offence,
Of curtesye to gyue aundience.
To my request and that ye not dysdayne,
Goodly to graunte that I may attepyne,
In this yle if it may me auayle,
The flete of golde frely to assayle.
As the goddes in this myne auenture,
Lyfte to oꝛdeyne for my fatalle eure.
In whom lyeth all playnly and fortune,
For to gouerne thynges in comune.
In werre and peace conquest and victoꝛye,
And

And of armes the renoune and gloze.
Discomfure and bypnyng to outtraunce,
All lyeth in them to hynde o2 fauauce,
Apen to hofe might no mortal mā may chese,
But for all this where so I wyne o2 lese,
O2 lyfe o2 deth be fyne of my labour,
If that ye lyte to do me this fauour,
To graue me leue and no more delaye,
I am accorded fully for to assaye,
Lyke as the statute maketh mencion,
O2 lyte to make none accepton.
Upon no lyde fauour for to fynde.
But as the rytes playnly maken mynde,
What euer fall I shall them vnder fonge.
Nobly beserchynge that ye not proulonge,
O2 purpose now no2 make no delaye,
But of your grace sette to me a dape,
O2 ye enterpise that I maye achyue.
For myne abode stant vpon your leue.
Saith but one word of grauntyng at þe lest,
And than I haue the fyne of my requeste.
And whan the kyng had herde seriously,
Content of Jason sayd so manfully,
He stynt alpe and kepte hym close a whyle,
Till at the last he goodly gan to smyle,
Towardes Jason and said vnto hym thus.
Jason quod he albe thou desyous,
To vnderfonge this passyng hys emprise,
O2 counsaile is lyke as I shall deuyse.
Full prudently for to caste asozne,
The mortall perill o2 that thou be lozne.
For in this thyng there is a lawe ysette,
By chauntement that may not be plette,
No2 remedeyd for fauour no2 for mede.
For deth in soth who so taketh hede,
Is the guerdon platy o2 they twynne.
Of them that caste the flese of golde to wynn.
For helpe is none in manhode no2 fortune,
The streyght waye is so importune,
So dredefull eke and so full of rage,
That saue deth therelpeyth no passage.
Of victo2e the palme to conquere.
For sothly Jason as I shall the lere,
Founde of olde by meruaylous workyng.
By the statutes of this mortall thyng,
So soze bounde vnder my regalye,
That the rygour I may not modifie.
Wherefore Jason o2 thou this thyng attame,
Lette afterwarde on me were laude þe blame.

Of thy lesynge o2 thy destruction,
Of faythfull herte and true entencion,
I warne the my selfe for to quyte.
So that no man iustly shall me toyte.
Though thou of youth & of thy wyllfulness.
Thy lyte destroye without awpyness.
Sith I Jason of this peryllous case,
From poynt to point haue tolde the al þe case,
Be now auised and put no faulte in me,
For the surplus frely lyeth in the.
Fall this thyng sith thou mayst chese,
And where so be that thou wyne o2 lesse,
Do man to me it iustly maye accete.
For that laboe that Mars hym selfe sette,
No mortall man of right may duelye passe.
For hie o2 lowe he getteth none other grace.
Than the goddes lyte for hym o2 deyne.
What euer he be that caste hym to darrayne.
This diuers thyng most furious of drede.
Wherefore Jason how euer that thou spede,
I haue to the openly declared,
Hooly the peryle and for fauour spared,
As fer in soth as reason wyll and ryght.
For thou tootest wel it lyeth not in my might,
For to declare o2 any man to sette,
That of manhode knightly caste to sette,
Upon this thyng as thou hast herde me tell.
What shulde I longer in this mater dwell.
It were but vaine for now thou knowest all,
Beware of her that tourneth as a ball.
For at this tyme thou gettest no more of me,
Do as thou lyte I put the choysle in the.
And with that word the kyng rose vp anone,
Upon the tyme whan he shulde gone,
Vnto his meate and Jason by his syde.
As ye shall here if so ye lyte abyde.

The tyme appo2cheth & gan to neigh fast,
That officers full busily them cast,
To make redy with all their busye cure.
And in the halle bo2des for to cure.
For by the dyal the hour they gan to marke,
That when southward whi2led vp his arke
So hys a losse that it drew to none.
That it was tyme for the kyng to gone,
Vnto his meate and entre into halle.
And than Detes with his lordes all,
And with his knight aboute hym eu2richon,
With Hercules and also with Jason,

It sette to meate in his royall sea.
And euery lord lyke to his degree.
But fyfte of all this worthy man Jason,
Allygned was by the kyng anone,
For to fyte at his owne bo2de.
And Hercules that was so great a lord.
Was sette also faste by his syde.
And the marshall no longer lyte abyde,
To assygne estates where they shulde be.
Lyke as they were of hys o2 lowe degree.
And after that on scaffolde hys alofte,
The noyse gan loude and nothyng softe.
Of trumpeters and eke of clarioneres.
And there with all the noble officers,
Full thyffely serued haue the halle.
Lyke as the season gan that tyme fall.
With all deyntes that may rekened be.
That sothfastly the foyson and plente,
Of kyngly freedom vnto hys and lowe,
So fully gan there to regne and snoue,
That through þe hall was þe manhod praued.
Of the kyng and his renoune repled.
That can his gesses sothly for to sey,
Whan that hym lyfeth chere and festey.
So lyke a kyng and in so thyffely wyse,
With all deunte that man can deuyse,
For at this feast and solemnite,
The grekes myght the great nobely see,
Of kyng Detes and the worthynesse,
And by repozte therof beare wytnesse,
Where so they come after all their lyue.
I wante conynge by ordze to discryue,
Of euery course the diuersitees.
The straunge felwes and the sotyltees.
That were that day serued in that place,
Haue me excused though I lyghtly passe,
Though I can not all in ordze sayne.
Mine englyshe is to rude and eke to playne.
For to endite of so hys a thyng.
But forthe I will reherse how the kyng.
To shewe his gesses his nobely ouer all.
Hath for his doughter sent in speciall.
And byd the shulde forth anone be broughte,
The which in south though men had sought,
The world throughtout I do you plain assure,
When might a founde no fay2er creature.
More womanly of porte no2 manere.
For more demure no2 sadder of her chere,
Whose beaute was not lykely for to fade,

And whan she came the grekes for to glade,
The halle in soth she walketh vp and downe;
Of womanhede and pure affectiowne.
To make chere vnto these gesses newe.
And thus Medea, with her rosen hewe,
And with the freshnesse of the lylle whyte,
So entermedled kyndly by deylte,
That nature made in her face sprede,
So egally the white with the rede,
That the medlyng in conclusyon,
So was ennewed by propoztion,
That fynally excess was there none.
Of one no2 other for both two in one.
So ioynd were longe to endure,
By the emperesse that called is nature.
For she her made lyke to her deuise,
That to beholde it was a paradyse.
In verpe soth bothe to one and all,
Of olde and yonge that lytten in the hall.
Therto she was as by lutelesyon,
Borne to be heyre of that regyon.
After her father by descent of lyne.
If she abyde and dure after his fyne.
Sith he ne had by ryght to succede,
One heyre male that I can of reade.
She was also the boke maketh mencion,
Were vnto yeres of discretion.
Able for age marryd for to be.
And not withstondyng also eke that she,
Was of beaute and of womanhede,
One of the fayrest that I can of reade,
Yet none of bothe haue her youth let,
That to clergy was her desyre set.
So passyngly that in speciall,
In all the artes called lyberall,
She was expert and knowyng at the beste,
It was her bre to konne what her lyte.
Of luche a woman herde I neuer telle.
At Helicon she dranke so of the welle.
That in her tyme was there none femblable.
I founde in sothe ne none that was so hable,
As to conceyue by studye and doctrine.
And of nature to dispute and termine,
She coude also and the causes fynde,
Of althynges formed as by kynde.
She had in lernyng so her tyme spente,
That she knewe of the fyament,
The trewe course and of the sterres all.
And by their meynge what that shulde fall.

So was she lerned in astronomye.
 But moſte ſhe wrought by nycromancye.
 With croſſiſmes and ſouiracions,
 And vſed alſo to make illuſions,
 With her charmes ſayde in ſondrye wyſe.
 And with rytes of diuers ſacrifyſe.
 Encens and ryches caſte into the fyre,
 To ſhewe the thynges lyke to her deſire.
 With gootes hoznes and withynke a blude.
 Whan the mone equat was and ſtode,
 In the fyfte oz in the ſyfte houſe.
 And was fortunēd with lokyng gracious.
 To cheſe an houre that were conuenient,
 And fortunate as by enchauntement,
 To make and woork the ſundry apperences,
 So well ſhe knewe the heavenly influences,
 And aſpectes bothe wythe and glade,
 For ſhe by them all her thynges made.
 That apperteyne to ſuche experymentes.
 For whan her lyſt by her enchauntementes,
 She coude make the wyndes for to blowe,
 To thondre lighten and to haile & ſnowe.
 And freſe alſo to greue men with payne,
 And ſodeynely ſhe coude make to rayne.
 And ſhewe what wether that her liſt to hane.
 And gaſten men with ſodeyne erth quauē.
 And tourne the daye vnwarely vnto nyght.
 And then anone make the ſonne bygyht.
 Shewe his beames full perſyng a ful ſhene,
 With golden hoznes to voyde nyghtes tene.
 And reſe & floodes to many a dzedful walwe,
 And whi her liſt ſhe coude them eſt to draue.
 She ponge trees to ſere roote and rynde,
 And afterward make them againe in kinde.
 With luſt bzanches blome & budde newe.
 Alſo in wynter with floures freſhe of hewe,
 Aray the perth and tapyte hym in grene.
 That to beholde a Ioye it was to ſene.
 With many colour ſhewyng full diuers,
 As wyhte and rede grene ynde and pers.
 The deſp with her ryche perled crowne,
 And other floures that wynter made ſerwone,
 Upon their ſtalke freſhy for tappare.
 And ſodeynely with a deadly chere,
 She coude ſomer into wynter tourne.
 Cauſyng the daye with myſtes for to mone.
 And olde men ſhe coude make ponge,
 And eſte agayne oz any here was ſpronge.
 She roudē them ſhewe both in head & berde.

ful hoze and grape in craſte ſo was the leredē.
 And trees to fruite ſhe coude alſo make bare.
 Of rinde and leaſe to do men on them ſtare.
 Eclipse the mone and the bygyht ſonne,
 Or naturally they had theyr courſe yronne.
 To them apozped which they mai not paſſe.
 For if that Cytaues courſe by kindly traſe.
 Whan ſo he meueth vnder the clyptik lyne.
 The clype mott folow as auctours liſt diſſine
 So that there be by their diſcription,
 Of bothe thwayne full coniunction.
 And that the ſonne with his beames red,
 Haue his dwelliſng in the dragones head.
 And the mone be ſet eke in the ſayle,
 As by nature than it maye not ſayle.
 That there muſt fall eclyps of beary nede,
 In ſondry bokes like as ye may read.
 Bycauſe of certayne interſetacions,
 Of diuers circles and reuolucions,
 That makēd ben in the heauen aloſte.
 Whiche cauſen vs for to ſayle ofte.
 Of the freſhe and comfoztable ſtrems,
 That be vs had from Jher⁹ bygyht beames.
 For ſo the mone hath made deuſyon,
 By this ſodeyne interpoſicion,
 That of our ſyght the ſtrems viſuall,
 May not beholde nor yet pſene at all.
 For to our luſte fully compzehende,
 How Jherbus in his chaire is cheuanſende.
 As we were wonte afozehande for to ſee.
 But of all this the great Jtholome,
 Kyng of Egypt telleth the cauſes why.
 Within his boke and that compendioſly.
 And why they fall by naturall morion.
 But of Jherde though this clerke Duyde,
 Cencreaſe her name vpon enery ſyde,
 Lyſt ſuche thynges in his fables tell.
 Though he of poetes was the ſpyng & well.
 Yet god forbede ye ſhulde grue credence,
 To ſuche ſeynyng oz do ſo hygh offence.
 Sith of nature it muſt be denyed.
 Al ſuche aſſurymg and likewiſe be diſſed,
 Of euery chriſtien ſtedfaſt in beleue.
 For certainly it wolde hyghly greue.
 Our confidence in any wyſe to wene,
 Agaynſt kynde whiche is to hve a quene.
 That any wight oz ſpyunge creature,
 Shulde haue power I do you plaine aſſure.

So

So curſed thynges ſuperſticiouſ,
 To do oz worke to kynde contrariouſ.
 For god almyghty Judge of Judges all,
 Hath ſette a lawe the whiche may not falle.
 Amonge planettes eternally tendure.
 Afoze ordyned in his eternall cure.
 The whiche may not as clerkes lyſt termine,
 Upon no ſyde bowen nor declyne.
 But as they were from diſorde oz debate,
 Eternally pfozmed and create,
 Through the ſpyng of his ſapience,
 Alway to mene in their intelligence,
 Lyke as they be to his lordſhypp bounde,
 For neuer yet was eclyps pfounde.
 The mone not beinge inconiunction.
 As I haue tolde ſaue in the paſſyon.
 The which eclyps was tho agaynſt kinde,
 Nature her knot that tyme lyſt vnbynde.
 Whan goddes ſonne ſtarfe vpon the roode.
 The ſonne of lyfe was derked for our good.
 Whan heauen and erth to hve compunction,
 Haue ſignes ſhewed of lamentacion.,
 By earthquakes light tourned to derkenes,
 And dead bodies bywarde gan them dreſſe.
 From their tombes agayne from deth to lue,
 Stone and rocke a ſonder gan to ryue.
 In the temple the beyll was kut a two,
 And ſignes many were pſhewed tho,
 That for J wondre and tokens meruailous,
 The great worthy wyonyſhous,
 Whiche at Athens as clekes of hym wyte,
 Was called in ſcholes Ariopagyte.
 He whan he ſawe this noble famous clerke,
 The bygyht daye ſodeynely ſo derke,
 Although he were apaynym in tho dayes,
 And was infecte with rytes of their layes,
 As he that was moſte chiefe and pzyncipall,
 Of phyloſophers for to reken all.
 Yet that tyme aſtoned in his mynde,
 Sayde platly other the god of kynde,
 Suffreth the death other out of doubtē,
 This rounde worlde which is ſo large about,
 Shalbe diſſolued and ybrought to nought.
 By ſodayne chaunge haſty as a thought,
 By his clergie he knewe no better ſkyl,
 For god may all chaungen at his wyll,
 And hath power of ſuche coaction,
 Under whole myght and diſpoſicion,
 Is lawe of kynde conſtreyned ſoth to ſey.

From poynt to poynt lowely to obeye.
 In euery thyng that hym lyſt ordeyne.
 Of elementes he may the courſe reſtreynē.
 As holy wyrt doth witneſſe ye may ſe,
 How at request of worthy Joſue,
 The bygyht ſonne ſtode at Gabaon,
 Adapes ſpace in one degre and ſhone.
 Shewyng token to his trewe knyght,
 Finally and for to grue him lyght,
 That he myght by his hve pzoſſe,
 His cruell ſoon manfully oppreſſe.
 Whan that he fought this knyght this Joſue,
 With ſyue kynges reynyng in Amoree.
 So longe laſte the purſute and the chaſe,
 Till they were take & for their hve treſpaſſe,
 Deſpt to be dead the Bible can you tell.
 Now ſyth that god thus hyghly lyſt fulfyl,
 This his knyghtes request and ozion,
 What wonder was though in the paſſyon,
 Of Chriſte Jeſu incarnat for our ſake,
 The ſonne beames as tho were warren blak.
 Syth he hath lordſhip of the planettes all.
 And as hym lyſt it muſt nedely fall.
 For of Jherdea though Duydyus,
 In his fables wyiteth and ſaith thus,
 As he that lyſt her name ſo hyghly craſte,
 Yet in the truth ſomewhile doth he haſte.
 Albe ſhe were a paſſyng ſoreceſſe.
 And cheſt named of any chauntereſſe.
 I wyll paſſe ouer agayne to my matere,
 And howe ſhe came to meate ye ſhall en here.
 Whan her father had thus for her ſent,
 Se came anone at his commaundement.
 But oz ſhe came I fynde that tofoze,
 For to make her beaultie ſemen more,
 She in her cloſet toke her beſt araye.
 For tencreaſe in all that euer ſhe maye,
 Natures worke with royall apparayle.
 For theſe women gladly wyll not ſayle,
 Wha they of beaultie haue pletenous largeſſe,
 It to embellyſhe they do their buſineſſe.
 With ryche a tye vpon euery ſyde.
 If ought be myſſe they can it cloſe and hyde.
 For all the ſoule ſhall couertly be wyred,
 That no defeaute outwarde be eſpied.
 But ſhe was faire and alſo well beſapne,
 And in her pozte ſo womanly certayne,
 That at her comyng gladdeth all the halle.
 For it was ioye both vnto one and all,

Co

To se the maner tho of her entree.
To whom her father bad to take her lee,
Besyde Jason hym for to dispozte.
Of womanhede and for to recomfozte.
But oh alas here lacked hyr prudence.
Discrete auple of inwarde prouidence,
Wysedome also with perell caste afozne,
To truste amayde of tendre yeres ybozne,
Oflyght unhappy fonde wylfulnesse.
For this kynge of his gentylnesse,
Commaunded hath to his consulyon,
To his dishonour and destruction,
His owne doughter bozne to be his heyre,
That was also so womanly and fayre,
So sodaynly downe for to discende.
Considered not the myschpyse of the ende.
Alas why durst he in her youth aspye,
To make her lytte of his curtesye.
Where as the myght by casuell mocion,
Full lyghtly rathe o2 haue occasyon,
To do amysse alas why dyd he so.
Why list he not take better hede therto.
For to auerte in his discretion,
Wysely to caste afoze as in reason,
The vnware chaunge that is in womanhed.
Whiche euery wyle man oughit for to drede.
For who was euer yet so mad o2 wood,
That ought of reason coude aright his good,
To gve sayth o2 hastily credence,
To any woman without experyence.
In whom is nother trust nor fyerkesse.
They ben so double and full of bytyllesse,
That it is harde in them to assure.
For unto them it longeth of nature,
From theyr birth to haue alliaunce,
With doublenesse and with variaunce,
Their hertes be so fraile and so vnstable,
Namely in youthe so meynge and mutable.
That so as clerkes of them lyst tendyte,
Albe that I am soze for to wyte,
They sayen that chaunge and mutabylite,
Appozed ben unto feminite.
This is affirmed of them that were ful sage,
And specially whyle they be grene of age.
In their iuyng and whan y they be yonge,
Whose herte full selde accordeth w her tonge.
For if the trouthe inwardely be sought,
With y surplus & remnaunt of their thought,
Whan may anone the true patron fynde.

Of inconstaunce whose flakysable kynde,
Is to and fro meynge as a wynde.
That Hercules were not stronge to binde,
Noth Sampson so as Jbelene,
A womans herte to make it not remeue.
For as the blase whyleth of a fyre,
So to and fro they flee in their desyre.
Tyll they accompysh the fully their desite,
For as nature by kyndly appetyte.
Kyndly seeketh to sewen after fourme,
Tyl he his course by procelle may perfozme.
Euen so these women restraime them ne can,
To sewe their luste as fro man to man,
They will not cease till all be assayed.
But wolde god as nature is apayed,
With one fourme and holdeth him content,
Whan of his boundes he hath the terme went.
And not desyre ferther to procede,
But styl abyte and wyl it not excende,
That by example all fortes women wolde,
Abide in one as they of duety shoulde.
And holde them paide and stille there abyde,
But faile of soting doth them ofte to syde.
For they be not content with vnitee,
But fast they sewen to fynde pluralitee.
So of nature to meynge they be thewed,
Although among by signes outward shewed.
They ofte pretende a maner stablenesse.
But vnder that is hyd their doublenesse.
So well yreke that outwarde at the eye,
Full harde it is the treason to espye.
Vnder curtyne and beyle of honeste,
Is closed chaunge and mutabylite.
For their desyre is kepte full close in metwe,
Of thyng that they had leuest for to sewe.
Only outwarde for to haue a laude,
They can declyne w saynyng & with fraude.
Wherfore Oetes thy wyl was to barayne,
That thou afoze by prudence naddest sayne.
What shulde folowe of this unhappy case.
Why were thou bolde thus to suffer alas.
Thine owne doughter inly frethe of hewe,
With straunge gesses entred but of newe,
So folde for to lete her dele.
Where through thin honoz wooship & thin bele,
Was lost in haste & the to mischiese brought.
In straigle lande w sorowe & with thought.
Where as the in slaunder of thy name,
With miserie with sorowe and with chame.

An

An ende made and thou were left sole,
That myghtest weil complayn & make dole.
Alas the whyle if by prudent forsyght,
Thou haddest had grace for to record aright,
And to haue cast by discrete purueaunce,
And wysely weyed by measure in balauce,
The fraude of women and the trayltye,
In whom full selde is any fyerkesye.
As in his latyn Eupdo doth expresse.
Wherfore Oetes of berpe rhychelesse,
Thou hast at ones in augment of thy wo,
Without recure hothe the two forgo.
Fyrt thy treasure and thy doughter deare,
That was to the so passingly entere.
And eke thyne heyre for whē she was gone,
As sayth mine Auctour other was ther none.
After thy daye for to occupye,
Thy royall ceptre nor thy land to gve.
But what was worth the great prouidēce,
The waker keepyng the busy diligence,
Of myghty Mars that god is of battayle,
What might it helpe defende o2 ought auaille,
Agayne the wyl of woman o2 the slepyght.
Whose fraudes bene of so huge weyght,
That as theym lyst aye the game goeth,
Theyr purpose bydeth who so be lief o2 lothe.
They be so lyte so prudent and so wysle,
For as this stoze playnly doth deuise,
This Medea by her engyne and crasse,
From her father hath his treasure raste.
Through the working of her sleightie gyle,
As ye shall heare within a litell whyle.
For as the sat at meate tho in that tide,
Her father next and Jason by her side,
All sodenly her freshe and rosen hewe,
Ful ofte tyme gan chaungen and renewe.
An hundred lites in a litell space.
For now the bloud from her goodly face,
Unto her herte vnwarely gan abale.
And therewithall the waxeth dead and pale.
And est anone who therto can take hede,
Her hewe returneth in to goodly reade,
But still among temblly the her coloure,
The rose was meynt aye with the lyle floure.
And though the rose some dele gan to pace,
Yet still the lyle bydeth in his place.
Till nature made theym est apene to mete.
And thus with colde and eke w sodayne hete,
Was Medea in her selfe assayed,

And passyngly soze bered and trauayled.
For now the brent and now the gē to colde.
And aye the more that she gan beholde,
This Jason yong the more she gan desire,
To loke on hym so was the set a fyre.
With his beaute and his semelynesse.
And euery thing the wylly gan mypse,
What that she sawe both in minde & thought,
She all empynteth and forgetteth nought.
For she consydereth euery circumstance,
Both of his port and his gouernance,
His sonny the hayre crisped lyke golde wire,
His knightly loke and his many chere.
His countenance with many noble signe.
His face also most gracious and benigne.
Most acceptable unto her plesauce.
For as she thought it was full suffyaunce,
Without more as vnto her alone,
Well to bethynke and loke on his parson.
For in that time withouten any drede,
Of meate o2 drynke she toke but litell hede.
For she of foode hath lost her appetite,
To loke on hym she hath so great delite.
He was so prynted in her remembraunce,
Loue hath her caught so tynely in a traunce.
And her ymarked with his fyerre brand.
That he may not escape from his hande.
For yet eschewe his stroke but litell hede.
For she was yolde body hert and all,
Unto this Jason platly for to seye.
And euer est on him she cast an eye,
Whan that she founde a leper oportune.
But of her wysedome she wolde not contune.
To loken longe lest men dempt amys.
But as the maner of these women is,
She kept her close and wonderly secrete,
That by her chere no man could se,
What that she ment by none occasyon.
She put theym out of all suspection.
For openly there was no tokens sene.
She cast rather that men shulden wene,
That the encheson of her abstynence,
And why that she abode in thus sylenece,
How that it was onely of womanhede,
Of honest chame and of chaste drede,
That both together in her herte met.
The whych twayne hane so this maydē set,
For meate and drynke as it wold seme.
Thus by her wit she made theym for to deme.

Di. And

And so to cast in theyr oppnyon.
 And thus she blent them by discrecion.
 For so her cheare could euery thynge excuse,
 She gaue to fooles no matter on to muse.
 No chere vnbrideled that tyme her asterte,
 For there was one thyng closed in her hert,
 In alderother in her chere declared.
 For maydens haue ofte syth spared,
 To shewe out that they desyre in dede,
 As it falleth who so can take hede.
 That while they flouren in virgynitye,
 And for theyr yowth haue no lybertye,
 To specrey that theyr hertes woulde,
 They kepe theyn close for they be not bolde,
 To shewe out the summe of theyr sentence.
 And thus Medea keepyng aye sylvence,
 As let no woorde by her lippes pace,
 But couertly with sobze chere and face,
 And what she ment sheweth with her eye,
 In such a sorte that no man could espye,
 The hooft syre in her breste yreke.
 And in her selfe right thus she gan to speke,
 As she in sothe that so much good can,
 So would god this yong lussy man,
 Which so fayre and femely in my sight.
 Assured were to be my owne knight.
 Which is to me most plesaunt and entyre.
 With berde ysprong shynyng lyke golde wyre.
 So wel ylymed and compact by measure,
 Well growne on heygth and of good stature,
 And lyketh me in euery parte so wel,
 That by assent of fortune and her whele,
 I wored were to stande in his grace.
 For as me semeth vpon his knightly face,
 It is to me an heauen to beholde,
 Albe therewith my herte I fele colde.
 And yet in sothe it may none other be,
 Alas why will he not do ppyt me.
 Or at the leste he knewe in his entent,
 How much trouthe to hym that I ment.
 Of which alas he taketh no maner hede.
 Albe for hym I brenne as doth the glede.
 And to be dead I dare not me discure.
 Alas my piteous wooful auenture,
 To rewful is helpeles my mortall paine,
 Thus to be dead I dare me not complayne.
 To frende nor foo of this my chaunce alas.
 To finde some helpe or succour in this case.
 And trewly natheles as I shall deuise,

Nothing meane but that in honest wyse.
 Lyke as it shall well openly be founde.
 For I desyre to be knyght and bound,
 With him in wedlock a neuer thens to twine,
 So is my meaning cleane deborde of syn.
 Grounded and set vpon al cleynesse,
 Without fraude or any doublenesse.
 So clean and pure is mine entencion.
 To aye the maner and condicion,
 Of these woimen that so well can fayne,
 And shewe one though they thinke twayne.
 And couertly that nothing be sayne,
 With humble chere and with face playne,
 Enclose theyr lustes by such subtiltye,
 Under the boundes of al honestye,
 Of theyr entent though the trecherye,
 Withal the surplus smothely couered be.
 And though that they sayth afoze pretend,
 And can theyr fraude with florishing dede,
 And speake full fayre the word forth to blede,
 With doublenesse enclosed in the end.
 Yet a decepte is couertly yment,
 Under the suger of fayned cleane entent.
 As it were sothe in very existence.
 But truste me well al is but apparence.
 They can shewe one and another meane,
 Whose blew is lightly dyed into grene.
 For vnder floures decept of stablenesse,
 The serpent dareth of newfangelnesse.
 So playn they seme with wordes fair glosed,
 But vnderneath theyr couerte wiles be closed.
 For what thing is dearest to theyr paye,
 They will deny and rathest sweaten naye.

This lyketh Cupido of womē to endite,
 Alas that he so cursedly would wyte,
 Agaynst them or with theyn haue debate.
 I am right soyr in englyshe to translate,
 Represe of theym or any euyl to seye,
 For me were leuer for theyr loue to deye.
 Wherefore I pray theym to take patience,
 I purpose not to do to theym offence.
 They be so good and persyte euerychone.
 To reken all I trowe there be not one,
 But that they be in will and hert trewe.
 For though amōg theyr chese the lower netwe,
 Who wayeth it wel they be nothing to blame,
 For often tyme they se men do the same.
 They must puruay the when men the refuse,
 And

And yet I coulde I wolde theim full excuse.
 It sytteth not a woman lyue alone,
 It is no stozz but they haue mo than one,
 Draying to theim for to do me grace,
 For as I hope to theim is no trespass,
 Though my makynge be the same in all,
 As Guido wyrteth in his oyriginal.
 Where he misfayeth do let hym beare þ wyte,
 For it syt well that the vengeaunce byte.
 On him that so these woimen hath offended,
 And if I myght it shuld be well amended.
 He shulde receiue duely his penaunce,
 For if he died withouten repentance,
 I am dyspreyed of his saluacion.
 Who he shulde euer haue remission.
 But if he were content to do redyess,
 It may not bene as clerkes beare witnesse.
 And by my trouthe and he were alque,
 I meane Guido and I shulde him shryue,
 So bytter penaunce playnly he shulde haue,
 That to the tyme that he were depe ygraue,
 He shulde remembre and platly not asterte,
 For to repente with all his hooft herte.
 That he so spake to his confusyon,
 I wyl no longer make dysgessyon,
 From my matter but letteth Cupido be,
 And tell I shall the workynge of Medea.
 That hath lycence of her father nome,
 And to her chamber is alone yrome.
 When out of hal withdrawen was al þ pres,
 And when Jason and this Hercules,
 Lyke as the kynge after meate badde,
 To their chambres conueied were and lad.
 Full royally arayed and well be sayne,
 For euery wall was couered in certayne,
 With clothe of golde in full stately wyse.
 And in this whyle as ye haue herde deuise,
 Was Medea to her chambze gone.
 Whereby her selfe complaynyng euer in one,
 She gaue an issue to her paynes snarte,
 That her so soze hath wounded to the harte.
 For loue hath brought her in so sodeine rage,
 That was not lykely soone for to aswage,
 For in sothnesse the furious god Cupide,
 Hath such a fyre kyndled in her syde,
 That it was neuer lykly for to lete.
 So violent and feruent was the heate,
 That more and more encrease gan her paine,
 For in her brest there was atwyrt twayne.

A great debate and a strange battayle.
 So feruently eche other dyd assayle.
 And this contek in ernes and in game,
 Departed was betwixt loue and shame.
 Medynge together there at vnsert steuen,
 Albe the fiede was not tho parted euen;
 For loue in soth full of hye renolone,
 Was bolde and hardy lyke a fierse Lyotone.
 And was not fereful of spere swerd nor kniue.
 But hote and hasty for to duntre lyfe.
 Eke surquidous stoute and full of pryde,
 Chiefe champion of the god Cupyde.
 That causeth ofte both to free and bonde,
 Full many peryll for to take on honde.
 And caused hath full many man his death,
 And many one to yelden by the bretch.
 And made ther woundes largely for to blede,
 For of peryll loue taketh none hede.
 To get hym honour by excellence of fame.
 But contrary his enmye called shame.
 Lyke a coward faynte and hertles,
 As he that neuer dare be sene in pries,
 For lacke of māhod draweth hi euer abacke,
 He is so ferd and dreadfull of the wraake.
 Like to a chyld ponge and tender of age,
 For he hath nother herte nor yet corage,
 For to assaile so feble is his myght.
 And yet full ofte he hath stonde in the syghte.
 Of many louer and lete him for to spede,
 Through faile cōspiring of his brother dede,
 For drede and shame when they be allyed.
 Of one a Tent haue piteously denyed,
 As vnto loue both hert and herdinesse.
 That he ne durst out a woorde expresse.
 For whā that loue of māhod willetth speake,
 The wood fyre out of his brest to reke,
 Upon the poynte when he shulde assaile,
 Shame cometh anone a vterly sayeth naye.
 And causeth loue his hornes for to shrynke,
 Tabathe his chere a pitiouly to wyneke.
 Cowardly his cause tho to appayre.
 And thus is shame froward a like contraire.
 Through helpe of drede lous folke to feare.
 For doubtlesse if so be shame nought ne were,
 As it is kouthe aswell nigh as ferre,
 Loue in his lawes shuld often tyme erre.
 And winde him out of honestye his cheyre.
 Of his bondes both bydell breake a reyne.
 Right as an hoyle out of the trayle at large.
 D. li. For

For hite or nought louers wolde take charge,
To vse their wyll and all their lust tenewe.
But al the while that shame is kept in mewe,
Within his brest so that no wight it knowe,
Outward in porte loue beareth him full love,
For ne were shame as clekes haue compiled,
Out of their hertes danger were exiled.
Al straungenesse and fepned false disdeyne,
For ne were shame playnly the wardayne,
Of these women by wytyng of these olde,
Without assaulte the castell were ypolde.
It were no nede a spege for to layne,
For in suche case longe treaty were in bayne.
For of nature they louen no pzoesse.
But nowe alas dread and shamfastnes,
Haue daunted loue in full loue maner,
And made him humble both of port & cheare.
And they haue eke by their ypoultence,
For all his manhode put him in sylence.
And ben great cause of morning of his paine.
And thus amiddes of either of these twaine,
Of loue and shame euen so vpon the poynt,
Medea stode as tho in great dyspoynt.
That she ne may the paine not to endure,
So hoot the bzent this woofull creature.
Betwixt both I meane loue and shame.
For whan that loue wolde any thing attaine,
Of his desyres to declare them out,
Came shame anone & put him in a doubte.
With redy dread her lust for to deny.
And thus she stode in doubtfull Jeopardy,
Of loue and shame in maner of a traunce,
Full euenly vphanged in balaunce.
For shame was great & loue was yet p more,
As well appeared by her syghes fore,
And by her stozmy cruell auenture,
For dread and shame durst she not discure,
The fyre that loue hath in her brest enclosed.
Whiche was full harde for to be deposed.
And thus the hange amiddes betwene two,
That she ne wist what was best to do.
Till that fortune with her double face,
Unhappely hath wrought to get her grace,
With the whpyllyng of her whele about,
That causeth wretches full lowe adowne to
Wha they best wene to sitt hye aloft. (loute,
In thy plaine pzoese as men may se full ofte,
By getynesse of this her reuolution,
For so this lady of transmutacion,

Full ofte tyme false and full instable,
Enhasteth thynges to foolles full agreable.
Which in the ende to their confusyon,
Can vnder fygur throude her poyson.
For aye fortune as her maner is,
To wretches betweth other than it is.
By fayze semblant and face of flattery,
As she that can with full beninge an eye,
Full of foolles parfoumen the entent.
Where throug they be in great mischefe thet
At the ende and can no crasse telchewe,
To fodeyne harme that at her taile doth setu.
Ryght as it fell wyplome of Medea,
Spynning and grounde of her aduersite.
For this lady that called is fortune,
Ygraunted hath a lefter opportune,
To shewe Jason hooly all her herte,
Which made her after to repentaunce sinerte.
For on a daye after Heredien,
Whan that Apollo with his bealnes shene,
From the southe plage gan to wester fast,
Detes her father hath ysent in haste,
To Medea to com to hym anone.
And bad to her that the chuld gone,
Unto Jason and to Hercules,
To make the chere amiddes of al the pres.
And when she caught hath oportune & space,
To her desyre and sawe eke in the place,
That then her father was most occupied,
As she that thought not for to bene elpyed.
Well appercceruing his great busynesse,
Towardes Jason anon she gan her dresse.
And he in haste with a full knightly chere,
In curteys wise gan to drawen nere.
Towardes her apen & sawe there was no let,
And when that they were thus together met,
This Medea with syghing first abrayde,
And syth to Jason euen thus she sayd.

How Jason throughe the only helpe of Medea
Detes daughter, the kynge of Colchos
enamored of him he achieved the conquest of
the golden flese. Cap. vi.

Jason quod the of thyne hye noblesse,
Of thy manhode and of thy gentillesse,
In thy person assembled both yfcare,
But of thy knighthode first I the requere,
In thy conceite and thyne opynion,

Not

Not to arreeste as to pzoemption,
To doubtenesse nor yet to inconstaunce,
Of womanhead neither to variaunce,
That I am boide & can for nothyng spare,
To you my meaninge platly to declare,
Without decryte in wordes trewe and playn,
Beseeching first to that which I shal sayne,
Without more of your goodly hede,
Benignely for to taken hede.
And pzoiently that to my wordes ye lyfte,
And what I saye to take it for the best.
In your entent and nothing you to grene,
For thynges two myne hert fore amene,
That is to saye loue and gentyllesse,
What that I meane clerely to expresse,
To your person and nothing to concele.
Or we departe by pzoese as ye shal sele.
For as me semeth first of curtesye,
In sothfastnes and sith of gentrye,
That to straungers euery maner wight,
Is bounde and holde of very due right,
To maken cheare and trewely as for me,
Bycause Jason for that I in you se,
So much manhode & so great worthynesse,
I will not sayne with all my busynesse,
To further you in all that may you lyke.
And with that worde of hert the gan to like,
As for his sake and sayd thus ouermore,
For you I sele full great anoy and fore.
That meued are without auisenesse,
Onely of youth and wilfull hardynesse,
The flese of golde to getten if ye may.
The which empryse who euer that assay,
More perillous is playnly to achete,
In very sothe than ye coulde wene or leue.
For doubtles this I do you well assure,
The finall mede of this great auenture.
Is not but deathe saue report of shame.
For there ye wene to getten you a name.
The end playn shal fourne into contrayre,
From the gunning so shal the fine varye.
For wit of man no engine fore or might,
Though he be neuer so expert in fight,
Or haue in arnes passing exercise,
With all p sleghytes of olde or newe empryse,
Or though he be best bzyched to endure,
Or what deuise there be of his armure,
Or what so euer twopen that he bynge,
Harded with flele trenchaunt or persing,

Yet at the last whan he hath all fought,
Without me auayle he may right nought.
Wherefore Jason I haue compassion,
On this your yowthe by pure affection.
That wilfully ye chulden thus be lozne,
That ben of bloode and line so high yborne.
For certaynly it may none other be,
But if that ye your counsaile take of me.
For none but I may do you helpe or ease,
Alas Jason why wyll ye not appeale,
Your manly corage in this case yblent,
And to my counsaile bene obedient.
Then durst I swere ye shuld haue victoory,
Ben remembred and put in memoery,
Perpetually & throughe your knighthod win,
The flese of golde the which is yonde within,
In the yle that standes here beside,
Of which that Mars is gouernour and gide,
Wherefore at ones in your selfe assente,
And to my counsaile fully do consent,
At fewe wordes if so ye list to spede,
And leue your lust and worketh by my reade,

To whom Jason with full humble chere,
Answered & sayd mine owne lady deare,
I thanke it you in all my best wile,
Right thus as ferre forthe as I may suffile,
And as my powet platly may assayne,
Mine hertes quene and lady soueraine.
Whom ye may hooly I you well ensue,
All the while that this my life may dure.
Trusteth right well me liste not for to sayne,
To line or dye shal at your lust restrayne,
As him that is your owne assured man,
You to obeye in all that euer I can,
Without chaunge or any doubtenesse,
While that I liue in very sothfastnes.
For that you list of trewe affection,
Upon my life to haue compassion,
Of gentillesse and that ye list to haue,
Suche chierie my body for to saue,
That in good fayth of very due right,
I am ybounde to be your owne knight:
Unto mine ende and that more specially,
That of your grace ye so benignely,
Listeth your selfe of my counsaile be.
That neuer erst to you in no degre,
He did seruire to your woman heade.
And with your wordes ful of goodlibeade,

D.iii.

Yowd

Your owne man listeth recomforthe.
 The which in sothe so as I can repozte,
 A thousande folde be the more plesant,
 That neuer erst no merite gat him graunt,
 He no desert request noz praye,
 But rather frely of your herte entere,
 Lyst vnrequired on my woo to rewe.
 And vnderstande be to me so trewe.
 That I ensure vpon my fayth as fast,
 In your seruice I shall vnto my laste,
 Parseuer sothely that there shalbe no slouth,
 For variaunce and thereto here my trouthe.
 For finally I save withouten bene,
 At fewe wordes in all right as I meane.
 He list not sayne flatter noz delude,
 For my behest with deathe I shall conclude,
 When Pallas shall my liues threde do rend,
 This all and some and thus I make an ende.

Vell thā quod the ful wisely in your hert,
 Ye must afore conhyde and aduerse,
 The aduenture that ye shall take on hande,
 And prudently the perill vnderstande,
 And warily cast and haue full well in minde,
 The mortall harne at the tayle behinde.
 That is well more then it is credible.
 For leue me well it is an impossible,
 To ginne in honour and also for to fine.
 For thilke fleshe by hye power diuine,
 Preserued is and that wyth Pallas mighte,
 That who so therfore entreteth in to fight,
 It were full harde to him thence to eschape.
 The spere slawme when the bulles gape,
 That bene of brasse trapped all in leuen
 Ben more to dread the lightening of þe heuē.
 Tofoze the dint of the great thonder.
 That seuered hath full many toure a sunder.
 For vnto ashes they will a man consume.
 Wherfore I rede that ye not presume,
 The Ram to assaile lest ye your labour leste.
 Yet to withdrayn your foote sith ye may chese,
 By good aduise and by discrecionne,
 Your honour safe and your herte renoune.
 Where so ye list of your worthinesse,
 Onely of folpe and of hastinesse,
 To this emprise of head to procede,
 Or where ye list like as I you rede,
 Saue your selfe from woo and al mischaunce,
 Like as ye shall if to mine ordinaunce,

Ye you commytte and lowely lyste obeye,
 Without fraude there is no more to seye.

And Jason ther thā sitting at the borde,
 Of Medea emprintyng eury worde,
 Wared for Ire almost vnpacient,
 And sayd alas and is this your entent,
 Me to counceyle to leue this my emprise,
 Certes it were to foule a cowardise,
 To gyn thynge that I myght not a chyeue.
 For eury man wolde me of shame repceue.
 And eke repozte to my confusyon,
 That I of pride and of presumption,
 Toke this on me whan I was at large,
 So hye a thynge and so great a charge,
 That I durst not distrustyng of myschyfe,
 Accomplye it whan it came to the prefe.
 Leuer me were myne owne lady dere,
 For to iopardie and to put in were,
 My selfe at ones and at wordes fewe,
 On sinale pceces to be all to heue.
 Rather than I shulde cowardely forlake,
 Thilke emprise that I haue vnderlake.
 As ye well knowe and leue it thus alas.
 Let be your counseyle plainly in this case.
 For what so euer happe or falle of me,
 Trusteth ryght well it shall none other be.
 For if that I shulde of my cowarde harte,
 Fro this my purpose by any way diuerte,
 Without laude my lyfe I shulde lede,
 And shame eternall iustlye by my mede.
 Throughtout the worlde noted ouer all.
 In euery lande spoke of in speciall.
 That Jason hath so hyghly vnderlake,
 Wherof for feare he dare none ende make.
 Thynketh ryght well that it shall not betide,
 For lyfe or deth what mischiefe I abyde.
 And therupon my trouthe I you ensure,
 That so ferforth as this my lyfe may endure,
 I shall parfournie that I haue nowde begon.
 And though so be no honoz may be woonne,
 But that I muste with my deth it beye,
 I wil not leue for bett were me to deye,
 Than liue ashamed of cowardise a slouth.
 For as me semeth it is to hygh a routh.
 A man tappere or dare do thewe his head,
 Whan he hath ones his honour byllande.
 And after time whan þ his name is slayne.
 For eury man shulde coueite rather faine,

To

To dye in honour than liue as a wretche.
 And though this thynge to my death stretch,
 Welcome beit I shall it well abyde,
 This all and some what so of me betyde.

I Jason quod the than sith it standeth so,
 That ye algates desyre to haue a do,
 There is no more by ought I can elpye,
 But ye had leuer thoztly for to dye,
 Rather than lyue and haue ye save a shame,
 And yet it is an earnest and no game,
 With suche monsters vnbwarely for to deale.
 Lyke as in dede hereafter ye shal feale.
 And therfore I am mened of pytee,
 And greatly steered that ye of volunte,
 Without aduise or by discrecion,
 Cunsayle or elles deliberation,
 Lyst take on you this meruailous voyage.
 For both your youth and also your courage,
 Gouerned ben chiefly in this matere,
 All after luste for both the two I feare,
 Inparden ben if ye your purpose leue.
 For impossible is that ye eschewe,
 A lodeyne death for nother free noz bonde,
 By craste of man hath power to withstonde.
 Wherfore I thinke of herte a good entent,
 To cast for you yea yet or ye be went,
 And to your tourne to shape a remedye.
 Suche routh I haue that ye shulden dye,
 For to my father whom I loue most,
 Rather then ye shulde in this wise be loste,
 I shall offende and bitterly displease,
 And all my friendes so it may do you ease.
 For I shall fynde suche a meane weye,
 That at the least I will not se you deye.
 For in this case I thinke to be your gyde,
 So that for you I shall do sette asyde,
 First my discent as of the stocke ropall.
 And ouer more myne heritage withall.
 Lykewise my honour shal I put abacke,
 You for to helpe that there shalbe no lacke,
 Pfounde in me so ye be to me kinde,
 And that ye lyste for to haue in mynde,
 As I deserue goodly me to quyte.
 Consyderpng first that it is nat alite,
 To saue your lyue that stant in Jeopardye,
 More peryllous than ye can ought elpye.
 But for all this I shall it so ordeyne,
 All by my craste only attwyte by twayne,

That or we parte I hope all shall be well,
 Upon this poynt if so that I may fele,
 Faythfully for ioye woo or synarte,
 With full accorde of body will and herte,
 To my desire that ye condescend.
 I vndertake to make therof an ende.
 This sothly lady sayde this Jason tho,
 I am assented without wordes mo,
 For to fulfyll with euery circumstance,
 What euer thynge may be to you plesauce.

Than quod she there is no more to saine,
 But firste of all w sayth a herte plaine,
 With all your myght and your busy cure,
 And meanyng hole that ye do me assure,
 Hereafter for to take me for your wyfe,
 To holde and kepe by terme of your life.
 So that your dede accorde may w your hest.
 This is the syne and summe of my requeste.
 Except only that ye shall ordeyne,
 In your repayre to your fathers reigne,
 That faithfully ye shall me with you lede,
 And after that whan so ye shall succede,
 As by his death into your heritage,
 With herte aye one and with lyke corage,
 Ye shall to me alwayes be founden true,
 And cherishe me for chaunge of any newe.
 Like mine estate without barpaunce,
 And while ye lyue haue in remembraunce,
 My gentlenesse in this your great nede.
 For there is none aliue that may ought spede
 What so he be that lyueth here mortall,
 For to assaile the forces marcyall,
 Of both the dragon and the bulles pfeare.
 But it so be of me that first he lere,
 Hooly the manere howe he shall him gye,
 Like as to you I thinke to specifice.
 Whan so it happeth that we mete againe,
 For none but I may helpe herin retayne,
 As in this case which platly ye shall fynde,
 And I naught aske but ye ayene be kynde.

Sothly quod Jason al this shalbe do,
 As ye deuysed I will that it be so.
 And hers my faith theron I you assure,
 Oh goodliest of any creature.
 That euer yet I sawe vnto my paye,
 And sayest eke in soth it is no nay.
 And of bountie ye ben incomparable,

For of my death ye ben so marciabie,
 That whyle I lyue I save you by my sayth,
 Gyfte herte meneth as my tunge sayth.
 I will be founde your alderdeuest man,
 For life or death in all that euer I can.
 So that of grace it be to you pleasaunt,
 For to perfourme your hestes & your graunt.
 And fully worke to my saluation,
 As ye haue sayde in full conclusyon.
 For truly ye of all that bearen lyfe,
 In beaute haue such prerogatyfe,
 Passyng echone me list not for to glose.
 Amonges floures as doth the rede rose.
 Which in somer anyd the leues soote,
 After that Wreth hath made out of the roote,
 The humyde kyndly to ascende,
 The barayne soyle to clothe and to amende.
 And them whom winters blastes haue shakē
 With softe blodnes freshly to repayre bare,
 And the medowes of manyfundry hewe,
 Capited bene with diuers floures newe,
 Of sundry motiees lusty for to sene,
 And holisome balme is thad among þe grene.
 Ryght as the rose is fayrest of echone,
 Ryght so hath nature set you all alone,
 When she you made first at her deuise.
 Aboue all other for to haue a pryse.
 As ye that bene of bounte spring & welle,
 Therto in beaute sothly ye excelle,
 All that beare life for no comparyson,
 Ye may be made so of discrecion,
 Ye passen all as euery man may se.
 And with all this I finde you vnto me,
 The goodlyest that euer yet was bozne.
 Without whom I were as now but lozne.
 Of helpe and succoure fully destitute,
 He were that I had founde in you refute.
 For to whos al freedom to merward doth habound,
 So passyngly that I am euer bounde,
 As ferre forth as my selfe life may stretche,
 That for your sake of death I ne reche,
 If vnto you it might a pleasure bene,
 That to my helpe so goodly list to sene,
 For if that I of necessity shuld,
 In any thing refusen that ye wold,
 I might of reason full well inekked be,
 And noted eke of wilfull nyctye.
 So soyle to boyde away my grace,
 It were a rage a man from him to chase,

Wilfull fortune whan she is beninge.
 Wherefore as now hooly I resignē,
 Herte body my lyfe and eke my death,
 Into your hande while þe me lasteth breath.
 With all the othes that I affirme may,
 For to passouer to mine endinge daye.
 Your trewe spouse as I haue layd & swozne,
 And you behested playnly here toforne.
 And there vpon in euery thinge obeye,
 That may you please till such time as I deye.
 This all & some what shuld I longer tarpe,
 From this behest I shall me neuer varpe.
 Thus whan Medea sawe his stedfastnes,
 She was supprised with so hye gladnesse,
 With so great ioye pleyntly in her herte,
 That she was boyde of euery wo and smert,
 For he so lowly to her lust obeyd.
 That or she went thus to him the seyde.
 Jason quod she than shall I well ordayne,
 A meane waye wherby we both twayne,
 May est agayne at leysure mete sone.
 For to perfourme all that is to done.
 In this matter like to our entent.
 Where shall be made a finall sacrament,
 Of our desire that no man shall vnbinde.
 Though now theerto we may no leysure fynde.
 And that toward eue it shall not me eskeape.
 Trust me right well a time for to shape,
 Right secretly that we may mete yfeare.
 For I shall sende a pryue chambze,
 To you of mine which shall you do conuie,
 Vnto my chambze by a pryue wey.
 A certayne houre withouten any fable,
 To our entent that shalbe most greable.
 Upon the point when Phobus is his light,
 Pwestred is and eke the dercke night,
 Hath in his dunnesse of his shadowes black,
 Our Hemisperpe fully ouertake,
 That oft giueth by fauoure of fortune,
 Vnto theise louers a leysure oportune.
 For to perfourme their lustes and achieue.
 And right anone as it shall drabe to eue,
 I shall for you vnto my closet send,
 Of euery thinge there for to make an ende.
 Where we together shall at leysure speake,
 Euerych with other and our hertes breake.
 And est declare the summe of all our will,
 And when we haue spoken all our fill,
 By good leysure I fully you byhete,

We shall ordeyne whan so he lust to mete,
 To set a time who euer that say nay,
 Alway by nyght whan passed is the day.
 For myghty Ioue as wysely me succour,
 As hence forth I will be hooly your,
 Whyle that I lyue both wakyng & a slepe,
 If it so be that ye your hestes kepe.

To whom Jason lowly gan encline,
 And sayd as far as man may imagine,
 Or any wight may clearly compehende.
 I will to you vnto my liues ende,
 As seruauit trewe saythfully me quyte.
 And though that I can not save but lyte,
 My sayth to you shalbe nerthelesse.
 And though I can not paynt nor compasse,
 No gay processe my soueraigne hertes quene,
 Tyll I be dead I shall but trewly meane.
 Haue here my trouthe whyle I haue lyfe and
 As in the end ye shall hereafter fynde. (mind,
 And of theyr speche an ende thus they make,
 And Medea hope her for to take,
 Her leue anone amonges all the pzele,
 First of her father syth of Hercules.
 No longer bode but forthwith that anone,
 In haste she is vnto her chambze gone.
 Where by and downe she made many went,
 Alone of her meine wetynge what she ment.
 Casting wayes her purpose to achieue,
 And in her wittes gan busly to meue,
 As she thus rometh in her habytacle,
 On any side if let were or obstacle,
 Or other thinge which would her soze greue,
 This was her study till it dzeue to eue.
 Where I her leue complaining in her wo,
 With many a thought walking to and fro.
 The midday hour is gone and ouer slide,
 Tytan so fast doth in his chapyrde.
 The daies arke from east to west compassed,
 His fyre stedes haue almost ouer passed,
 Our orizonte and drowen downe ful lowe,
 His golden waine that no man might knowe,
 Where as he hidde his fyere beames bright,
 In his disceance ful farre out of our syght.
 And Hircenes with her copes myrke,
 The euening begon for to dicke.
 In the Twylight when the day gan faide
 And Hesperus with her beames glade,
 That ben so freshe so lusty and so merye,

Can recomforse all our Hemisperpe.
 Whan thus Medea by her selfe alone,
 Of hyghe desyre gan to make her mone,
 That she so longe abode after her knyght.
 Alwaye accountyng the houres of the nyght,
 So full of trouble and of busye thought,
 Which hath full streitly serched out & sought,
 A ready waye wel setting her purpose,
 Albe that she kept it in full close,
 Anyd her herte quapping as a watwe,
 For dreade and feare tyll hope gan adawne,
 And bad the shuld be ryght mery and glad.
 Tyll dreade agayne it made sobze a sadde,
 Lest her desyre troubled were or let,
 And thus she was at aday yset.
 Anyd hope and fearfull dreade also.
 That the ne wytt what was best to do.
 For her desyre and hygh affection,
 So hoot they bzent in her oppnyon,
 Of lust she had to mete with this Jason,
 And there agaynst dreade come in anone,
 And made her fearfull lest she were espyed,
 But all her ill was holpe and remedied,
 Onely by fortune and the dercke night.
 By whych she was made full glad and lyght,
 For recomforted on ely those two.
 And with good hope that made her glad also,
 She gan anone to casten and deupse,
 When that the moone on heauē would aryse.
 And whan that she with her hornes pale,
 Wolde shed her lyght vpon the hylle & vale,
 She gan accounte and caste well the tyme,
 And founde a quarter passed after pyne.
 As she that was well knotwying in that arte,
 And sawe in soth that the fourth part.
 Of the mone was shadde with newe lyght,
 And passed was in her course aryght,
 After the tyme of coniunction,
 Three sygnes full by computation.
 And dayes seuen complete were of her age,
 At which time she bzennyng in her rage,
 As one throug darted with cupides atowe,
 Gan for to loke and beholde narrowe,
 At euery doze and listen busely,
 If any woght that the myght espye,
 Of all the courte other walke or go.
 Or any man comen to or fro.
 So soze she dradde goyng by and downe,
 Whan so she herde noye or any sowne,

O! whā she heareth whispyng any where,
It was venim sothly in her ere.
She wisthed all had slept fast a bed.
This pytyous lyfe the longe nyght she led.
Whout respit though no wyght coude knowe,
Till hie mydnyght that the rockes crowe,
At whych tyme whan al was hushē a syl,
For to accomplishe the remnant of her wyll,
And euery where made was sylence;
She clyped anone vnto her ptesence,
And aged becke fer in yeres yronne,
That in such crafte so mikle helpe kon.
Thyrtly to byng this thing about,
For they afoze can casten euery doubt.
Of yeres passed olde experyence,
Hath gyue to them so passyng hie pudente,
That they in loue all the sleghytes knowe,
And the was made as dogge for the bolwe.
To whom Medea disceureth al her thoughte,
Fro poit to poit a hath forgat righte nought,
And charged her in releafe of her inerte,
And recomforte of this her troubled herte.
To haste her anone vpon her waye,
Vnto her chambze Jason to conuaye,
And the anone not rekles in that case,
As gone for hym forthe an easy pase,
As the that was of newe not to lere,
And hath hym brought as ye shal after heare.

Vith i that the cock comon Astrologere,
The midnight hour w his voyce clere,
Began to solwe and did his buspy payne,
To beatchis breste with his wynges twayne.
And of the time a mynute wyll not paze,
To warne them that weren in the place,
Of the tides and season of the night,
Medea to awapte vpon her knight,
Full ready was the entre for to kepe.
As the that lyst full lytell for to slepe,
For that ne was no parcell of her thought.
And whā Jason was to his chambze brought,
Without espying of any maner wight,
Than the anone conuepeth hym full ryght,
Vnto her closet in all the haste the maye.
Full well besene with great and ryche arape.
Where by her syde she made him take his see.
And first of al this yike lease of thre,
By her that most expert was in this case,
All so deynly was tourned to a braise,

For the olde becke to st are vpon the mone,
As walked out and hath them left alone.
And when Medea the dozes had fast thet,
By Jason downe anone she hath her set.
But first I finde with all her buspy night,
About the chambze that she set vp light,
Torches of great and ryches ful ropall,
About on pylers and on euery wall.
Whych gaue a lyghte like p some shene.
And to a chesse wrought of crystall clene,
Firste of all she taketh her passage.
Out of the whych she toke a ryche image,
Of pure golde full lusty to beholde,
That by theyr custome of the rytes olde,
To myghty Ioue eterne and increat,
Phalowed was and also consecrat.
The whych image deuoutly as she ought,
With humble hert to Jason first she brought.
And made hym lowly theron take his othe,
Vnto his last othe for lye or lothe,
That he her shuld take vnto his wyfe.
Fro that dape forthe durynge all his life.
With herte vnfayned and fayth inuolate,
And cheryshe her lyke to her estate.
Fro till that tyme I finde how that she,
Had euer floured in byrgynite.
And as myne Auctour well reherse can,
Ye kept her cleane from touche of any man.
In thought and dede and neuer did amys.
For she of herte all hooly gyuen is,
Vnto Jason and that for euer mo,
And he anone hath put his hande vnto.
And swore fully as ye haue heard me saye,
All her requestes without moze delaye,
To kepe the aye while that his life may laste.
But oh alas how soone he ouercast,
His best his fayth w which he was assured,
And had his fraude with flatterye pured.
So couertly that both her innocence,
Her trewe meanynge and her diligence,
And all that euer she deuyse can;
Deceyued was by falschod of this man.
And though p trouth apparent was aboue,
Yet doublenese so slyghly was in thowe,
As though he had sothly be allyed,
With trewe meaning so p nothinge espyed,
Vnder fayre chere was faining and fallaces,
For what might she haue wrought moze i this
Thā for thy sake ceptre a regalye, (case.
And

And all the lordes eke of her alie,
Forsoke at ones and toke of them no hede,
And of pryde and of very goodly hede,
Loste her friendes and her good fame,
Only Jason to saue the this fro shame.
And yet moze couer forsoke her heritage,
She that was bozne of so hie parage,
And shulde haue be by succession,
Herye by dissent of that Region.
But womanly for the wolde her quite,
Of all yfeare she hath not set a mite.
But in one houre all she hath forlake,
And vnto the she hath her holy take,
Only for trust thou shouldest haue be kynde.
Riches and honour she hath plesite beynde.
And in erple hath chole with the to gone,
From all her kynne this sely mayde alone.
Alas I wepe for thyne vnkynnenesse,
What hath she not fro death and fro distresse,
Preserued the; and yet thou takest none hede
That shuld haue died ne had she be thy read.
Of thy conquest she was the very cause,
That I may not shortly in a clause,
Write her bountie noz briesly comprehend,
Effectually perfourmed to the ende.
At wordes fewe ne may it not be tolde.
Thugh whom p hast the riche fiele of golde,
Manly conquered which withouten doubt,
Unlikely was that to haue brought about.
For whan thou were of helpe tho destitute,
She was thine only comforte and refute.
And with all this thou maifest it not denye,
All erthly honour how she gan desye,
The to conserue out of all heuiness.
And eke her father hath of his richesse,
So enepred that pite is to here.
By whose example women may well lere.
How they shuld faith or trusten on any man.
Alas Medea that so mykle can,
Both of sterres and of astronemye,
Yet saue she not afoze her destynye.
Loue hath her put so out of gouernayle.
That all her crafte ne myght her not auayle.
She was to slowe by calculation,
To afoze the constellation,
Of her birthe and eke her woofull fate.
For relicked she saue it all to late.
But I suppose her connyng was fallible,
And doubtles as me seemeth incredible.

For if she had wiste of it tofozne,
So piteously she had not now be lozne.
As ye shal se hereafter hastily.
So as the story teacheth by and by.
How it befell of Jason and Medea,
But fyrst ye shal the maner holly see,
How she gan wirche for after he was swore,
The same night alas she hath forboze,
Her maydenhead and that was great pitie.
And yet she mente naught elles but honestye,
As I suppose she went haue be his wyfe,
But touchyng that I holde as now no strife,
And yet one thing I dare asyryme and sayne,
That both so the meaning of these twayne,
He was not one but wonder fer atwene.
For all that she truly gan to meane,
Of honeste thynkyng no outrage,
Like as a maide all innocent of age,
He to perfourme his fleshy false delight,
And to achue his fylthy appetite,
Wrought euery thing to her entent contraire.
Alas that the was tho so debonaire,
As for to truste vpon his curtesye.
Or to acquite her of her gentrye,
So hastily to rewe vpon his smarte.
But women ben so pytefull of herte,
That they wyll gladly shewen petie all.
When in mishappe they se a man is fall.
And saue his lyfe rather than he shoulde dye.
And so Medea shortly for to seye,
Castyng no peryll after that shal fall,
But his despyres and his lustes all,
Holy obeyeth with all her full myght.
And that so longe almoste that the night,
Hath his course rounde about gone.
At whiche tyme thus spake to her Jason,
And lowly sayde my lady it is tyme,
That we arple for soone it wyll be pyyme.
Ye may see well the day begyneth to sprynge.
For we may here howe the byrdes synge,
Prayinge to you in all my beste wyfe,
How I shal woze that ye lyste deuyse.
And ceriously in euery thyng dispoise,
I you beseeche o goodly frefhe rose.
Myne enterpyse to byng vnto an ende.
And than at erst fro henfe will I wynde.
Saue that I thinke first with you to treate,
In what maner ye shal this countrey lete.
And into Grece repaire agayne with me.

Whiche

Whiche is a lande of great felicitie,
 For trusteth wel and be nothyng adrede,
 Into that crygne with me I shall you lede.
 After my conquest if so be that I wyne.
 Wherfore I pray you goodly to begynne.
 How I shall worke in all the hest we may,
 For in good fapth anone it wil be daye.
 ¶ To whom the spake saying as ye shal here,
 Whyn owne Jason and vnto me more deare,
 Than is my selfe as in conclusyon.
 I am assented with ful affection,
 Of all my wittes and with my hole herte,
 Pou to enfourme how ye shall aserte,
 Euery daunger of that I tell ple,
 If it so be ye lyst bide a while.
 And by the rose in all the haste she maye,
 And to a cofer where her treasour laye,
 She wot anone and brought him in her hode,
 A ryche ymage of syluer that the fonde.
 Which sothely was of meruaylous entayle.
 Whose power was and vertue to auayle,
 Effectually to her both entent,
 Agayne all magik and enchauntement.
 And to withyt the force of Sozercpe.
 For it was made so by Astrologye.
 In houre chosen equat for the nones,
 By clerkes olde that full long agoe is.
 Whilom whi they were flouring i their ages,
 That they bled to make such ymages,
 As did the kyng called Chelomee,
 And so to Jason wylled hath Medee,
 To beare this ymage on hym pyuely.
 As ye haue herd to worke effectually.
 In euery thyng as the dyd asygne,
 And then she toke to hym a medecyne,
 Made as in maner of an opyntment,
 Hym to enoynt that he be not brent.
 That was more riche & pzeious thā balome
 Agayne the malice of eche fire and flawme.
 And after that she toke to hym anone,
 A ryche ryng wherin was set a stone,
 That vertue had all venym to destroye.
 That on no syde it myght hym not anoye.
 The which stone had furthermore this myght
 That yf a man coude it beare aright.
 Within his hand next the skyn enclosed,
 The strength of syght shuld be depose,
 Of them that would gafen oz beholde.
 For who so euer in his hand it holde,

By such vertue as was infallible,
 The storpe sayeth he was inuysible.
 The which stone these prudent clerkes call.
 Achates most vertuous of all.
 And it is founde sothly in Cecile,
 Of which stone whylome wrote Eurgyll,
 How that Venus it to Eneas sente,
 First whan that he into Carthage went.
 ¶ And after this she to Jason toke,
 A certayne byll wyrtten lyke a boke.
 That to his Journey myght much auayle.
 And bad hym wylely that he not ne farle,
 If he bethought him graciously to spede,
 First of all the scripture that he rede,
 Or he the Ram touch in any wyse.
 Him charging eke afore this hys empyre,
 With humble hert and great deuotion,
 That he knelyng saye that oryson,
 That by and downe was wyrtten on the bill.
 Praying the goddes lowely to fulfill,
 His request and mercy for to haue,
 Of very pyte from mischiefe him to saue.
 And after that for his chiefe locoure,
 She toke to hym a byoll with lycoure,
 And bad him manly without feare oz drede,
 When that he come vnto the bulles reade,
 If he hym cast knightly to escape,
 That as fast as he seeth them gape.
 Into the golles that he the lycour caste.
 Than hym nede but lytel of them gaste,
 For they iawes togither it shall glyewe,
 That on no syde they shall not elchewe,
 To bide his lust in what hym lyst constreyn.
 For doubtles maugre al theyr busye pryne,
 He shall them daunte & therw make so tame,
 That where hym list in earnest oz in game,
 He myght them make louten and encline.
 And do theym bowen both in backe & chyne,
 The lycour shall theyr iawes so coharte,
 That lyghly they shall not a funder parte.
 For to offende oz noyen any wight.
 And whē she had thus sayd vnto her knight,
 In euery thyng and gyue instruction.
 Playn doctrine and informacyon,
 How he shall scape the daungers by and by.
 If he take hede and worke aupleiy.
 ¶ And thus agreyd they thought it for þ best,
 For to parte oz men out of theyr rest,
 Awaked were for it drewe towardys daye.

As they well saue by the morowe graye,
 And lest men had to them suspicio,
 Of hys prudence and discrecion,
 Attwene the twelght and the rody morowe.
 They toke theyr leue to saint John þ borow.
 With oft kyssing as louers whē they twinne.
 And so he went and she is left withim.
 Beryng in harte to mete agayn some daye,
 And Jason than as fast as euer he maye,
 Gan ordayne him his Journey to achieue,
 And thought he would ano go take his leue,
 And in that wyse win a litel while,
 After the maner of my rude stile,
 My purpose is sothly and not to spare,
 With your suppoze playnly to declare.

¶ Whan that the rowes & the rapes rede,
 Estward to vs full early gonnen spede,
 Euen at the twelght in the dawninge,
 When that the larks of custome gyneth sing,
 For to saue in her heauenly lape,
 The lusty goddesse of the morowe graye.
 I meane Aurora which afore the sonne,
 Is wonte tench the blacke skyes donne,
 And the derkenesse of the dynny night.
 And frefhe the whibus with coforte of his light,
 And with the brightnes of his beames shene,
 Had ouergrit the hve hylles grene.
 And floures eke agayn the morowe tyde,
 Vpo their stalkes ga playn theyr leues wide.
 Whan that Jason with all his compayn,
 Toward the kyng full fast gan hym hys.
 Whom than he fonde lyke to his estate,
 With ster tre in h id ful pompous and elate.
 Hys in the see of his regally,
 Sittyn full kyngly amid his cheualrye,
 And his lordes about him enuiron.
 ¶ At why he tyn: this yonge champion,
 Under a bowe standing of the Ram.
 With sterne face tofore the kyng in cam.
 Beschyng hym of his magnificence,
 The same day to graunt him lyence,
 To do hys armes and make no mo delays.
 Concluding playnly that at all assayes,
 He wull that daye in the felde be found.
 For to achieue lyke as he was bound,
 Of elde behest and not a poynt declyne.
 For life nor death till he parfourme and fine.
 Holy the auntres that to the flele belonge,

The kyng requyring no longer him prologe,
 But goodly graunt the fine of hys empyre.
 And than the kyng in ful sobre wyse,
 Considering the summe of hys demaunde,
 To Jason spake & sayd he shall commaund,
 That his request perfourmed were in hast.
 Albe quod he I am ful fore agast,
 Of wylfulnesse thou shuldest destroyed be,
 Lest men thy death arected vnto me.
 And therupon would a blame set,
 Of royall power that I not ne let,
 Thy manly yowth from such Jeopardy
 Wher were in sothe a great vylany,
 And pzeudice to my estate and name.
 That afterward men shoul put me i blame,
 Through false reporte & wrong omyon.
 That I withtode not thy destruction.
 ¶ Wherfore I rede that þ be yet bet aysed,
 And my counsaile let not be dyspyed.
 For better it is with honoure in certayne,
 Into thy country to repaie agayne,
 Than wilfully for to take on h inde,
 A mortall thyng that no man may withstād.
 That is my rede and fully myn aduise.
 Take hede therto syth ye aren wyse.
 Lest thou repent when it is to late,
 And yf so be that thou wilt algate.
 Thy purpose holde and not do as I rede,
 Almyghy Mars I praye to be thy spede.
 The for to gyde whatsoeuer shal befall,
 And eke I praye to the goddes all,
 Safe and sound thy body to restoze,
 This all & some on me thou gettest no more.
 ¶ And whan Jason thus had herd the kyng,
 Not dismayed nor stoned in no thyng,
 In knyghtly wise did him reuerence.
 Thankyng highly his royall excellence,
 That of his grace and beningnyte,
 Vpon his death hym lyst to haue pyte.
 Fully concluding touchyng his battayle
 That nother rede nor other counsaile,
 In no wyse his purpose shoul withdrawe.
 But lyke the statute playnly and the lawe,
 Right so far forth as fortune wyl hym cure,
 What so betpde of this his auenture,
 Settyng asyde euery feare and drede,
 He platly sayd that he wyl procede,
 For to parfourme that he hath undertake.
 It were in yde mo skylles for to make.

O to allege more there againe.
 And Jason than full openly and plaine,
 Touching þ surplus of this dzedfull thing,
 At his departing thus sayd to the kyng.
 In audience tho of his lordes all.
 What so of me hereafter now be fall,
 O who so euer of malys theron muse,
 To all the worlde fyrst I you excuse.
 And to the goddes plasy you acquyte.
 That though I deye ye be nothing to wyte.
 Ne no man shall arecte it you of skylle,
 For that I worke is freely at my wyll.
 Agayne the aduice of your hye prudence,
 And lyfe or death here in your presence,
 Hoole of herte and neuer for to flytte,
 Unto the goddes and fortune I commytte.
 So as them lyst for me to ordayne.
 Againe whose wyll I shall neuer plaine.
 For them nor you ne shall put in no blame,
 What so betide honour, loye, or shame.
 And of this thyng thus an ende I make,
 And for this tyme of you my leue I take.
 And of all tho that you about stande.
 And one by one he toke them by the hande.
 And in what wyse forth he gan hym dresse,
 To you anone I thyncke it to expresse.

When that Titan had in his feruēt hete
 Drawen by the dewe fro the leues wete,
 Towarde myd morowe as I can diffine,
 Upon the houre whan the clocke is nine.
 Jason full manly and full like a knight,
 Armed in stele of chere full glad and lyght,
 Gan dresse hym forth what hap that euer fal.
 And sayd a dieu vnto his feres all.
 He in the boote and they vpon the stronde,
 And all a lone whan he came to londe,
 And in the water had his vessell laste,
 He fyrst of all remembryng on the crasse,
 Of Medea with all the circumstaunces,
 And how he shulde kepe his obseruaunces,
 In euery thyng and had it well in mynde.
 And than anone full manly as I fynde,
 He thope hym forth and went a knyghtly pase
 Toward the bulles that forged wer of brase.
 But at the point whan he his iourney gan,
 For hym Medea wered full pale and wan.
 So soze agast that nothing might her glade,
 A ruthe it was to see what wo she made.

For so her teares on her chekes twayne,
 Full pytously gan to destylle and rayne,
 That all fordwed were her wedes blake.
 And aye this sorowe he made for his sake.
 Lyke a woman fearefull and in doubte,
 While he his armes ful māly brought about.
 To sobbe and syghe she can not be in a peare,
 Lest he for hast were ought rekles.
 Fro point to point to do as she him bad,
 This was the life that she hath for hym lad.
 And for to se how he shulde hym defende,
 She gan anone by greces to assende,
 Of a Couret in to an hye pynacle.
 Where as she myght haue tho none obstacle,
 For lettyn nother for to haue a syghte.
 Of hym that was her owne chosen knight.
 And euer amonge with wordes out she brake
 And foundemell thus to her selfe she spake.
 O thou Jason my souerayne hertes heale,
 If thou ought knew what wo for the I fele,
 Sothly I trowe it shulde the not aserte,
 For to be trewe with all thy hole herte.
 And god I praye this iourney at the leste,
 May this tyme tournen for the best.
 And kepe þ saulke a sounde in euery membre,
 And pefe the might fully to remembre,
 As I the taught and in the same fourne,
 Euery thyng fully to perfourme.
 Only this day thine honour to anaunce.
 Which for to se were all my hole pleasaunce.
 For certes Jason if the fylle ought amisse,
 Fare well my helth and all my worldly blisse.
 And fare well than my mirth and my solace,
 And my welfare, my fortune, and my grace,
 And all at ones my hartes suffisaunce.
 Lo this for him was her gouernaunce.
 First fro þ tyme that he the lande hath nome.
 And first of all whan he was thether come,
 Where as the bulles fell and dispituous,
 Out caste their fyre and flawme furious.
 Fro out their mouthes wonder large & huge.
 Againe the whiche for his chiefe refuge,
 Hym for to saue that he were not bzent,
 He was enoynted with an opntement,
 On his body that kept him from damage.
 Of thilke fyre that was so full of rage.
 And the smokes darke and full horrible.
 Whiche to escape was almoste impossyble,
 For any man of what estate he be,

Without

Without comfote and counsaile of Medee.
 By whose doctryne Jason can so worke,
 That he is scraped from the mistes darke.
 Of the fyre with the blases blake.
 That all the fyre so cloudy hath do make.
 She had hym made so discrete and sage.
 By vertue onely of thilke same ymage.
 Whych that he about his necke bare,
 Wherby he was so prudent and so ware,
 That when þ bulles haue most feerfly gaped
 He hath theyr malys so awpelydly scraped.
 For the enfection of theyr troubled fyre
 He hath vanquished and was in no dispeire.
 For in effect agayne the foule fume,
 That would a man vnto the deathe consume,
 The ymage was a ful preseruatyfe.
 Dnn to diffend and to saue his lyfe.
 And more surely to kepe him out of drede,
 Ful ofte sythe the wyrtte he did rede.
 For the vertue of thilke same oysoun,
 Was vnto hym a full protection.
 That he not fell therby in no distresse.
 And after that for rather sykernesse,
 Dnn to preserue in this his mortall case.
 He toke the lycoure that in the byall was,
 And therwithall full lyke a manly man,
 That all at ones he toke the bulles than.
 And nought forgoat to warely it to cast.
 That therwal theyr iawes were closed fast.
 And by the vertue so mightely englud,
 That he ther through hath bitterly elshetwed,
 The hole enfection of the smoky leuen.
 And whē the fyre gan clere and al þ heauen,
 And that þ mystes were waisted him tofozne,
 With māly hert he raught hath by the hozne,
 The sterne bulles and by his vyolence,
 He drew them forth in whom was no defere.
 And poeketh them so as the maner was,
 And with the plough he made them go a pase.
 For by now down and so to eare the londe,
 And at his ipst so burdon he thyn fonde,
 Chit the soyle smothe bare and playn,
 They redy made to beaten any grayne.
 And on renges it tourned by so drowne.
 For tho in theym was no rebellywone.
 But humble make and redy at his will,
 All his bezyes olaply to fulfyll.
 And Jason than lyke a champpon,
 Gan hym enhaite towardes the dragon,

That was a beast ryght great & monstrous,
 Foule and horribil and deadly venomous.
 And was armed in scales large and thicke,
 Of whom the breath more perillous & wicke,
 Was then the eayre of any pestylence.
 His benan was of such a vyolence,
 That it full deadly was and eke mortall,
 And at his throte there issued out with al.
 A flawme of fyre as of a founnes mouthe,
 O lyke the leuen that drowne by the south,
 Out of the East is wont in tempest smite.
 Right so this dragon sothely for to wite,
 Out at his mouth had a flawme blased.
 Wherof Jason a lytell first amased,
 Was in his hert of that dreadfull thyng.
 But whā that he remembred on his ringe,
 All feare and dread was layd asyde and gone,
 For in that ringe there was set a stone,
 Ful ryche noble and right vertuous.
 Of whych as teacheth great yfidorus,
 And in mine Auctour also as I fynde,
 Most comenly cometh out of ynde.
 And must be kept chaste and wonder cleane,
 And of colour surmounteth euery grene.
 Whose vertue is all benym to destroye.
 And to withstand that it may not aroye.
 Of dragon serpent of adder and of snake,
 And speryally if so that it betake,
 And be pholden in the oppolyte,
 Of any woyme even agayn the fyte,
 Without abode in sothe he may not chese,
 Of his benym the force must he lese.
 How stronge it be or vyolent of rage,
 But to the stone it doth ful great damage.
 For whan he hath his vertue do as blyue,
 On pecces smale it gynneth all to rye.
 And in it selfe abydeh whole no whyle,
 For in the land that called is Cecyle,
 There is a woyme þ Buso beareth þ name.
 And when men of malice make him tame,
 And his benym bitterly expresse,
 They take a quillonne Auctour beareth wit-
 Whā they wyll worke or a large can, (nelle,
 And in the ende this stone they set than,
 And line right agayne the woymes heade,
 They holden it fyll that he be deade.
 For that is sothly his vertue of nature,
 That no bentim last may nor endure,
 In the presence of this ryche stone.

C.u.

And

And as I finde this Buso ryght anone,
Through myght therof buileth euē a twain,
Onely by kynde that no mā may restrayne.
For the goddesse that called is Nature,
Whych next her lordē all thyng in cure,
Hath vertue gyue to herbe gras and stone,
Whych no man knoweth but her selfe alone.
The causes hvd be closed in her hande.
That wot of man can not vnderstande,
Openly the myght of her workyng.
And so Jason by vertue of this ryng,
And though his ston y might hi most auauice
Hath the dragon brought to vttraunce,
In whom he fonde no maner resistence.
Hym to toystand force nor diffence.
Nether by benym nor none other stryfe,
Wherefore he hath beaft him of his lyfe.
In manly wise and in the fiede outayed,
And Jason then full glad and well apayed,
Hath to his sword spēt on hym many a stroke.
And layde on hym as men hēve on an oke.
His bryght scales were so hard and dure.
That well vnneath he ne might endure.
Hym to dysmembze and smite of his head.
And then anone in the fiede of fiede,
He gan his tethe out of his head arace,
And right forth with in the selfe place,
He gan them solve right as men do corne.
Upon the land that eared was afozne.
Of whych fiede there sprāge a wonder grayn,
Bright armed knyghtes standing on y playn.
The which anone in sharpe swerdes groide,
Eueriche gan other for to hurt and wounde.
Tyll eche his felowe hath cruelly yslatwe.
This of theyr fate was the fynal lawe.
That none of them shuld by byctoze,
The death reioyce of other by memoze.
For all pfeare thus haue they made an ende.
And after this Jason gan to wende,
Unto the Ram with all his dylgence,
In which he fonde no power nor defence,
As maner stryfe nor rebell potwne,
And mightely the Ram he draweth downe.
And set an hand vpon eueryche horne,
And slewe it first and than he hath it thorne.
Out of his fiese of golde so passyng ryche.
That in this world ther was no tresow lich
And after that he maketh no delay,
To take his boote in all the hast he may.

And roweth forth into that other yle,
Where Iperules all the meane why le,
Upon the byyncke with many other mo,
Abode Jason till he had ydo.
And everichone I finde that as blyue,
Onely for iope when he did aryue.
They gan to thanke to theyr goddes all.
So graciously that it hath ysfall.
And that the fiese he hath so knyghtlye wōne,
That thone as cleare as the sower sonne.
Which that he brought with hym vnto lōde,
His feares all abydyng on the stonde.

And whan Apollo of his dayes arke,
Had in y west almost proune his marke,
And fast gan downward drawn & declyne,
And on the watowes full watry gan to thine,
Yet oz that he was passed the Decian,
Jason is come with many a manly man,
Of his coferes in ptesence of the kinge.
As he that had acheued euery thyng,
Which that longeth to conquest of the Ram.
And than Detes as soone as cur he cam,
To make hym chere outward hath hi pained,
Albe in herte sothely it was but fayned.
For he full soz was withouten dread.
Of the expleyte and of the happye spede,
Of this Jason that he the fiese hathē the womne.
But lyke in sothe as the fepners hōne,
When that them lpt craftely compace,
To thewe outward a fapthful meanyng face,
Albe the benym closed hole within,
As in meaning there was no maner syn.
Ryght so the kyng woth loke & forhead clere,
Hade vnto Jason outward right good chere
And gan to hym to speake in wordes fewe,
Of frendly head and many sygnes thewe,
As though his conquest hole and euery dele,
From poit to point did like him wonder well.
And be full glad that he was so fortunēd.
Unto the ende that he hath so contuned.
And togeth both in speche and countenaunce,
That fortune lpt so far forthē him auauice.
And to his paleys gan hun fayre conueye,
And dape by dape full ryche help him festere.
Albe that it was nothing done of herte,
For this no les he felt full great smerte,
That of his tresow he was despoiled so,
And that he hath the ryche fiese forgo.

Co

To his damage and his confusyon.
And thus there was a great dyspyson,
Atwixt his chere & meanyng of his thoughte,
Oft as it fareth if yt be dewlye thought.
That many man in meanyng false & double,
Can with the caline couer so the trouble,
Of hyghe malpce hvd in his desyre.
And rake falsly the wycked covert fire,
Full hote brennyng inwarde of enuie,
So wel were hym that cold them out espye.
And knewe theyr meanyng false & fraudelet
Where through alas ful many an innocent,
Deceiued is that wote not what they meane,
And namely luche that not but trouthe wene.
And euery cheare that men to them make,
Of innocence they for the best take.
And in no wyse thynke not but well,
Ryght so certayne this Jason euery dell,
Hath take in gre what y kyng hath wrought.
Not aduertpnyg y grutchyng of his thoughte.
For doubtles tho it sat the king full fore.
That he the Ram hath lost for euer more.
But when that he hath utterly playne,
Thoughe he still grutchē that therin was no
But fynally as of necessity, (gapue,
As at that tyme it might none other be.
And playnly sawe that he may not chese,
But that algate the fiese he must lese,
Whether it were that he were lpt oz lothe,
He sayneth chere as though he wer not wroth
For onely he as of his gentilnesse,
No signe outward of grutchyng doth expze.
But dape by dape of berpe curtelye,
He cheareth Jason and his compagne.
At whych tyme aboute enuirowne,
From euery partye of his regowne,
The people came to staren and to gase,
Upon the Ram as it were on a mase.
They loke wonder and deme what the lpt.
On whose domes is but lptell tryft.
They oft varie and toune to and fro,
That who that wysely taketh hede therto,
The comon people chaungeth as a phane.
To day they were & to morow do they wane
As doth the mone they be so flakelable.
Who trusteth the shall finde the full vnstable.
For some were glad that Jason sped so wel,
And some soz and lyke it neuer adell.
Some other sayd they wōder how he myght.

Agayne the dragon oz the bulles fyght.
Oz how that he agaynst the force of Marte,
Out of the yle alpyue might astert.
Some other sayde that perauenture,
By craft was wrought all this dyscomfetur.
Other by charme oz some forcerye,
Thus eche of them after theyr fantasie,
Can deme of hym all the longe dape.
But at the last bout makpnyg of delay.
Ful glad and lpyght Medea do wne descēdeth,
From her chambze & outwardly pzetendeth.
Sadnes of chere as she nothig ne knewe.
For nought could men cōceiue as by her hēve,
Her secret meaning so hath the womanly,
Demened her and eke so prudently.
That the auoyded by discrecion,
All fantasie and all suspencion.
That no man coude as of her workyng deme,
Nothyng but well for as it shuld seme,
By porte and cheare there was no cause whi,
And so by processe drew her pryuely,
Toward Jason for the was not to lere,
And secretly the bad hum in his ere,
In any wyse that he not ne leue,
To her chambze for to come at eue.
For matter they hadden for to treat.
Which he shal knowe at leisir whē they mete,
And so anone when entred was the night,
Sole by hym selfe without torchē oz lpyght,
To Medea he hath the waye take.
And the abode slepes for his sake.
Wonder deuoutly despyrnyg as I gesse,
With him to treate of some holynesse,
Touchyng matters of contemplacion.
For she was smitte with such deuotion,
Of frethe Venus to holde a memoze,
With hun alone in her ozatoze,
Not openly as ypoctytes praye.
In dyuers angels topyng on the waye.
Of the people for to be commended,
But they haue not the night so dispended,
For bayne gloze nor none other laude,
But by them selfe thynkyng on no fraude,
Secretly this ilke twayn alone.
Without light of epyther sonne oz mone.
The long nyght haue led wythout rest,
For as them thought it was not for the best.
To speake of slepe till that it was pyyme.
For they them cast to lese as tho no tyme.

C.iii.

And

And thus the nyght together they dispende,
That I am dull for to comprehend,
The obseruances of such religious,
Dolour in working or compendious,
Demeth your selfe ye get no more of me,
For well ye wote in euery faculte,
Who so hath knowyng and experyence,
Hear wyll to hym rather gyue credence.
Wherfore I save ye that be wyse and can,
Are not me whych am so rude a man,
To deme a thyng and namely when that it,
Passeth my knowyng also and my wytt,
For dulle is myne immagynatyfe,
To deme in practyse or in speculatyfe,
Wherfore I passe and let it ouer slide,
And for the I thynke if ye list abide,
Playnly to tell of Jason and Medee.
The whych accorded and assented be,
That she with hym should into Grece wede,
When that he goeth shortly this ende.
Unto yf her father and euery other wyght,
Saw he alone that hath his trouthe plyght,
For to be trewe both in well and woo,
Unto his last to her and to no mo.

How Jason after this conquest with Medea and fellowshyppe returned agayne into Thesalye. Cap. vii.

AND whan Jason after his Iournee,
Full ryche lyke vnto his degree,
Refreshed was in Colchos of the kynge,
Withall that might be to his lykynge,
And a moneth passed was and gone,
He with his Grekes assented into one,
Purposed hath shortly if he might,
With Medea to stele away by nyght,
Takyng w hym great treasure & pryce flesse,
With full assent also of Hercules.
But Medea thou hastest all to fast,
How were to slawe wyfely for to cast,
What shuld befall when þ thy Iourney toke,
For how that he in mischief the forsoke,
And how that he was false and eke unkinde,
For all his othes to the wherof I fynde,
And how that thou both at eue & morowe,
Thy fatal chauce and thy pryceous sorowe,
By weptest after and gan thy selfe to rende,
Till death of all made a wofull ende,

It were but vaine to maken reherfayle,
I wote wofullynge howe it might auaille.
For howe Jason bykndre for the nones,
Receyued hath penam tallionis,
Of the goddes for his disnaturcnesse.
For he in mischief and in wretchednesse,
Made eke an ende, though the cruell hate,
Of felle Mars loo here the mortall fate,
Of these twayne that made their ende so.
But I suppose lyke as writeth Guydo,
For their gynnyng was not vertuous,
An ende foloweth full contagious.
Alas yf they hadde taken hede afoze,
Than had they not in mischief be forlorne,
But who wyll not afoze this mischief se.
May not eschewe to haue aduersitie.
In the ende platly to deuynne.
For euen lyke right as a medycyne,
Auayleth not whan the sycke is dead,
For when that he helpeth the stomake of the head,
Lectuarie emplaystre or porpon,
Or any receite or confection,
Herbe or stone or that the leches knowe,
Whan that the corpe is layde in earth allowe.
For whan a beast is tourned to caruine,
Myne auctour sayth that it is but beyne,
For his recure to seken any halowe,
Or to his ere for to leyne a salowe,
For veryly after his fantasie,
It helpeth not nor doth no remedy.
For thyng performed in his due date,
Howe vertue hath thā whā it cometh to late,
Right so in case verily semblable,
Of worldly trust false and full mutable,
Who caste no peryll till that it be falle,
In stede of sugre ofte tasteth galle.
Blended with luste which tho is present,
And of the future slouth and negligent.
That them ne lyfte afoze no mischief caste,
Till in the snare they be engulged faste,
For to prouyde they be gracesles,
Full indiscrete and wilfully richesles.
To caste the peryll or that it be tyde.
They seue their lust their reason goeth aside,
As it befell whym of this two,
Of Medea and of Jason also.
But how so euer of Jason that it be,
I fynde playnly the harme alone had the.
The great damage and the synall sinerte,

For lacke of wysedome she ne wolde aduerte,
What shuld be fall whā she her Iourney toke.
And then her father follyly forsoke.
But thyng the wrought only of wylfulnesse,
Without counsaile or awylenesse,
She lyst no more her harmes to be wayle.
For lyte or nought it myght now auayle.
Let her alone complainyng her damage,
For well I wote touchyng her passage,
It was not take in good plyte of the mone.
Of hastynesse she began to soone.
Charyng an houre which was not fortunat,
For she alone of frendes desolate,
Colchos forsoke and is to thyp gon.
And in all the haste be byddynge of Jason,
Hercules and all his compaignye,
That with him comyn out of Thesalye,
Without taryng forthwith at a woide,
Pentred ben within thyppes boide.
Only for cause that the wynde is good.
And euery thyng tho at their luste stode.
And thus assented stalle away by nyght,
With all the treasure that they cathe myght,
And with them ladde plente of vitayle,
And for the anone they began to sayle.
By many coast and many sondry yle,
Towardes Grece and all this meane while,
Was Medea glad and of good chere.
She and Jason syttinge both yfeare,
And Hercules of very gentylnesse,
Her to comforte did his busynesse,
Al saynyngly for the maner sake.
As these louers full queynte can it make.
Till they haue had hooly their pleasure,
That hath forsaken full bykndly,
This Medea in paine sorowe and woo.
Of her Guydone wyte no wordes mo.
For maketh of her none other mencion,
Bycause I trouwe in myne oppnyon,
Rehered be full openly and weale,
Methamorphoseos & writeth there full plaine,
Where as also recordeth in certayne,
Her death not only nor her heynnesse,
But perrell eke of the bykndnesse,
Of this Jason and telleth playnly howe,
Medea hath both her sonnes slowe,

For they were lyke their father of bisage,
And telleth eke that put her most in rage,
How falsly he I can hym not excuse,
Louded an other that called was Ceruse,
Eke in his pistelles who so taketh hede,
Her deadly sorowe there may beholde & rede,
And howe that she her trouthe aboute soze,
Of Medea ye gete of me no more.
In all this booke nor of her a venture,
But I wyll now do my busynesse,
Hooly to tourne my stile to Jason.
And of the werre he made on Lamedon,
Like as in Guydo is openly described,
After that he in Grece was aryued.

FIRST whan Jason and Hercules also,
Plonded were with many an other mo,
Within the land & regne of Thesalye,
Kynge Pelles with all his chivalrye,
Casse hym playnly that he wyll not sayle,
To mete his neuewe at his aruayle.
And whan they mette in countenance & chere,
Made it outwarde as hool and as entere,
As he had had soueraygne gladnesse.
Of his knighthode and his highe prowesse.
Of his renoune and his manlyhebe,
Of his erpleyte and of his good spede,
And that fortune to encrease his name,
Hath caused him with so noble fame,
Out of Colchos with honour to repayre,
Albe his chere was bitterly contraire.
To his entent that euer he came agayne.
But for all that with face hole and playne,
He welcomed hym but al against his herte.
Full soze astoned that he euer afterte,
The auentures of Colchos peryllous,
And is returned so victorious.
But couertly his treason for to hyde,
All delaye he gan to sette asyde.
And to Jason with chere full benyng,
His heritage fyrst he gan rekyng.
Septre and crowne and kingdom at plesse,
For to perfourme the summe of his behest.
Like as he was assured by his bonde.
And Jason toke all into his honde.
And gan his vncle in full lowe manere,
First to thanke with all his herte entere.
And after that ful knightly gan him pray,
Goodly to here what that he wolde saye.

Of a matter that fret his herte sore,
From daye to daye encreasynge euer more.
Beseechynge hym to graunt hym audience,
Touchynge a wronge and a violence,
Done vnto hym whan he no harme nement.
In Troye lande to Colchos as he wente.
This is to save the kynge of Troye towne,
Within the bondes of his region,
Whan I and myne in great aduersitee,
With wynde and wyther fordyruen in the sea.
As to refreche to lande dyd aryue.
Not in purpose with hym for to stryue.
But for to rest vs after all our wo,
A lytell whyle and forth anone to go.
For we in sothe no maner harme ne thought,
But he brynnyng of very malice sought,
Agaynst vs to fynde occasyon.
Wyddynge in haste to voyde his region.
Notwithstanding that we come in peace,
Lyke as my brother knoweth Hercules,
Vnto no wyght doyng no distresse,
Wherefore we praye to your hygh noblesse,
To our purpose for to condiscende.
Of whiche platly this the synall ende,
That we be sette in full conclusyon,
Hooly to worke to his destruction.
Lyke our auowe whan we thense went.
If it to be goodly lyfse assent.
And all at ones, strongly and not spare,
Gangre his myght to Troye for to fare.
So that we may fynde in you fauoure,
As to refreche with golde and with treasure.
And only eke of our curtesye,
As strength also with your cheualrye.
¶ And Belles without more abode,
Anone as he this matter vnderstode,
Assented is of herte and wyll also,
In this voyage with them for to go.
And all the worthy of that regyowne.
Kynges, Dukes, and Lordes of renowne.
Be accorded there is not one sayeth naye,
To go with them and helpe what they may.
And of this iourney chiefe sollicitour.
Was Hercules the worthy conquerour.
¶ And he in haste his reteneue to make,
Towardes Spartos hath the way take.
Whiche is an yle to Grekes pertinent.
Fully obeying to their commaundement.
In whiche Pollux and Castor eke also,

The worthy king, the mighty brother two,
Were as I fynde that tyme gouernours.
And bare their crowne like noble werreours.
And brotheren weren also vnto Eleyne.
And as poetes lyketh for to sayne,
That Jupiter for all his deyte,
Upon Leda begat them all three,
That in beaute all other dyd excelle.
And as for Eleyne lyke as bookes telle.
Conceyued was in Cyndarys the yle,
Vnto the londe ioyning of Ceryle.
Therefore of some I fynde that he is,
After the yle called Cyndarys.
Of their byrth me lyst no more to endite,
But forthe I thynke of Hercules to wyfte.
That hath besought these noble king twain,
With mighty hande to do their busy payne,
Only to graunte with him for to wende,
To Troye warde shortly this the ende.
And to assente they saye not ones nay.
With all the power that they cathe may.
Againe what tyme that him lyst assygne,
And Hercules with chere full beninge,
Thanked them of that they him behyght.
And forth he wente in all the haste he myght,
Toward Melleus the stronge mighty londe,
Within whiche the noble king he fonde,
The knightly man the worthy Chelamon,
Lorde and prynce of that region.
That in armes was one the manlyest,
That was a lyue and egall with the beste.
And whan he knew that Hercules was com,
For loye he hath hym in his armes nome.
And him receyued in all maner thyng,
Lyke as it sat to a worthy kyng.
And whan he wiste sothly what he mente,
Without more anone he dyd assente,
With hym to gone Trepens for to greue.
And Hercules goodly toke his leue,
And hym enhaileth to Chelalpe agayne.
To Belles and telleth hym certayne,
Howe he hath spedde beseechynge hym also,
In all the haste that it may be do,
Letters to sende and all his lordes call,
And to assemble his worthy knyghtes all,
Thurghout his lād þ were both nigh a ferre.
Suche as he knewe þ were experte in werre.
And them also that were of counsaile sage,
For wyrt of them that be proune in age,

Is more than force without experience.
But whan manhode is mente with sapience,
Who loketh well it may double auayle.
And they that longe haue used to trauayle.
Lyke as it is playnly to suppose,
May helpe moste our iourney to dispose.
For vnto age experience and wytte,
To youthly force and hardinesse sette.
And whan that both be of one entent,
Fully accorded to werken by assent,
With a quarell grounded vpon ryght,
Thurgh helpe of grace þ hath treble myght.
The nede not drede with spere nor w thelde,
In knyghtly wyse for to holde a feilde.
For of knyghthode the fame and the glozy,
For in armes conquest nor victory,
Be not assured vpon multitude.
But on manhode so grace lyfse conclude.
¶ Therefore let vs for to auenge our wrong,
First with right make our selfe stronge,
And este our force manly for to thewe,
Of knyghtes chose taken out a fewe,
And so auoyde encombraunce of numbze.
And so we shall our foes beste encombre.
And of all that that Hercules hath sayde,
Kyng Melleus was the right well apayde.
For as him thought his counsaile was righte
And Hercules without more abode. (good,
Is in great haste with his meine gon,
To a prouince that called is Pilon,
In whiche there was a duke of noble fame,
And as I fynde Nestor was his name.
Full renowned and stronge of chivalrye,
And he was eke of kinred and allye.
To Hercules and of the same blood.
And whan that he plainly vnderstode,
The purpose hole and cause of his coming,
He graunted hym without more tarynge,
To go hym selfe with hym in this boiage.
With all the worthy of his baronage.
And to be ready agayne a certayne daye,
And Hercules as faste as euer he maye,
Repaired is agen to Chelalpe.
Where gathered was hooly the nauye,
Of the lordes full redy apparayled,
Well enarmed and ryche bytayled.
¶ And Melleus hath taken fyfte the sea,
And euery lorde lyke to his degree,
Þhypped is and ready for to gon,

With Hercules and also with Jason,
Their behestes manly to fulfyll,
Towardes Troye the Citie for to spyll.
And after that sothly as I fynde,
They not abyde but vpon the wynde.

¶ Howe Jason, Hercules, and all the prynces
of Grece, assembled to aduenge þ incur-
tesy done to them by Lamedon in this expedi-
tion towardes Colchos. Cap. viii.

Whan that the sofe stormes of Apryll,
Vnto the roote full lowe gan destille,
His lustye licour with many holosome shoure,
To reple the vertue hyghe vpon the flour.
And Phobus was ascendyng in his sphere,
And on the brest smote his beames cleare.
Of the Ram full colerike at all :
Halowynge in beer the Equinoctiall.
Whan Mayes kalendes entren in for sothe,
And zephirus with swete breath and smothe,
The tendze braunches enspireth & doth spryng
Whan euery bushe is freshe and blosomyng.
And from the hille the water is reuolued,
Of snowes whyte þ Phobus hath dissolued.
For than the bawme vapoureth vp a losse,
Into the eyre from the herbes losse.
The rotes vertue by colde of wynter hydde,
Hath full his myght and his force phydde.
Out of the erth in herbe and euery tree,
Shade in the braunches his humedee,
Trayled only with the sonnes heate,
And with the moyster of the raynes swete.
Whan siluer welles sheden out their stremes,
In ryuers gylte with the sonne beames.
And for he had with newe greene againe,
Her largesse had vpon euery playne.
And nightingales that all the wodde ronge,
Full amozously did welcome in their songe,
The lusty season freshe and desyrous.
Namely to hertes the whiche ben amozous.
And whan the sea calme is & blaudyng,
Fro trouble of wynde or walyng boylyng,
And is from tempest sure to escape.
The same season Grekes forth them shape,
Towardes Troye, Cries, Dukes, & kynges.
Their thynnes stuffed w all maner thynges,
That to werre myght them most auayle,
And ryght anone they began to sayle,

Whan all was redy without moze abode,
 Eche shyppe by other on the water rode.
 And whan the winde at their lust gau blowe,
 A ioye it was to se them go by rowe.
 Whiche made the haff & speden on their waie,
 That in short tyme they comen ben to Troy.
 And in the hauen called Symeonthe,
 Whan Phebus set vnder their orisente,
 I westered was that men no myght hym se,
 Grekes byn past all peryll of the sea,
 And cast their ancrees thyngking for the best,
 In their shippes the same night to reste.

And in þ moztowe whan the lakke songe,
 The woorthi Grekes so many & so stronge
 Began to lande in all the haste they myghte.
 On Troie grounde and their tentes pighte.
 Afoze the towne with great dyligence,
 For they ne founde no maner resistance,
 And all this while they sette good awayte,
 On euery syde lest there were decepte.
 Till on the houre that the sonne bryght,
 Had in the moztowe shade his rody lyghte,
 Amyd the fildes vpon euery tente,
 At whiche tyme all of one assente,
 The Grekes were assembled everychone.
 And by the byddynge of the kynge anone,
 Jason fyrst and with hym Hercules,
 With many woorthy being in that pzele,
 Ben to the tente of Pellenus ycome.
 And wha these lordes of grece both al & some
 Assembled were and in that place met,
 And eche of them in his degree was set.
 Than Pellenus whan al was trest and still,
 Right thus began þ sentence of his will.
 O noble & mozt hy of hys estate and lowe,
 Whose knightly fame thzoughout þ worldes y-
 Report is as fer as shyneth sonne. (know,
 That Grekes yet neuer thyng begonne,
 That they ne had the victorie at ende.
 For with þ lawer so fer as men may wende,
 They crowned ben of what they toke on hys.
 Suche is thier happe both on se and lande.
 Wherfore lord mozt woorthi of renoune
 Ye can remembre of kyng Lamedowne,
 And of the wronge þ he vpon you wrought,
 Whan harme to him none of you ne thought.
 Which must be quit shortly this the ende.
 For we be come to stoeie them and to shende,

Wherfore anone in all the haste we may,
 Lette vs set on without moze delaye.
 But fyrst I rede that we taken hede,
 To thre thynges mozt helpyn in this nede.
 First by aduise and good discrecion,
 For our defence and good saluacion,
 So prudently our wardes for to make,
 That none of oures be at mischief take,
 This ylike dape for lacke of prouidence.
 The seconde is to do our diligence,
 With all our might and hole entencion,
 So to labour that full destruction,
 Come to our foes & to our selues glozy.
 And this the thirde that we may victoize,
 Inioye of them plarly at the laste.
 And ouer this ye maye afoze well caste,
 If we of knighthode thzough our hardinesse,
 May vanquish them we shal so hys richesse,
 Conquere of them to our posselshoune,
 For it is knowne how that Troie towne,
 Of all plentie as it shalbe founde,
 Of golde & trefour doth passingly habounde.
 That our shippes sothy as I wene,
 For to receiue ne shal not mow susteine,
 The habundaunce that is yonder withyn.
 If it so be that we the Citie wyne.
 As god vs graunte if so it be his will.
 And also faste as the kynge was still,
 The noble knight the stronge Hercules,
 In the presence of that woorthy pzele,
 Said his counsaile was highly to comende.
 For wyse begynnynge is preyed by the ende.
 But to effecte our purpose for to bynge.
 My counsaile is that in the moztynge,
 Tofoze or we discoure byn by dape,
 That we vs arme in all the haste we maye.
 And on this fildes that we do our payne,
 For to deuyde our mayne into twayne.
 And of the tone shal kyng Thelamowne,
 Be gouernour of his hys renoune.
 And of the other kyng Pellenus shal haue,
 The gouernaunce wisely them to saue.
 And I my selfe and Jason here my bzother,
 Shal secretly go with all the other,
 Under the Citie or the sonne shynes.
 And in the bushaile and the thicke bynes,
 We shal vs hyde and kepe vs there full hope.
 For Lamedon that is kyng of Troie,
 Anone

Anone as he may here or may espye,
 Of the Grekes with his cheualrye,
 Out of the Citie will yssue out anone.
 With vs to fyght & venge hym of his fone.
 But whan he cometh to our shippes warde,
 Nestor the duke shal in the first warde,
 Meete with hym and Castor shal also,
 Whan he seeth time knightly haue ado,
 To helpe Nestor if that it be nede.
 The thirde warde Pellenus shal lede,
 And whyles ye do thus hym occupye,
 Jason and I shal vs as faste hye,
 Unto the Citie vntoist of them echone.
 I doubte not we shal it wyne anone.
 Doth by counsaile and it will you auayle,
 And here my trouthe that ye may not fayle,
 For to conquere the Citie yonde tofoze.
 This all and some ye gete of me no moze.
 And they accord to al their strenght & might
 Enarme them in stele & shone full bryght,
 Againe the sonne at moztowe whan he riseth,
 And wrought at all as Hercules deuileth.

Of the battaile betwixt the Grecians and
 the Troians, wherin the Troians were dis-
 comfeted, their kunge slayne, and after their
 Citie taken, rased, and destroyed. Ca. ix.

Kying Lamedon whan that he herde tell,
 Of their coming him list no longer dwel,
 But out he went with many a noble knighte,
 Flouryng in youth and desyous to fyght.
 And all tho that mighten armes beare,
 Or that coude shote or handell durste a spere.
 And whan they were asselbed in the fildes,
 Eueryche his armes depeint vpon his shilde,
 Brouded or bete vpon his coote armure,
 Than Lamedon with all his busy cure,
 Set them in ordze and his wardes maketh,
 And in the fildes forth his waye he taketh,
 Towarde the Grekes as any lyne right.
 Fully purposynge there to abide and fight.
 He was not ware of the that were behynde,
 He not aduerteth or casteth in his mynde,
 The great sleight nor the treachery.
 That him was shap he coude it not espye.
 But forth he wente with his wardes set,
 And the Grekes anone with him hath met,
 With herte bolde astoned not at all.

Duke Nestor first sturdy as a wall,
 In whose manhod was neuer founde lacke,
 Full knightly than vpon his horse backe,
 To herte his men and his knightes eke,
 Gan pzele in with many woorthy Greke,
 With Lamedon sturdy to mete.
 At whiche tyme they felte it full vnswete.
 For in the frounter many manly man,
 With sharpe speres first together ran.
 And eft with swozdes sharpe & kene ygroide
 Was thilke dape geuen many a wounde.
 Where as they met thus on euery syde,
 Thzough plate & maile their woundes bledde
 And basenettes they riu to þ crowne, (wide,
 The noyse of strokes in the eye gan sowne.
 And of the blode that tho was shad of new,
 The grene soyle chaunged hath his hewe.
 For it was dyed playnly in to red.
 Upon the whiche full many man lay dead.
 And many woorthy lost their his lyfe,
 And certainly than in this moztall stryfe,
 The Grekes had discomfited be echone,
 He had Castor socoured them anone,
 The folke of Troie so manly haue them boze,
 That many a knight of grekes was yloze.
 But after Castor entred in bataile,
 With his knightes so soze he did assaile,
 The woorthy Troians þ with spere & shilde,
 Grekes agayne recovered haue the fildes.
 That many one lieth slayne vpon the grene,
 Thzough girt the body in sharpe speres kene.
 That they of Troie in this moztall skoure,
 Were driue a backe till there came socour,
 To them in haff of woorthy Lamedowne.
 Whiche entred in like a wodde lyboune,
 And made a waye vpon euery syde.
 And where as he made his swerde to glyde,
 There was but deth so manly he hym bade.
 That well vnneth was there none that dare,
 Abyde his stroke for rydynge by and dowe,
 He made waye about him enuirowne.
 In the renges he hath his foen out foughte,
 That dai i armes meruailes hath he wroughte.
 Than by his manhod and his woorthines,
 He the grekes hath brought in suche distresse,
 That they his swerde flyen as the death,
 Of which slaughter the grekes wer confuse,
 Till Pellenus came to their rescuse,

Trouis and wood as he were fall in rage,
 He thought he wold þ great pompe aswage,
 Of them of Troye and so he byd anone.
 For he unhorsed of them many one.
 And felly slough all that stode hym aforne,
 And many harneys he hath þ daye to tozne.
 And made sheldes for to ryue a sonder,
 That to beholde it was a very wondze.
 Til Lamedon his people sawe go backe,
 For Belles brought them so to woracke,
 Wherofin herte he felte full great payne.
 Beseeching them este to repaire agayne,
 And kyth their might a like as men endure,
 And so the fiede he made them to recure.
 Cyll duke Nestor knewe that Lamedowne,
 Amid the fiede was kyng of Troye towne,
 And right anone without moze abode,
 Agaynst hym a full great pace he rode.
 And whan the kyng did him first espye,
 Of hye dispite of rancour and enuye,
 In knightly wyse gan to tourne agayne,
 Nothynge agast but of hye diddayne,
 With yrons herte embolied all with pryde,
 His hofe fyerly smytynge in the syde,
 That from þ prycke out ran the red bloud.
 And forth to Nestor like as he were wood,
 He rode anone and he his spere brake.
 But he full knightly kept his hofe backe,
 And full delyerly hym agayne to quite,
 With speare full sharpe whette for to byte,
 Thugh sheld a best gaue him such a wounde
 That fro his hors he felde hi down to ground.
 Of whiche fall the kyng nothynge a ferde,
 Wyse ayene and knightly drew his swerd,
 So angre fret hym at his herte rote,
 That he unhorsed fyghte muste on fote.
 Wherof he was in party full confuse,
 Cyll one Cedar came to his rescuse.
 That was made knight þ selfe same pere,
 Ponge freshe and lussy and of noble chere.
 Syttynge that tyme on a noble stede,
 And whan that he gan to take hede,
 And saw the kyng on foote at mischiese fight,
 Gan forth to pryke in all the hast he might,
 Toward Nestor and with a spere him hytte,
 From his sadell that he made him flette,
 Downe to the ground afor kyng Lamedon,
 But he anone full lyke a champion,
 Recured vp and hym selfe defendeth,

And many a stroke ech on other spendeth,
 With sharpe swordes kene for to byte.
 Eueriche at other gan foyne and smyte.
 Cyll Lamedon with a dyspicious chere,
 From of his face raised his visier.
 And by that strype he of at ones linc,
 A ryche cercle from his basenet.
 Of large perle gorynge enuyzowne.
 With cresse and all he fyerly beate a downe,
 That whyles Nestor thus afor hym stode,
 His face was all depeint with his bloud.
 That certainly the soth to conclud,
 Had not Grekes with great multitude,
 Rescued him he had of Lamedowne,
 Be slayne as faste for he was boze a downe,
 Unto the earth amonge the hofe fete.
 But Castor thought that he ne wolde lete,
 To be his helpe as he behelde yfeare,
 And yrouly he toke a mighty spere,
 And to Cedar that I spake of late,
 He gan to ryde and prycke in deadly hate.
 But oz he came and toke him there doubtles,
 A Troyan knight called Segnerides,
 Cofyn to Cedar whan he hath this lene,
 On a courser rode anone bytwene,
 And with a spere he smote Castor so,
 That with the stroke it broken is a two.
 To whom Castor withouten moze areste,
 Hath with a spere amyddes of the best,
 Segnerides gyue a mortall wounde.
 That lykely was neuer for to founde.
 Wherfore Cedar caught hath suche enuye,
 That he anone of fell melancolpe,
 And of dyspite boyllynge in his herte,
 Segnerides tohen he beholde so smerte,
 Maugre who grutcheth amiddes of þ fiede,
 Of very myght from Castor toke his shelde.
 And though byser of rancour and of rage,
 He wounded hym amyddes of his bylage.
 And eke his hofe fro hym also he caughte,
 And to his squier manfully it caughte.
 That certainly he stode in suche dyspoynt,
 This woorthy Castor that he was in poynt,
 To haue be taken of them of Troye tho.
 For he on foote with him must haue go,
 He had Dollur with many manly knyght,
 Mo then .vii. hundred in stele armed bygght,
 The rather come Castor to rescue.
 Whiche after them so soze gan to lewe,

That

That maugre them Castor when he fond,
 Of force he restre him from his enemies hōd,
 And to his hofe restored hym agayne.
 And after that this Dollur in certayne,
 Of very anger and offeruent Ire,
 Agayne Troians with rancoure set a fyze,
 That al at ones ho upon them set,
 And in his mode by fortune as he met,
 A Troian knight called Eliatus,
 In armes ponge freshe and despyous,
 Wonder semely and yet of tendre age,
 The kinges sonne also of great Cartage,
 And neuetoe eke unto king Lamedon,
 Whom Dollur hath like a fierse Lyon.
 Without compassion pryte oz mercye,
 Within the renges slayne ful cruelly.
 That Lamedon whan he gan take hede,
 Of inward dole felt his herte blede,
 Whan he hym sawe in point vpon the deathe,
 Full pyteously yelden by the breathe.
 Upon the playne as he lay him beforne.
 For whiche anone he made sowne a hofne,
 At which time there came in riche araye,
 Seven .iii. knygh tin all the haste they may,
 Upon his deathe auenged for to be.
 Which merciles of they great cruelyte,
 The Grekes haue here and there confosed,
 Here lyeth one dead & here another wounded.
 So that they might with them hold no tacke.
 So mortally they made them go abacke,
 That all gan tourne to they confusion.
 And fynally that daye with Lamedon,
 The triumphe had and the fiede ygone,
 Saue that alas out of the towne anone,
 Unto the king there came a messengere,
 That hath him tolde to a ful piteous cheare,
 How the Grekes haue his Citie take.
 Then for to se the too he tho did make,
 It would haue made a piteus herte as bliue,
 Of very dole a sundze for to riue.
 So soze he gan within him selfe to mourne.
 He wist not to what partye he may tourne.
 But in a weener he abiding longe.
 Foz he sawe the mighty Grekes stronge,
 And in the Citie another host behinde.
 Almoste for too he went out of his minde.
 And todeynly backward as he behelde,
 Toward the Citie he sawe come in the fiede,
 First Hercules and with him Jason.

That by they slepyght women had þ towne.
 And in all hast this cruell Hercules,
 The mighty giaunt of force piteles,
 Lyke a Lyon wood and dyspicious,
 Oz a Tygre ramage and furyous,
 Gan of newe them of Troye assaile.
 And with his sworde perre plate & mayle.
 Which of labour were full mate and feynt,
 And of longe fight with werinesse atteynt.
 And he came in lussy freshe and grene,
 That they his force might him not sustene,
 Foz as he rode among them here & ponder,
 In cruell wyse he seuered them a sonder.
 And put them hooly in this high mischaunce,
 Out of rule and from all gouernaunce.
 So that the kinge oppressed al with dole,
 Out of his wardes despytute and sole,
 At mischiese left and all infortunate,
 And of comforte fully disconsolate.
 This Hercules with full dyspicious loke,
 With sharpe spores his stede felly toke,
 And cruelly rode forthe to Lamedowne,
 And to the earth fierly bare him downe.
 And vpon him in all the hast he might,
 Downe of his hofe sodenly alighte,
 And mightely rent of his Basenet.
 And with a swerd sharpe grounde and whet,
 Smote of his head therewas no other grace
 And cast it forth in the selfe place.
 Amonge the hofe by cruel violence,
 Without pryte oz any reuerence.
 And in arage raught his hofe agayne,
 And like a Lion renning on the playne.
 Bare down a slough what so ca in his wepe,
 And many Troyan at þ time made depe.
 That like to shepe were forskatered wide,
 All destitute of gouernour oz guide.
 He can no reade shortly to conclud,
 For the Grekes with double multitude,
 Gan them enchase to the death ful blyue.
 That wel binneeth there left was one alpyue.
 The fiede they haue a ben that day victours,
 And with triumphe like as conquerours,
 To the citie they toke their waye after,
 And rende adowne both wall sparre & raster.
 And all the treasour and riches of the towne
 They toke anone to they possellpowne.
 Who euer grutchte oz be lese oz lothe,
 What they found there plainly to them gothe.

f. l.

And

And in the temples did great violence.
There to the goddess doing no reverence.
For all they spoyl without dread or feare,
And unto shippe every thing they beare.
And mercyes on croked olde and lame.
They swerdes they made cruelly to tame.
And childre soukynge at theyr mother breste.
They kill and sleigh withouten more arrest.
And yong maydens wepyng in distresse,
Full gentyl borne and of great femelynesse,
With theym they led & may not them excuse,
They frethe beaute fallly to misuse.
They waste bren and consumen all,
And rounde aboute they brake adowne þ wall.
And Expone the kinges daughter dere,
That was to him so passingly entere,
By his life I meane to Lamedon,
Heke and bening of her condicion.
This Hercules hath anone her take,
That in her dread ful pyteously gan quake.
And her deliuerd unto Chelamowne,
For that he entred first into towne.
And he his gift receyued hath at gree,
Bcause she was surmounting of beautee.
And treated her after as he would,
Not like as he a kinges daughter shuld.
For syth he hath her wonne by victoie,
For his worship and his owne gloie,
Hauing regarde to her highe degree,
He shuld rather of knyghtly honestee,
And of knyghthode wedded her therfore,
Sith that she was of blode so gentill bore.
Than of false lust agayne all goodly had,
Used her beaute and her womanhaede,
Dishonestly and in such synfull wise.
Ofroyall blode not lyke the high empyse.
For the doctrine of natures right.
For like to nurture of a gentill knight.
Consydered fyrst her birth and her kinrede,
Her grene youth and eke her maydenheade,
So good so fayre so womanly thereto,
A kinges daughter of birth she was also.
To haue her wed it coulde haue be no shame.
Now Chelamō in sothe thou were to blame,
For through the error of thy gouernaunce,
There kindled was of ful high vengeance,
So hote a sparke after of enuye,
That through þ world þ fire gan multeplie.
Which was not like to quenche of this hete,

For hatred olde to bren can not lete.
With newe flawme who so taketh hede,
If it not smoke it is the more to dread.
As in this stoipe hereafter shall be knowe.
A whā this towne was bzēt & brought so low,
Bothe toure and wall w þ soyle made playn,
And nothing stode of all that might be sein.
So utterly the Grekes theym oppresse,
Makynge all waste like a wyldernes.
¶ For good treasure & ryches infynite,
With many iewell full pleasing of delyte,
To theyr shippes out of the towne they lede,
And in those tyme homeward do they spede.
With treasure stuffed & habūdauce of good.
And when they sawe that the wether stode,
The wynd also at theyr lust they had.
They ga to saile and with the home they lad,
Pong Erione and many a mayde mo.
That out of Troie into Grece go.
And sayling forth within a litell space,
They be escaped fro the sea by grace.
And unto land aryued merely.
At whose commynge the Grekes utterly,
So ioyfull be of theyr good spede,
And specially in Guido as I reade,
Theyr shippes were to golde & treasure lade.
Wherof in herte they were wonder glade.
And for they had outward so well the bozne,
So ouerthrowe and haue so fewe plozne,
Of theyr meyne they thanke theyr goddess al.
And of the grace that to theym is fall.
For w þ treasure þ haue they home brought,
Full many poze was made by of nought,
Throughout þ lād there was such habūdauce
So much good and so great suffisaunce.
That no wight had among them nede,
And many day this blessedfull lyfe they lede.
From peate to peate by reuolucione,
And for theyr manhod & theyr high renoune,
Theyr honour ran round the world about.
That them toffende many lāde hath doubte,
For theyr knyghthod & for they were so wyse.
Untill the stoipe last agayne deuise.
In this matter ferther to procede,
With the fauour of your goodly head,
I wil me rest for a lytel space.
And thā byborne to suppozte of your grace,
For accomplishe as I you vndertoke,
And here an ende of the first boke.

I make now with quakyng hand for drede,
Onely for feare of you that shall it reade,
Lest ye alas of hasty mocion,
He will not haue no compassyon,
Dryte nor routhe vpon my rudenesse,
Lowly besekynge to your gentleness,
Of mercy onely both nigh and ferre,
Where ye finde that I faile or erre,
For to correcte or ye further fyr.
For to your grace I hooly all commit.

¶ The Translatour complaineth the misfortune of the Troians in the losse of theyr City, liuely describyng the tyke estate of fortunes gouernaunce, beginning in the same chapyter his secound boke persewinge the matter of the sayd hystoie. C.a.r.

The enuious orde of fortunat meynge,
In worldly thyng false and flukerynge,
Nill suffer vs as in this present life,
To lyue in reste without werre or stryfe.
For she is blinde fikel and ful mutable,
And of her course false and ful mutable.
Who sitteth highest she cā him downe encline,
Whē he least weneth and byng hym to ruine.
With the awaytes that gladly ben todayne.
And with her face that parted is in twayne.
Shewe most hole whā she is left to trye,
That well were hym that her deceytes wyl.
And her engines and her trappes knewe.
That in her courte euery daye be newe.
Of which in sothe I well affirme dare,
No mortall man may in this life beware.
For the vncuen popling in balaunce,
With counterfete and fayned countenaunce,
With lo'ing playn & cheare of flattery,
Unwarely can do blere a mannes eye,
And hun begile this the very sothe,
With a face blandishing and smothe.
When she hath him fro high degree made low,
Full fallly smile and make to him the mowe.
And yet somewhyle most barpaunt of hewe,
She vnto some pretendeth to be trewe.
For the whylom to some is fauorable,
And to some false and like deceivable.
She can reise one and bring another downe,
This false lady of transmutacyon,
To some she giueth renoune & victoie,

And doth theym floure in honoure & glorie,
And some she can appayze with false fame,
And giltyes perde put a man in blame.
To some she is goodly and beninge,
And of disdeyne she can also malygne,
Agayne an other and make hym lowte lowe,
And fro their see she can great kinges throwe
And thein anayle for all their high toures,
And she can plonge worthy Emperours,
From the hyll of hie prosperite,
Into the vaile like of aduersite.
The ryche empyse of rancoure & dysdayne,
And est the poze she can enhaunce agayne,
This false goddesse with her euen blinde,
Set one afore another goeth behinde,
And doth one reune & maketh another halfe,
And one she can high in riches exalte,
And an other plonge in pouerte,
In whom no man may haue securite.
To some suger and hony she distilleth,
And to other some she the bottel fylleth,
With bytter gall mirre and aloes.
And thus this lady wilfull and rechles,
As she that is froward and peruers,
Hath in her seller drinks ful diuers.
For she to some of fraude and of fallas,
Whisteth piment bawme and ypocras,
And sodeynly when the soote is past,
She of custome can giue hun a cast,
For to conclud falsly in the fine,
Of bytter eyfell and of egre wine.
And corrosyues that fret and perce depe,
And scarotikes that cause men to slepe,
Thus she to them that her can apzoche,
After swete the bitter can a bzoche.
Thus in her reygne this quene of barpaunce,
Whose ioye alwayes fineth with mischaunce,
Who trusteth her she will him ouercast,
And hun deceyue playnly at the last.
Of what estate soeuer that he be,
This double lady of mutabilite.
Se here example of king Lamedon,
Whom she hath brought to confusion.
For litel cause and for a thyng of nought,
Her cruelte he hath to deare abought.
Wherfore I reade euery man take hede,
To gin a quarell where as is no nede.
For litell fyre vnder ashes reke,
So may be kindled that it will out breake,

Into such flatome men may it not apease.
Who best can suffer moste shall haue his ease,
Therefore pe kynges and lordes euerychone,
Make you a myrroure of this Lamedone,
And be well ware to do no violence,
Unto straungers when they do none offence.
When they come fer into this region,
Resuffer them by none oppzession,
Within your bondes for to haue no wrong.
For in your owne though that ye be strong,
And mightye eke among your lieges all,
Another daye perauentre may befall,
That when that ye ful lptell thynke on it,
Of fodeyne case thus may ye be aquyt.
And ythanked in another place,
Of auenture where ye may fayle of grace.
Therefore when ye may any such espye,
Do theym good cheyre of your curtesye.
And pzudently confyder in your witt,
That to a lorde of gentillesse it lpt,
To euery straunger goodly him to haue.
There is nothing may moze his honour saue.
Than to refrethe them frely and dispozte,
Than may they after good of hym repozte.
By whose cotrary hath much wo be brought
Afore this time if so it be well fought.
The first Trope thus bitterly destroyed,
And the people in sorow and wo acloyed,
Lad into cryle a farre from theyr Cytte,
Lying in thraldome and captiuitte.
And Cryone as ye haue herde me tell,
Led into Grece with Thelamon to dwell.
For who there was as Guido ca you teache,
After take so great vengeaunce & weche.
On eyther parte that in very trouthe,
For to heare it is to great a routh.
As in this boke ye may hereafter rede,
Ceryously if that ye list take hede,
For gladly aye by reuolusyon,
Of fatal thing by disposition,
So enuyous is and alway meynt with wo,
That in this world where so that we go,
We truly may aduert as in our thought,
That for the value of a thyng of nought.
Most all causes of werres first begonne.
Strife and debate here vnderneath the sonne,
Were menced first of small occasyon,
That caused after great confusyon,
That no man can the harmes halfe endite,

And for a cause deare inough a mite.
Eche one is redy to destroye other.
A man for lifel streue will with his broth'r.
Blode is bnynde which greatly is to drede,
Alas why ne will they take better hede,
For olde Trope and after that the newe,
Throughe smal encheis who the trouthe knew,
Were fynally brought to destruction.
As olde bokes make mention.
And many worthy and many noble knight,
Slayne in the felde by duresse of that fight.
Kynges and pzynces at the siege ben dede,
Wha Atropos lpt breake theyr liues threde.
That for to tel the mischief and the wo,
I want connyng and I fele also,
My pen quake and tremble in my hand.
Lpt that my lorde dradde on sea & lande,
Whose worthines throughe p world doth sprede
My rude makynge that beholde and reade,
Whych of colour full naked is and bare.
That but if he of his mercede spare,
For to disdayne and list to haue pytpe,
For feare I tremble that he shuld it fe.
But onely mercede p doth his hert embzase,
Byd me presume fully in his grace,
Seyng in hym most vertuous and good,
Mercede annexed vnto royall blode,
As to a pzince longeth nigh and ferre,
Aye tofore ryght pytpe to preferre.
For throughe the support of his high noblesse,
As now I will apene my stile dresse,
To wypte forth the stoye by and by.
Of newe Trope in ordze serously.
As mine auctour in latyn Guido wyrt.
Praying p reader wher as my wordes myrt,
Causing the metre to be halfe or lame,
For to correct to saue me from blame.
Let hym not wayte to haue curyosyte,
Sith that in rime Englyshe hath sherytpe,
I am so dull certayne that I ne can,
Guido enfewe that clerke and curyous man.
Whych in latyn hath by rethorpyke,
Set to his wordes that I ca not be lyke.
To sewe his stile in my translation.
Morde by worde like the construction.
After the maner of gramariens.
For like the stile of rethoriciens.
I toke but on me this stoye to translate,
For me to further Chio came to late.

That

That in such craft hath great experience,
I leue the wordes and folowe the sentence.
And trouthe of metre I set also aspyde,
For of that arte I had as tho no guide.
He to reduce whan I went a wrong,
Taking smal hede eyther of thort or long.
But to the trouthe and lette curiosite,
Both of making and of metre be,
Not purposyng to much for to varye,
For for to be dyuers nor contrarye,
Unto Guido as by discordeaunce.
But me conforne fully in substaunce,
Ducly in meanyng to conclude all one.
Albe that I ne can the waye gone,
To sewe the flouris of his eloquence.
For of peyntynge I haue none excellence.
With sundry hewes noble freshe and gay,
So ryche coloures byggen I ne may.
I must procede with sable and with blacke,
And in ennyng where ye fynde a lacke,
I are mercy or that I fro you twyn,
And with your fauour I will now begyn.
And in all haste my stile forth right directe,
And where I erre I pray you to correct.

The same tyme whē that Trope to tone,
Destroyed was & p king Lomedowne,
Was also slayne throughe the cruelte,
Of Hercules and that tofore his cytpe.
He had a sonne the stoye telleth vs,
Which was his heyre pralled Priamus.
Wonder manly discrete eke and pzudent,
Which at that time from Trope was absente,
When so his father lost hath to his lyfe.
For at that tyme with Hecuba his wyfe,
And with his sonnes aboute a castell laye.
And all his knyghtes to get it if they may.
That hath on theym mightely werreyed,
For they his father fallly disobeyed.
And vnto hym be rebell wonder longe.
Albe Priam with sautes huge and stronge,
Them had assayled oft and many syth.
His strength on them like a knight to kyth,
To get in armes worship and honour.
And them to daunt like a conquerour,
He cast him fully or that he departe,
For day by day his life he gan Jeoparte,
Tofore their walles for to pzeue his mighte,
With many baron & many worthy knight,

For he was flowing yet lusty blonde,
And was of age flouryng in knighthode.
And at assautes and such maner strife,
On with the first auenture his life.
To herte his men him lpt not be behind.
For dead of death sothly as I fynd.
Afore the castell hygh & thyeck walled,
And by his wife that Hecuba was called,
This Priam had ful worthy of degre.
Fine sonnes and ponge daughters thre.
Of whych the eldest Hector called was,
Which also fer as Phebus in compase,
A naturall daye his cercle goeth about,
So fer of hym withouten any doubte,
Reported was the renoune and the name.
The worthynesse and the noble fame.
For like as bokes of hym spetifye,
He was the roote and stocke of chualre.
And of knighthod very fouercaygne flour.
The fours and well of worship and honour.
And of manhode I dare it well expzele,
Patron & myrrour and of high prowesse,
Gunning and grounde & with all this pfeare,
Wonder benyng and lowely of his cheare.
Discrete also pzudent and vertuous,
Of whom the dedes and actes merueilous,
Remembred ben of so long a gone.
For he alone excelled euerychone.
In olde Auctours reade and ye may fynde,
Of his knighthod how yet they make mynde.
The next brother called was Paris,
To whom nature gaue to her deys,
Of shape and fourme beautye & semelynesse,
That to recorde his excellent faynesse,
He in his time withouten any dread,
Ferre passed all that I can of reade,
And he was eke a full manly knight.
But most he bled when so he shuld fight,
In his hand to beare a mighty bowe.
For such an archer no man could knowe.
None might be foud to seke both fer & nere,
That of shoting might hardely be his pere.
As he was founde whan he had a do,
And Alexander called he was also.
The third sonne hight Aetophobus,
A worthy knight and a chualrous.
And had in armes a ful great renoune,
And was a man of high discrecion.
And wise of counsaill min auctour sayeth thus.

f.iii.

The

The fourth brother called was Helenus,
Sad and discrete and of highe prudence,
And was also a man of great science,
And renommmed therewith in specyall.
In al the artes called lyberal,
For he in them was full experte a ryght.
The fyfth sonne was a worthy knyght.
Freshe and lusty and pongest of them all,
And as sayeth Guido Troylus men him call.
A manly man valpauant in battayle,
And fearfully hote his foemen to assaile.
One of the best in his time pfounde,
For called he was Hector the secound.
For his manhode throughout Troye booke,
Within the werre ful oft vpon him toke.
Of his knyghthode many high empyre,
As the storpe lyke after shall deuyse.
The poete olde wth foueraintye of style,
The poete olde wth foueraintye of style.
How that the king Pryam had also,
By Hecuba othe sonnes two.
And by recozde of this Vergilius,
The one was named Polidoxus.
Whom Pryamus in his grene youthe,
When that y^e cominge was of Grekes kowth,
To Troycwarde in all the haste anone,
With golde treasour and many ryche stone,
Hath sent him forth the besyde vnto a kinge,
Of ful great trust to haue him in keepyng.
Till tyme he sawe what conclusiowne,
There shuld befall after of the towne.
And eke what fine the werres shoulde take,
That vpon them the Grekes tho did make,
But thilke kyng of false couetyse,
Of his treasour that ye haue herde deuyse,
Whan that he sawe fortunes varpaunce,
Toward Pryam and his vnhappy chaunce,
Lyke a tyrant and murderer also,
The childe throte made do cutte a two.
And after that he full of crueltye,
Made his men to burpe him priuelye,
That no man might his treason vnderstand.
Besyde a sea depe vnder the strand.
The other sonne also that I of reade,
In Vergile called was fayre Canimedee.
Whom Jupiter hath in a fozest hente,
Vpon a dape as he on huntinge wente.
And bare him vp aboue the sterres clere,
And in the heauens made him buslere.

Eternally with hym to wonnen there,
In stede of Hebes his owne daughter dere.
The fyfth daughter of kyng Pryamus,
Was hote Creusa as sayeth Vergilius,
In his Eneydos sothely as it was.
And she was wedded vnto Eneas,
And eke this storpe sayeth that this Enee,
Was wonderfull in his natpuyte.
Of whom the father as I fynde doubtles,
Was in his tyme called Anchyles.
That hym begat on Venus the goddesse.
For after her he was of such faynesse,
That to no wyght could neuer yet be se,
A man that was moze passyng of beautye.
Of whom this storpe touchyng his workyng,
Shall you declare many wonder thyng.
For it is he to whom so great a loos,
Vergyle hath giue in his Eneydos.
For he that booke in toozthyp of Enee,
Compyled hath like as ye may se.
Of his knyghthood and many strong batayl,
By hym acheued before he wan Itayle.
Full long time after that the royall towne,
Of Troy was brought to his confusiowne.
And of his conquest yf ye lyst take hede,
In this poete ye may by ordre reade.
And how in armes he wrought in al his age,
And of his comyng also to Cartage,
Fro Troycwarde within a litell while,
Al this ye may behold in great Vergile.
Another daughter also it is founde,
Kyng Pryam had of birgh the secound,
Called Cassandra of ful great sadnesse.
And was in maner a diuineresse.
And in eche arte had experience,
Of thynges future fully the prescience,
To tell afoze what that shall betide.
Of whom the fame sprang in costes wide,
Which kept her chaste aye in virginitye,
And eke in prayers and in honestye.
She led her life and in deuocion,
After the rites and the religion,
Of Pagnysine bled in tho dayes.
The obseruances keping of their layes.
The third daughter hight Pollicene,
Pongest of all and stil a mayde cleane,
She kept her selfe a honest in her labo,
Vnto the time that Pirrus hath her slawe.
Of shape of fortune was neuer by nature,
Wrought

Wrought to beholde a fairer creature.
Eke as I fynde this noble kyng also,
Hadde thirty sonnes the boke saith a no mo.
Hardy in armes and noble founde at all,
That called were his sonnes naturall.
And they were all exceptinge neuer one,
Worthy knyghtes and manly men echone.
And their names who so lyst to knowe,
He shall them fynde wyte vpon arowe,
After in storpe euerythe after other,
Begynnyng fyrst at the eldest brother.
And whyles Pryam at the spege laye,
Tofore the castell to gette it if he may,
And therabout hath many way sought,
The woollful tydynge be vnto him broughte,
How the grekes haue taken Troye towne.
And slayne his father worthy Lamedowne.
And how the Citie of olde foundaciowne,
Full piteously was tourned by to downe.
The worthy lordes and gentle men echone,
Taken and slayne and plesse not one.
Of them a lyue through Grekes crueltie.
After the ryne alas of their Citie.
And Erion his owne syster dere,
Lad in eryle with her eyen cleare.
Wherfore the kyng in herte astoned so,
For very sorow he nist what to do.
His sodayne wogan hym so constrayne.
He sobbeth wepeth that of mortall payne,
He thought his herte wolde a founde breste.
Of hys distresse for he myghte haue no reste.
And into teares he gan him selfe destylle,
That for to depe was fynally his wyll.
And fortune that can so falsly barpe,
With dreery herte gan bytterly to warpe.
That she to hym was to decreuabile.
So inly cruell and vmercyable.
So dyspyteous and so sterne of face,
So vengeable and so deuoyde of grace.
For of enuy with a raged thought,
She hath hir woost of malis on hi wrought.
And felly shewed what the myght do.
That in this world was neuer wight so wo.
As I suppose of no maner of age.
To reaken all her harmes and damage.
For whiche anone in all that euer he maye.
In hast he chaungeth all his ryche araye,
Cryste and heuy with deadly face pale,
So astoned with this mortall tale,

That his desyre was to haue be dead,
With countenance enclined and with head.
This lyfe he lad and clad him all in blacke,
And sodaynly he the spege brake,
And wolde as tho no lenger there abyde,
But with his folke anone he gan to ryde,
That pteously gan likwile to him mozne,
And toward Troy attones they este retorne.
And whan that he hath the Citty founde,
Plaine with the soyle a euen to the grounde,
The hye walles whylom thicke and longe,
Pbeate downe that made were so stronge,
And his toures and paleys pyrcypall,
That was in buildyng so excellent royall,
So famous ryche and of great noblesse,
He founde tourned into wyldernesse.
His peopple slayne, his syster ladde awaye,
For very wo he ne wyfte what to saye.
For the constraynt of his aduersyte,
And for his harines that wyll not cured be,
For in that thme he was right fully sure,
Vpon no syde there soude might be reture.
Wherfore he can nought do but sobbe a wepe
And fro his brest wth syghes sought full dede,
Broken out with pale and dead visage,
And thus alas in this furious rage,
Full pteously all his hoooste and he,
Without respite continued dayes three.
Tyll at the laste the darke skyes blacke,
Gan of their wo in partye for to slacke.
And the tempest some deale gan withdratwe,
And of their wepyng blady the gan p^e wawe.
And whan the floode of wo is ouer paste,
The ebbe of tope solowe must in haste.
To sorowe euer it wolde their hertes thende,
And at a terme euery wo must ende.
For though for freedes mē may wepe a warle,
After their deth their teares may not abayle.
Wherfore the kyng after all his care,
Hath sought a waye the Citie to repaire.
And caste hym fully if it wolde so be,
To make a vertue of necessitye.
And manfully after all his tene,
Whan that the eyre gan to weren clene,
Of the mystes of his cloudy sorowe,
And that some deale adawe gan the mozow
Of heynesse after the derke nyght,
Chaced awaye with a sonne byghyt,
Of newe iope for aye the fyne of wo,

Wiste he gladnesse whan sorow is ygo.
And so Pryam after a certayne space,
Whan his sorow gan lyte and lyte to passe,
And of wple dome in all his pyous sinerte,
San prudently to plucken by his herte,
And of his eyen the mawes gan to clere,
Anone he wroughte as ye shall after here.

Howe Pryam com to Lamedon and suc-
cedynge his father, buylded the Cytie a-
gayne. Cap. xi.

The sorow aswaged & the syghes olde,
By longe processe lyke as I you tolde,
This worthy kyng called Pryamus,
In his herte is now so desyrous,
Upon the playne that was to waste & wilde,
So stronge a towne of newe for to buylde,
At his deuple a Cytie edifye,
That shall the assautes bitterly despye,
Of enemyes all and the mortall soone.
With riche toures and walles of harde stone.
And all aboute the countreyes enuiron,
He made seke in euery regyon,
For suche workemen as were curyous,
Of wryt inuentif of castynge meruaylous,
Of suche as coulde crafte of geometrye,
Of were sotyll in their fantasie.
And for euery such as was a good deuyfour,
Mason, hewer, or crafty quareour,
For euery wyghte and passynge carpenter,
That may be founde eyther ferre or nere,
For such as coulde graue groupe or carue,
Of suche as were able for to serue,
With line and stone for to reple a wall,
With batayllyng and cresses marciall.
Of such as had conhyng in their head,
Alabaster other white or read,
Of marbell grey for to pully the playne,
To make it smoth of baynes and of grayne,
He sente also for euery ymageour,
Both in entayle and euery portreyour,
That coulde wel drawe or to colour pepnte,
With helwes freshe y the worke not feunte,
And suche as coulde to countenaunce glad,
Make an ymage that wpll neuer fade.
To counterfeate in mettall tree or stone,
To sotill worke of hym dygmalone.
Of Appollo whiche as booke do tell,

In ymagerye all other did excelle.
For by his crafte and workynge curyous,
The tombe he made of kyng Daryus.
Whiche Alislandre dyd on heghth reple,
Only for men shulde his fame pzeple.
In his conquest by Perce when he went.
And thus Pryam for euery mayster sente,
For ethe caruer and curyous ioyner,
To make knottes in many a queynt floure.
To sette on cresses withyn and eke without,
Upon the wall the Cytie rounde aboute.
Of who that were excellynge in practike,
Of any arte called mecanyke.
Of had a name flowyng or famous,
Was after sente to come to Pryamus.
For he purposeth this noble worthy kyng,
To make a Cytie royall in buildynge.
Bode, large, and wide, & lest it were assailed,
By werre about proude enbatayled.
And fyrst the grounde he caused to be sought,
Full depe and lowe that it fayle nought.
To make sure the foundaciowne,
In the place where as the olde towne,
Was fyrst buylded he the walles sette.
And he of lande many myle out mette,
About in compasse for to make it large.
As the maisters that toke on them the charge
Deuyfed haue the settinge and the lyte.
For holome eye to be more of deuyte.
And when the soyle defouled with ryne,
Of walles olde was made playne as a lyne.
The workmen gan this Cytie for to founde,
Full mightly with stones square and rounde.
That in this worlde was none vnto it lyche,
Of workemanshypp nor of buylding riche.
For in crafte of curyous masonrye,
I can no termes to speke of geometrye.
Wherfore as now I must them sette a lyde,
For certaynly I neuer redde Enclide.
That the maister and the foundour was,
Of all that worke by square or by compasse.
Of kepe their measure by leuell or by lyne,
I am to rude as clearely to dyspyne,
Of to discerne this worke in euery parte.
For lacke of termes longynge to that arte.
But I dare well of trouthe affyrm here,
In all this worlde ne was there neuer pere.
Vnto this Cytie and write it for a sothe.
As in his booke my maister Cupido dothe.

And

And that it myghte in his prosperitie,
In hyghe honour and in felicitie,
From all assaut perpetually contine,
It rayled was in worthyp of Neptune.
And named Troie as it was tho toforne,
Like the first that was through grekes lozne.
The length therof was shortly to conclude,
Thre dayes iourne and lyke the latitude.
That neuer erst I herde make mencyon,
Of such a nother of foundation.
So huge in compasse nor of such largesse,
For to counte so passynge of fayzenesse.
So edifyed or lusty to the syghte,
And as I read the walles were on heghth,
Two hundred cubytes all of marbell grey.
Magercolled without for sautes and assaye.
And it to make more pleasaunt of deuyte,
Amonge the marbel was alblastre whyte,
Weynt in the walles & rounde y towne about
To make it thewe within and eke without.
So freshe so ryche and so delectable,
That it alone was incomparable.
Of all Cyties that any mortall man,
Sawe euer yet syth that the world began.
And at the corner of euery wall was sette,
Acroone of golde with ryche stones yfette.
That thone full byghth againe y sonne shene.
And euery towne bretered was to clene,
Of chole stone that were not ferre a sonder,
That to beholde it was very wonder.
Therto his Cytie compassed enuironne,
Had gates. vi. to entre into towne.
The fyrst of them and strongest eke withall,
Largest also and most principall,
Of mighty buildynge by him selfe perelesse,
Was by the kyng called Dardanydes.
And in sozry lyke as it is founde,
Cymbrya was named the seconde.
And the thirde was called Helyas.
The fourth gate hyght also Cetheas.
The fith Troiana the syrth Antiozydes,
Stronge & mighty both in werre and peace.
With square toures set on euery syde,
At whose corners of very pompe and pryde,
The workmen haue with sterne & fel vilages,
Of riche entayle by repled great ymages,
Wrought out of stone and neuer lyke to fayle,
Full curiously enarmed for batayle.
And thzough the wall their fomen for to lette,

At euery fourre were great gonnes sette.
For assautes and sodayne auentures.
And on eche fourtettes were repled by figures
Of sauage beastes as Beares & of Lyons.
Of Tygers, Bores, of Serpentes & Dragons
And Hertes eke with their brode hornes,
Of Elyphauntes and large Unicornes.
Bugles, Bulles, and many great Gryffon,
Forged of brasse of copre and laton.
That cruelly by sygnes of their faces,
Upon their foon made felle menaces.
Barbyrans and also bullwozkes huge,
Afore the towne made for hyghe refuge,
When nede shulde be early and eke late.
And portekoles stronge at euery gate.
That of assautes they nede take no charge,
And the lockes thycke brode and large.
Of al y gates wel wrought of thynning brasse.
And eke within the mighty thytting was,
Of yren barres stronge square and rounde.
And great barres pytched in the grounde,
With huge cheynes forged for diffence.
Whiche ne wolde breake for no violence.
That harde it was through theym for to twin,
And euery house that buylded was within,
Euery paleys and euery mansyowne,
Of marbell were throughout all the towne.
Of crafty buildynge & workynge most royall.
And the highte was of euery wall,
Sixty cubytes from the grounde accounted.
And there was none y other hath surmounted.
In the Cytie but of one hyght aliche,
In very soth both of poze and ryche.
That it was harde of hys estate or lowe,
House or paleys a sonder for to knowe.
So egally of symbre and of stone,
Theyr houses were repled eueryhane.
And yf I shuld reherlen by and by.
The corne knottes by craft of masonrye,
The freshe enbolwig to verges right as lyne,
And the housynge ful of backewines,
The ryche copyng the lusty tablementes,
Unettes ronning in casementes,
Though y termes in Englishe wolden rime,
To shewe them all I haue as now no time.
Ne yet language picked for the nones,
To tell the sotyll toynynge of the stones,
For howe they put in stede of moztore,
In the ioyntoures copre gyfte full clere.

To make them ioyne by leuell and by lyne,
 Amonge the marbell frechely for to thynne.
 Agaynst the sonne whan his shene lyght,
 Smote on the golde that was burned bright.
 To make the worke glister on euery syde,
 And of this towne the stretes large & wyde.
 Were by craft so prudently prouyded,
 And by workmen sette so and deuyned,
 That holsonne eye amydde myght enspyre,
 Erelly on morowe to them that shuld desyre,
 And zephirus that is so comfortable,
 For to nourshe thynges that bene vegetable,
 In tyme of yere throughtout euery strete,
 With sugred favour lusty and so swete,
 Moste pleasauntly in the eye gan synthe,
 The Citezynes onely to delyte.
 And with his beryl them to recomforte,
 Whan they lyfte walke them selfe to disporte.
 And throught the towne in crafty purueiaunce,
 By great aulse and discrete ordinaunce,
 By compase cast and squared out by squyers,
 Of pulliched marble vpon stronge pylers,
 Deuyled were longe large and wyde,
 Of euery strate in the frontier syde,
 Freshe alures with lusty hye pyracles,
 And monstryng outward costly tabernacles.
 Waunted aboue lyke to reclynatozres,
 That called were deambulatorzres,
 Whan to walke togithers twaine and twaine,
 To kepe the dize when it happed to rayne,
 Or them to saue fro tempest winde or thundze
 If that them lyst throude the selfe there vnder
 And euery house couered was with lead,
 And many gargoule and many hydous head,
 With spoutes thozough & pipes as they aught
 From the stone worke to the canell raught.
 Woydng fylthes lowe into the grounde,
 Thozough grates made of yron perced round.
 The stretes paved bothe in length and bryde,
 In cheker wyse with stones whyte and reade,
 And euery crafte that any maner man,
 In any lande deuyse or reken can,
 Kyng Pryamus of hye discreciobone,
 Ordeyned hath to dwell in the towne.
 And in stretes leuered here and yonder,
 Eueryche from other to be set a sonder.
 That they myght for there more commoditie,
 Eche by hym selfe worke at his lyberte.
 Goldsmithes fyrst and richo Jewellers,

And by them selfe crafty bzouderers,
 Weuers also of wollen and of lyne,
 Of clothe of golde damaske and satyn.
 Of velvet sendell and double samyt eke,
 And eueryche clothe that men lyst to seke.
 Smylthes also that coulde forge wele,
 Pollares, swerdes, and spores sharpe of stele,
 Dartes daggers for to mayne and wounde,
 And quarelheades sharpe & square ygrounde.
 There were also crafty armerers,
 Makers of bowes and also these fletchers,
 And suche as coulde make thaffes playne.
 And other eke that dyd their busy payne,
 For the were to make also trappures,
 Baners beate and royall cote armures,
 And by diuers Standardes and penouns,
 And for the fyele freshe and gaye getouns.
 And euery crafte that may reckened be,
 To tell shortly was in this Citie.
 And throught this towne so ryche & excellent,
 In the myddes a large ryuer went,
 Causyng to them full great commoditie.
 The whiche on twayne hath parted the Citie,
 Of course full swifte to freshe streames clere,
 And hyght Fantus as Guydo doth vs lere.
 And as I rede that vpon this flode,
 On eche a syde many a mylle stode.
 Wher nede was their graine & corne to grinde,
 Them to susteyne in stoye as I fynde.
 This ryuer eke of fysh full plenteous,
 Deuyled was by workmen curious,
 So craftely throught castyng souerayne,
 That in his course the streames might attaine,
 For to areche as Guydo doth coniecte,
 By arches stronge his course for to reflecte.
 Throught condite pyres large & wyde withal,
 By certayne meanes artfyciall,
 That it shold made a full purgacion,
 Of all ordure and fylthes in the towne.
 Waschyng the stretes as they shold a rowe,
 And the gutters in the earth be lowe.
 That in the Citie was no fylthe yfene,
 For the canell scoured was so cleue.
 And eke deuorbed in so secrete wyse,
 That no man myght espye or deuyse,
 By what engyne the fylthes fer nor nere,
 Were borne awaye by course of the ryuer.
 So couertly euery thyng was coured,
 Wherby the towne was bitterly assured,

From

from engendryng of all corruption.
 From wycked eye and from infection,
 That cause ofte by their vyolence,
 Mortalitie and great pestilence.
 And by example of this flode there was,
 Made tyde at Rome and brought by Cneas
 The whiche also departeth Rome a two.
 Pryne auctor saith. I note if it be so.
 And tenhabite this royall chiefe Citie,
 Kyng Pryamus hath about in eche countre.
 Made for to serche with all his hole entent,
 And in prouinces that were adiacent,
 In borowes townes and in smales byllages,
 Vgathzed had out of all maner ages,
 And of thzopes folkes full dyuers,
 Of suche as were vacant and dispers,
 About Trope in any reggowne,
 He made hath to entre into towne.
 Great multitude what of yonge and olde.
 It tenhabyte as ye haue herde me tolde.
 And those that were afoze to hun foreynes,
 He hath in Trope made them Citezynes,
 Full discretly lyke as it is founde.
 And whan they gan with people to abounde,
 Kyng Pryamus of hye affectiobone,
 After the buyldyng of this myghty towne,
 Hath in his harte caughte a fantasie,
 His newe Cyte for to magnifye,
 And it to put the more in remembraunce,
 He fully caste to do some obseruaunce,
 To myghty Mars sterne and ferle of helwe.
 And specially with certayne playes newe,
 On horse and foote in many sondry wyse,
 To gyue his men in knyghthode exercyse.
 Eueryche to put other at assaye.
 In iustes lystes and also in tourney.
 To proue their force whā they hadde to mete,
 The which plaies were founded first in Crete.
 And in that lande of hye and lowe estate,
 In Marsys honour they were dedicate.
 And in palastre on wakes on the nyght,
 Were other plaies as men assaye their might,
 Only on foote with many sotyll poynt,
 And some of them were naked and enioynt,
 To wyne a pryze they dyd their full entent.
 And there was founde by clerkes full prudent
 Of the chesse the playe moste glozious,
 Whiche is so sotill and so meruaylous,
 That it were harde the matter to discryue,

For though a man studied all his lyue.
 He shall aye fynde dyuers fantasys,
 Of wardes makynge and newe inparties,
 There is therin so great diuersytie,
 And it was fyrst founde in this Citie.
 During the syege lyke as sayth Guydo,
 But Iacobus de vitrico,
 Is contrary in his oppynion.
 For lyke as he maketh playnly mencion,
 And affymeth at full in his aduysle,
 How Philometer a philosopher wyse,
 Vnto a kyng to synthe his crueltie,
 Foude first this playe and made it in Caldee.
 And into Grece from thence it was sent.
 Also in Trope by great auisement,
 The playe was founde first of dyce & tables,
 And castyng the chaunces deceyvable,
 That cause haue byn full ofte of great debate,
 For if that one be now founde fortunate,
 To wyne a whyple by fauour of his chaunce,
 Or he be ware with sodeyne varpaunce,
 Unhappely he is put cleane a backe.
 And other folke that stode vpon the wycke,
 And by their losse were plunged in distresse,
 They repyled haue in haste to hye ryhelle.
 Gladnesse of one is to an other rage,
 A deuaut of hasarde and passage.
 If one haue ioye a nother suffreth wo,
 Lyke as the bones comen to and fro,
 An hundred syth in a daye they barye.
 Now blandyng & now they be contrary,
 No man with them assured is in ioye.
 And first also I read how that in Trope,
 Were songe and red many freshe comedies,
 And other dities that called ben tragedies.
 And to declare shortly in sentence,
 Of bothe two the synall difference.
 A comedye hath in his gynnynge,
 A pryne face a maner complaynyngge,
 And afterwarde endeth in gladnesse.
 And it the dedes onely doth expresse,
 Of such as be in ponerte plunged lowe.
 But tragedye who so lyst to knowe,
 It still begynneth in prosperitie,
 And endeth lyke wyse by aduersytie.
 And it doth also of the conquest treate,
 Of ryche kynges and of lordes great.
 Of mighty men and olde conquerours,
 Whiche by fraude of fortunes sodeyne thours,

Be ouer caste and whelmed from their gloze.
 And whylom thus was halowed þ memoze,
 Of tragedyes as bokes maken mynde.
 When they were red and songe as I fynde.
In the theatre there was a smale aulter,
 Anyddes sette that was halfe Circuler,
 Whych into East of custome was directe,
 Upon the whiche a Pulpet was erecte,
 And therein stode an auncient poete,
 For to reherse by rethorikes swete,
 The noble dedes that were hystorvall,
 Of kynges & prynces for memozevall.
 And of these olde worthy Emperours,
 The great empyre eke of conquerours.
 And how they gate in Martes hye honour,
 The lawrer grene for fyne of their labour.
 The palme of knightthod differned by old date
 Of Darchas made them passen into fate.
And after that with chere and face pale,
 With style enclyned gan to tourne his tale,
 And for to synge after all their loofe,
 Full mortally the stroke of Atropose.
 And tell also for all their worthy head,
 The sodeyne breaking of their liues threde.
 How piteously they made theyr mortall ende,
 Through false fortune þ al þ world wil thende.
 And how the fyne of all their worthynesse,
 Ended in sorowe and in hyghe tristesse.
 By compassynge of fraude or false treason,
 By sodaine murder or vengeaunce of popson,
 Or conspyryng of fretyng false enuye,
 How vnwarely that they dydden dye,
 And how their renoune & their mighty fame,
 Was of hatred sodeynly made lame.
 And how their honour daronward gā decline,
 And the mischief of their unhappye fyne.
 And how fortune was to them vnswete,
 All this was tolde and red of the Poete.
 And whyle that he in the pulpet stode,
 Wyth deadly face all deuoyde of blode,
 Synging his dittes with muses all to rent,
 Anyd the theatre thowded in a tent,
 There came out men gasfull of their cheres,
 Dysfigured their faces with viseres,
 Playing by lygnes in the peoples syght.
 That the Poet songe hath on heygth,
 So that there was no maner dysordnaunce,
 Itwene his dittes and their countenaunce.
For lyke as he a losse dyd expresse,

Wordes of ioye or of heauynesse,
 Meaning and chere beneth of theim playng,
 From poynt to poynt was alway answering,
 Now triste, now glad, now heuy, & now light,
 And face ychaunged with a sodeyne syght.
 So craftely they coulde them transfigure,
 Conformyng them to the chante plure.
 Now to synge and sodaynely to wepe,
 So well they coulde their obseruaunces kepe.
 And this was done in Apryll and in May,
 Whan blosmes new both on buthe and hey,
 And floures freshe gynne for to sprynge.
 And the byrdes in the wood synge.
 With lust suppyled of the somer sonne,
 Whan these playes in Troye were begon,
 And in the theatre halowed and rholde.
 And thus the rytes of tragedyes olde,
 Pyramus the worthy kyng began,
 Of this matter no moze tell I can.

But I wyll forth of this storpe wypte,
 And on my matter boytously endyte,
 How Pyramus was passyng dylygent,
 Ryght despyous and inwardly feruent,
 If so he myght amonge his workes all,
 So bylde a palays and a ryche hall.
 Whiche shulde be his chouse chyeftie dungyon.
 His royall see and souerayne manfyon.
 And whan he gan to his worke appoche,
 He made it bulde hye vpon a roche.
 It for to assure in his foundation,
 And called it the noble Plion.
 The syght of wyche iustly circuler,
 By compasse cast rounde as any sphere.
 And who that wolde þ content of the grounde
 Cruelly acounte of this place rounde,
 In the theatre fyrst he muste entre,
 Takynge þ lyne þ carueth throughe the centre.
 By geometrye as longeth to that art.
 And trebled it with the feuenth parte,
 He fynde myght by experience,
 The measure hole of the circumference.
 What lande also playnly eke with all,
 Conteyned was within the stronge wall.
 The crest of which in place where lowest was,
 Wpreyted was full fyre hundred pafe.
 Buildest of marbell ful royall and ful stronge,
 And many other ryche stone amonge,
 Whole toures were reyled vp so hye,

That

And who that lyst by greces by assende,
 He there might se in his inspection.
 The sayre boundes of many regyon,
 And prouinces that stode rounde about.
 And the walles within and eke without,
 Endlonge were with knottes grauen cleane,
 Depeynt with asure, golde, cinople, & grene.
 That berely tohen so the sonne shone,
 Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,
 They gane a lyght withouten any were,
 As doth Apollo in his mydday sphere.
 And all the windowes and eche fenestral,
 Wrought were of berple & of cleare crystall.
And high amidde this noble Plion,
 So ryche and passyng of foundation,
 Whych clerkes yet in theyr bokes praysle,
 Kyng Pyram made an hall for to rayle.
 Excelling all in beaute and in strengthe,
 The latitude accordyng with the lengthe,
 And of marbyll outward was the wall,
 And the tymbre noble in speciall.
 Was halfe of Cedre as I reherse can,
 And the remnant of the ryche Heban.
 Which most is able as I dare spente,
 With stone to ioyne by craft of carpentrye.
 For they of tymber haue the soueraynte.
 And for to tel of this Heban tree,
 Lyke in bokes sothely as I fynde,
 It cometh out of Ethiop and ynde.
 Blake as is geate and it wyll ware anone,
 Whan it is korne as harde as any stone.
 And evermoze last wil and endure,
 And not corrupt with water nor moysture.
 And of this hall further to diffine,
 With stones square by leuel and by line,
 It pauerd was with full great dylygence,
 Of masonrye and passyng excellence,
 And all aboute reyled was a see,
 Ful curyously of stones and perre.
 That called was as chiefe and principall,
 Of the regyne the seate most royall.
 Tofoze which was set by great delyte,
 A boorde of Heban and of puerpe white.
 So egally pynored and so clene,
 That in the worke there was no ryft ysene.
 And lesspons were made on euery syde,
 Onely the states by ordre to deuide.
 Eke in the hall as it was conuenable,
 On eche partye was a dormaunt table,
 Of yuerre eke and of this Heban tree.
 And euen agayne this kynges royall see,

In the partye that was therto contrayre,
 Prayed was by many crafty stayre,
 High in the hall in the other syde,
 Ryght as lyne in the opposyte.
 Of pured metall and of stones clere,
 In byede and length a full ryche aultere.
 On which there stode of figure and bylage,
 Of massy golde a wonderful ymage,
 As to be honoured in that high seate,
 Onely in name of Jupyter the great.
And the statue for all his huge weygth,
 Fyftene cubytes complext was of heygth.
 A crowne of golde high vpon his heade,
 With heauely saphyres & many ruby redde,
 Fret enuyron with other stones of Inde,
 And amonges were medled as I fynde,
 Whyte pereles massy large and rounde,
 And for most chiefe all dickenesse to confound,
 A Carbuncle was set as kyng of stones all.
 To comforte and gladden all the hall.
 And it to enlumine in the black night,
 With the freschenes of his ruddy light.
 The value was therof inestimable,
 And the ryches playnly incomparable,
 For this ymage by diuision,
 Was of shape and of propozcion,
 From heade to foote so maysterly entayled,
 That in a poynt the workman hath not failed,
 It to parfournyng by crafty excellence.
 Whom Pyramus with dreed and reuerence,
 Honoured hath aboue the goddes all,
 In all mischief him to clepe and call,
 For in him was his hole affection,
 His soueraygne trust and chiefe deuotion.
 His hope also and his assyaunce,
 His welth his ioye and his assurannes,
 And his welfare and his prosperite,
 He hath committed to his deyte.
 Wening in herte wonder spkerly,
 To be assured from all mischief therby.
 And diffended in eche aduersite,
 And holde his regyne in high felicitye.
 And in honour contynually to shyne,
 While Jupyter throughe his power diuine,
 Hym and his hath in protection.
 This was his trust and full opinion,
 And thus this worke to the ende acheyued,
 Wherof Pyram with ioye full releued,
 That he his Citie and noble Plion,
 Hath fully brought vnto perfection,

Lyke his entent whā he therof began.
And thus Pryam this king this worthy man
Full many a day in this newe Trope,
With his yeyes lad his lefe in ioye,
Where I hym leue in his royall sete,
Soueraynly repgning in quyetē.
Proceedyng forth if so ye list to heare,
Unto the effect anone of my matere.

How king Pryā send Anthenoz into Grece
to haue restored ayeen his sister Erion. Ca.xii.

O hateful harme which most is for to dred
Kindled so longe o sparke of olde hatred
Roote and debate grounde of enuy and pze,
With newe flatome hertes for to fyre.
O grayne of malice causer of all offence,
Of rancour rusted of impacience.
Which hast of newe made festered foies smert,
Whan thou art ones raked in an herte.
Which for disdayne of mercye mayst not lete,
A man no whyle to lyue as in quyetē.
But deluyst by malice manyfolde,
Debates newe that burped were of olde.
And falsly quyetest strifes to restore,
That enuious serpent that was slayne of yore,
Which felly hath this adde enupous,
Out of his rest awakēd Pryamus.
And with his bentin so persynge and so ille,
Made him wery to lyue a lyfe tranquille.
And mēued hym of his iniquitee,
Upon the Grekes aueriged for to be.
For where as he in peate hold his regne,
With his yeyes in ioye souereygne,
Without anoye or any perturbatione,
This serpent hath wpyth newe remembrance,
Without aduyle or discrete areste,
So hote a flatome kindled in his breste,
Of olde enuye with freshe rancour meynste,
That lykly is neuer to be queynte.
For Pryam notue in his entencionne,
Cast and compasseth reuoluing by & doone,
How strong he was of rythes and meyne,
How noble and mighty was his newe Citey,
And habundaunt thozly to conlude,
Both of plentye and of multitude,
Of men of armes and of chynalrye,
Which stered him to haue a fantasye,
Alas the wyle to his unhappy chaunce,
That to be dead he take will vengeaunce,
Upon his soon the fyre of hote enuye,
So bzēt hur. inward by melancolye,

Standing in purpose y no man chaunge may,
Of his domages auenged be some day.
And of iniuries y thei on him haue wrought.
And when that he had a tyme out sought,
To his purpose most conuenient.
Anone he hath for all his lordes sent.
And his knyghtes called everychone,
To come in haste excused was not one.
Namely of them that were of hygh degre.
And they obeying with all humyltye,
His bydding hooly and made no delay,
To come echeone agayne a certayne day.
And his sonnes were also tho present,
Hector except that was that tyme absent.
In the stronge and mighty regyon,
Of Panomye which in subiecton,
Kinge Pryam held through his worthynesse,
And to amende thynges and redresse,
Hector was gone into this Panomye.
Certayne causes for to mistyfe.
As in his reason he thought for the best,
To settle them in quiet and in rest.
For he was aye so iust and so prudent,
So well aduysed and so patient,
And so demeaned in his gouernaunce,
That him was lothe for to do vengeaunce,
Where as he might in easy wyse treate.
For to reforme thynges small and great.
For lothe he was this noble worthy knyghte,
For any haste to execute vnrighht.
O causeles by rygour to condempne.
And in this while full worthy and solempne,
Kinge Pryamus of lordes great and small,
Within Trope held a court royall.
As he that lyst for no cost to spare.
And cerpously his meaning to declare,
He in his see his lordes enuyzon,
Can to shewe his hertes entencion.
The worthy lordes assembled here present,
Faythfull and trewe of herte and of entente.
It is well knowen to your discrecion,
The great domages and foule oppzession,
Which that y Grekes haue upon vs wrought
Without cause for a thyng of nought,
This other daye as who sayeth yet but late.
That as I troue so newe is yet the date,
That it is trewe remembred in your mynde,
Unto your blode if so that ye be kinde.
For I suppose no forgetfulnesse,
May put away the mortal heynesse,

Df

Of harmes olde whych aye reueloe agayne.
As in my mynde I saye pou in certayne.
And as I troue playnly in your thought,
I yet is grene and ne dyeth nought,
How they haue slaine our olde progenitours,
That whylom were so noble werreours.
Our Citey bzēt and brought vnto ruine,
And robbed it falsly by rauenye,
And tourned all into wildernesse,
And into Grece carryed our rycheffe.
My father slayne that hyght Lamedon,
Without cause or iuste occasion.
And raught fro him his golde & his treasure,
Which as me semeth is a foule errour.
We might of ryght amendes well chalenge,
And eke desyre to be fully aduenge,
Afore the goddes of full high offence,
Ouely of reason and of conscience.
And passyng all they moztall crueltee.
There is one thyng that most greueth me,
That they vngoodly agaynst all gentyllesse,
Without regarde as to the worthynesse,
To the byzth ne the royall blode,
O her that is so fayre and eke so good,
I meane my syster called Erion.
Whom they alas to they confusyon,
Disuse and kepe not like to her degre,
From day to day in such dishoneste,
Where thugh her honour & her name is lozn
Considerig nought of what stock she was bozn
For they are blinde for to take hede,
O to aduert the roote of her kindred,
Of surquidrye they be so indurate.
And syth that the bozne of so highe estate,
Ytreated is like as ye may se,
We may coniecte that those of lowe degre,
Gouerned be passyng dishonestly.
For ye may thinke and demen truly,
How wyues and maydens in that companie,
With other eke that be of your allye,
Phaunted be and bled at they luste.
On the Grekes I haue no better truste,
For they ne spare nother blode nor age,
And thus they lye in torment & seruage.
Without routhie mercy or pitee.
The which toucheth you as well as me.
And as me semeth of equite and of ryght,
Ye ought echeone with all your ful might,
Of the wronges with which ye be offended,

To seke a waye how it might be amended.
And that we worke all by one assent,
And thus procede like to our entent.
Of they malice and cursed crueltee,
All at ones auenged for to be.
And that we be in herte wil and thought,
Of one accoꝝd and ne varye nought.
For then our force is doubled and pouste,
For right and reason and good equite,
Requyre vengeaunce on him y doth y wozge,
Though it so be we differre it longe.
I truste also the goddes rightwisenesse,
That they shall helpe our harmes to redresse,
And fauour vs in our innocence.
To chastice them that wrought this offence.
Also ye knowe how that this our Citey,
Is stronge mighty and of great suertye.
With toures high & walled for the werre,
That also fer as thyneth sonne or sterre,
There is none like for to reken all.
That may in force be therto peregall.
Ye knowe also as it shall est be founde,
With cheualrye how that we habounde,
Except in armes and of olde assayed,
That yet for dreade neuer were dismayed.
And we haue plenty also of bytaye.
Of frendshyp eke that ne will vs fayle,
With all they might to do to vs succour.
Wherefore I reade without moze solour,
To let vpon them sith we be well able,
And time is now me semeth couenable,
For manhode byd to make no moze delaye,
To venge a wronge hap what so euer maye.
For in differring is oft drawen in domage,
To worke in time is double auantage.
For to our purpose lacketh neuer a dele,
And through our manhod we be assured wel,
But that we be not holde to hasty,
O to rakell to worken wilfully.
And were also stant in auenture,
For aye of Mart doubtois is the cure.
I reade first to Grekes that we sende,
To wot if they our harmes will amende,
Without stryfe werre or moze debate.
Then may we sayne that we be fortunatē.
And yf they be contraye of reason,
To condiscende to this conclusyon,
To graunte our askyng of equite and righte,
Then haue we cause for to pꝛeue our might.

C.ii. But

But are that we proceeden by rygour,
We shall assaye them fyrst measure,
As fer as ryght and reason eke requere,
And of dysdeme yf them lyst not here.
Than our quartell deuoyde of wyfulnesse,
Prooted is vppon good spernesse.
And if that we of their great offence,
Demaunde amendes fyrst in pacience,
God and fortune I hope wyll not assent,
That in the ende we shulde the same repent.
And it is better by peace to haue redressse,
Than gyn a werre without auisenesse.
Therefore let vs our wofull auenture,
Paciently aye suffice and endure.
And in our porte both humble be & playne,
Till they to vs their answer send ayene.
For though so be in myne entencion,
I meaued am by iuste occasyon,
In Irous sort proceedyng to vengeaunce,
I wyll put all out of remembraunce,
And letten slide by foryetfulnesse,
The wronges do and boyde all heauinesse,
Toward grekes and are of them no more,
But that they wyll Eriona restore.
To vs againe whiche is to me most dere,
Only to styntie hatred debate and werre.
For the surplus of our mortall eure,
We shall despyrme and prudently endure,
Our harmes olde forth in pacience.
I fe accorde vnto my sentence.
Saye here vpon as ye be full aysed.
For yf this sonde be of them despyed,
And that themlyste to reason not obeye,
Than we may iustly seke a nother waye,
To haue redressse for now there is no more.
Saue I purpose to senden Anthenoze,
Whiche is a man discrete and well aysed,
And specially in mater of treatie,
For he is both wyse and eloquent,
As ye well knowe and passyngly prudent.
And whan the kynge had tolde his tale anone,
To his counseyle they consent echone,
That Anthenoz this sournay vnder take.
And he in hast gan him ready make,
Without abode and wyll not ones denye,
To take on hym this embassadrye,
Full well auised in his discrecion,
Toke oz he went inforzacion,
From poynt to poynt of this great charge.

For he hym caste to stande at his large,
Without errour as he that coulde his good,
For he thefferte full playnly vnderstode,
And euery thyng he prynced in his thought,
So that he went & hath forgat ryght nought.
For of a worde he caste him not to sayle,
To thyppe he goth and began to sayle,
And in thort tyme he and his compaignye,
Arryued be vnto Thesalye,
At a cite called Monofus,
Where by fortune was kynge Pellens,
The same tyme and Anthenoz anone,
Vnto the kynge the right way is gone.
Of whom he was as Guydo hath conceined,
At prynces face right benyngly receyued.
But whan he knewe the cause of his comyng,
He bad in hast without more taryng,
To Anthenoz with a fell visage,
Shortly to saye thefferte of his message.

This Troian knight astoned neuer adel,
But full demure and aysed well,
Not to hasty nor rable for to sayne,
But abydyng with loken face playne,
To Pellens with a manly chere,
Sayde in effecte right thus as ye shall here.
The worthy kynge called Pryamus,
So wyse, so noble, so many and famous,
And of knighthod passyng excellent.
Hath fyrst to you in goodly wyse set,
Out of Trope his royall chiefe cite,
His full entent and message here by me,
As I shall saye to you in wordes playne.
If it so be that ye not disdayne,
Paciently to geue audience.
Remembryng fyrst in your aduertence,
Of the harmes not full longe ago,
And the wronges that ye wrought also,
Full cruelly with other eke of yours,
In Trope lande on his progenitours.
What inturpes and what destruction,
Causeles without any occasyon,
Ye shewed haue of very cruelty,
And mercyles destroyed his cite.
Slayne his father named Lamedotene,
And his eptie bzent and beat adowne,
And nother leste paleys house nor toure,
And lad awaye his rychesse and treasour,
And nother spared as I reherse can,

In

In your slaughter woman childe nor man.
There might none from your swerde asert.
And yet one thyng y most he hath at herte,
That his sister called Erpon,
Is hold and kept of king Thelamon,
Dishonestly agayne all gentrye.
To great dishonour and great byllange,
Of her kindred lyke as ye may se.
Created nor cherished like to her degre.
Wherefore lyth ye be so wyse a knight,
Ye ought aduert and to haue a syght,
To such thinges of iust affection.
And consydre in your discrecion,
Of gentilnesse and of equite,
How such wronges might amended be.
Wherefore Pryamus of great auisenesse,
As he that fully with all his busynesse,
Of herte and will despyeth peace and reste,
Sendeth to you besechyng for the beste,
That ye wil do your busy diligence,
To make to hym this litell recompence.
That he may haue the restytucion,
Through your knightly mediacion,
Of his syster withouten longer space.
And the remenaunt he wyll let pace,
Strife and werre onely to eschewe.
For he desireth fully for to sewe,
Peace and quete of hole affection.
And to pursue measure and reason.
And finally lyke as ye may se,
All occasyon of werre for to fle,
Consydrer this that holde be so sage,
For this the fine fully of my message.
Whan Pellens hym playnly vnderstode,
Of todaye ye in hert he waxed woode,
Of cheare and loken fell and feryous.
And of rancoure right melancolus.
That he ne might attempte nor appeale,
The hasty fyre that gan his herte seale.
For he anone in full dyspytous wyse,
Gan Pryamus threten and despise,
And of malice set his sond at nought,
With al the meanes y Anthenoz hath sought.
And gan also this Troian knight manace,
And bad in haste that he auoyde his place,
Vpon peryll that after fall might.
And he anone went out of his syght.
And in all haste he and his mynne,
Without abode taken haue the see.

And gan to saylen out of Thesalye,
And in theyr waye so fast they gan theim hye,
That in thort tyme they arriued be,
Up at Salerne a mighty strong cite.
Where by fortune in this royall towne,
This Anthenoz fonde king Thelamowne,
And to his paleys he hath the waye nome.
And first I finde that when he was come,
He was accepted vnto his presence,
Benyngly without all offence,
For Erpon was present in that tyde.
Of auenture standing by his syde.
And at reuerence of her womanheade,
Of Anthenoz he toke the better hede.
Albe of custome that kynge Thelamon,
Had hye despyte and indignacion,
Of euerye Troian that he could espye.
For specially to them he had enuye.
Of rancoure onely through the bytter rage,
Which in his hert might neuer yet alswage.
But for al that he in pacience,
To Anthenoz hath giuen audience,
The which anone in ful sobre wyse,
His sayle gan as I shall deuise.
I saye quod he with supporte of your grace,
So ye me graunt oportune space,
For to declare the cause of my comyng,
I will reherse without more taryng,
My matter hole bysely in sentence.
To make it kouth to your magnificence,
Signifying without displeaunce,
That Pryamus which hath the gouernance,
Of Trope towne hath vnto you sent,
Of faythfull meaning and of clene entent,
Besechyng first to your goodlyheade,
All other wronges forgotten and eke deade,
That ye onely of your hygh noblesse,
Of equite and of gentilnesse,
Ye will restore Erpona agayne.
Which that ye hold to speake in wordes playn,
In very sothe not like to her estate.
Wherefore he prayeth to stinten al debate,
And euery harme to put from memozye,
Of knightly honour for your owne glozye,
To sende her home and make despyeraunce,
Goodly of her withouten barpaunce.
Whom ye haue holde so many longe dayes,
As tarieth not nor setteth no delays,
As let in you be founden any clouthe,

The fyrste boke.

For sothfastly it is to great a routh,
As to recorde how ye haue her abused.
It may of trouthe not goodly be excused.
Which we shall lett lightly ouerslyde,
So that ye beningly list proude,
To sende her home like as I haue sayde.
Lo here the charge that was on me layde,
Without moze abiding in certayne,
What goodly answere ye will sende agayne.
¶ Whan Thelamon herkened had his tale,
For hasty yre he gan to woxen pale.
The spere coloz hath him made so woode,
That from his face aualed is the blode,
Within his herte and gan to frete and bite.
With loke askoye and toured by the wyghte.
Of hys dysdayne with face dysproude,
With pale smylng and laughter furpous.
Can rake out the fearful mortall fyre,
Of frettinge hate that brent in his desyre.
And shortly made in conclusyon,
To Anthenor put this ilke obiectyon,
And sayde frende what cuer that thou be,
I wonder greatly for meruayle is to me,
What auenture or sodaine newe thinge,
Unprudently meyneth nowethy kyng,
Unto me to make such a sonde.
Thou were a foole whā so thou toke on hōd,
Etyher unhappy or elles infortunate,
To me to bring this proude embassete.
For I with him wyl nothing haue a do.
For he with me and loke thou say him so.
For we ne be aqueynted but a lyte,
For I nothing platly me delyte,
At short wordes if thou list to heare,
To do for hym noz ought at his prayer.
For I ne haue delyght to ye ne feste,
To do the thinge wherof he maketh requeste.
This wote I well that but a whyyle a go,
I was at Trope my selfe and other mo.
For to reforme a thinge that was amys.
Throughe your offence shortly thus it is.
For certayne thinge wrought by Lamedowne,
And by our manhod wonne there þ townne.
And steme the kyng & all that with him helde,
In knightly wise him meting in the felde.
And for that I as euerye man might se,
Did reoparde first to enter that Cryspe,
It was to me graunted for memoire,
In onely signe of mine hygh victoie,

Withouten any contradiction,
By all the Grekes to haue possession,
Of her that is to me the most entere,
Eriona whom nowe thou clapest here.
But be well spker thyne asking is in bayne.
For truste me this & be right well certayne,
Thou gettest her not at one worde of I may.
For there shal first be made full greates affray.
Or I her leue during all my liue.
Who euer grutcheth or there agaynst strue.
It were not sitting me to leue her so,
For whom I had whilom so great a do.
Or I her gat with spending of me blode.
For who so wrothe be therewith or wood,
I will her kepe as it shall be founde,
For whom I had so many mortall wounde.
At Trope towne or that I her thense wan.
And in good sayth as fer forthe as I can,
She shall not lightly from my handes pace.
For she alone so standeth in my grace,
For her beaute and her semelyheade,
For of her bounte and her godlyheade,
That if I shal my reason shortly fine,
She is in sothe the most feminine,
That euer I sawe and without dreade,
Of porthe & conning and of womanheade,
She hath alone in very existence,
The souereynite and perfect excellence.
That Priamus for ought that thou ca sayst,
While that I lyue getteth her not agayne.
But he her bye with many deadly wounde.
With sharpe swerdes & square speres groude.
For there shal first be repsted such a strife,
That it shall cost many mannes lyfe,
Or she to him agayne restozed be.
Take this forsothe þ gettest no moze of me.
And when him list he may wel beginne,
But I supose he shall but litell winne.
None otherwise but as I haue the tolde.
And wotest þ what a great foole I the holde,
The to put thy selfe so ferre in Jeopartye,
To execute this his embassadrye.
The manly Grekes so boldly to offende.
Beware therfore that he no moze the sende.
Upon thy selfe for rancoure noz for pride.
Now go thy waye for þ that thou abide,
Any longer sothly in my syght,
Thou wotest þ prye þ I haue the hyght,
Thou scapest not who that be liefte or lothe.

¶ Chan

The seconde boke.

¶ Than Anthenor anone to thyp he goth.
And forth sayleth hym list not to delaye,
Toward an yle that called is Achaye.
And whan that he taken hath the lande,
At his ryuayle of auenture he fonde,
The woathy kynges Polux and Castor.
And ryght anone this Tropan Anthenor,
Without abode to the courte is fare,
Unto them his messlage to declare.
And together when they were present,
Right thus he sayd as in sentement.
¶ The noble kyng of Trope the Citee,
Hath vnto you sent his wyll by me.
Besechyng you in full love maner,
That the douchefase as vnto his prayer,
Of equitie for to condescende,
And goodly helpe a certene wrong to mende.
Touchyng his syster called Erion,
That he may haue restitucion,
Of her agayne by your discrete aduysle.
For syth ye be so manly and so wyse,
It lykely is in his oppnyon,
That ye by your good medracion,
May easely agayne restozed be.
For to cheryshe peace and vnitee.
Wherfore he prayeth w all his herte entere,
In goodly wyse to done your denere,
That holde byn so knyghtly and so sage,
And he wyll playnly all the surplufage,
Of wronges olde put as in suspence.
For he despyreth of knyghtly hygh prudence,
To stynte warre and to nouryshe peace.
For he is nother rake noz rekles.
But euell auyfed in his workes all,
To caste afoze what that shall after fall.
And thynges future aduertynge from a ferre,
And seeth what peryll that there is in werre.
Wyll hym conforme vnto peace and reste,
For he concepueth that it is the beste.
For euery man vnite to seme,
And prudently also to eschewe,
Of all debates the hole full occasion.
Lo here the fyne of this entencion,
Which I comyt vnto your iugement.
¶ This Castor then of yre impatient,
For hastinesse ne might not abyde,
His cruell herte so swollen was with pride.
Blake out anone with right despitous face,
And sayde frende I knowe of no trespase,

That euer grekes did vnto thy kyng,
To are amendes it is a wonder thyng.
Of vs that neuer dyd hym none offence.
Saue that we made a maner recompence,
Of a wronge wrought by Lamedon.
The whiche sythe sought occasyon,
Agaynst grekes in vngoodly wyse,
That caused vs vpon hym tho to ryle,
All at ones and manly on hym sette,
Of due ryght for to quyte our dette.
Lyke his deserte we haue him playnly serued,
And nothig wrought but as he hath deserued.
To are amendes he gymmeth now to late.
For we coueyte moze his mortall hate,
His bitter malys and his enmyte,
Then outhere peace accorde or vnite.
As in effecte hereafter he shall fele,
If so he dare hereafter with vs deale.
The bargayne shall full dere ben abought,
And we his frendethyp sothly set at nought.
And ouermoze I speake now as to the,
It lykely is as semeth vnto me,
That Priamus they loued but a lyte,
Not as I thincke, the value of a myte,
Whan he the sent forth on this messlage.
And thou of folpe dyddest great outrage,
To take on the so hygge a peryllous thyng,
Vnto grekes to byngen suche tydyng.
Where throughe thy lyfe is put in upatrye.
But I the counsaile faste that thou the hye.
Out of my syght lest that thou repente.
¶ And Anthenor forth to thyp went,
And with the wynde gan to sayle anone,
Toward an yle that called was Pylon.
And in all hast whan he dyd aryue,
He thope hym forth to the court as blyue,
Where duke Nestor in all maner thyng,
His houtholde helde royall as a kyng.
And Anthenor full sad and auyse,
Tofoze Nestor sytting on his see,
Whan that he was admytted for to sayne,
His tale he tolde full openly and playne.
From poynt to poynt as ye herde afoze,
It were but bayne for to reherse it moze.
For he alway concluded hath in one,
As ye haue herde touchyng Erion.
¶ But duke Nestor with face nothyng red,
But of hewe of any althes dead,
Fret with coloz so inwardly was he,

¶ That

That his blode from eche extremitie,
Withdrawen is downe alowe unto his herte.
Which for his pre so soze made hym sinerte,
That he gan quake in euery ioynt and bayne.
That he his hande vnneth may restrepe,
For melancolye a benged for to be.
Lyke a Lyon so wood and wroth was he,
Fer from hym selfe he was so alenate,
And inwardly of rancour passionat,
With loke reserved and furious of syghte,
That tho to rule hym selfe vnneth he myghte,
He felte of anger so great aduersitie,
And syth amyddes of all his crueltie,
Of sodayne haste at ones he out brake,
And euen thus to Anthenoz he spake.
¶ Thou quod he with al thy wordes whyte,
As I suppose that thou wottest full lyte,
Tofore whom thou haste thy tale tolde.
For I meruayle howe thou arte so bolde,
Thus to presume myne eares to offende,
And for Pyram so proudly to ppretende.
A manner tytle in thy kynges name,
The worthy grekes for to put in blame,
And vnnuly of foule hardynesse.
Requere of them for to haue redzesse,
Of Injuries wrought by Lamedon.
Boldely asyrmynge of false presumption,
Upon grekes wzonkes outragious.
Whiche in myne eres be so odious,
So fretyng eke so bytyng and to kene,
For to lyte that I may not susteyne,
In my hearyng so hateful is the sowne.
That ner the honour of my hye renoune,
Refrayned me I shulde in cruell wyse,
Execute full hastily Justyce.
Throughe the rygour of my moztall law,
With bestes wyld fyrste to do the dawe,
And therupon for thy fayned tale,
Dismembze the all on peces finale,
In despyte of Pyramus thy kyng.
To teache other to byzng moze tydyng,
Presumptuously oz any tales newe,
To any lord but he hym better knewe.
Thus shuldest thou haue for thy presumption,
Thy last mede and fynall guerdon,
Without mercy lyke as I haue behyght.
And in all hast bego out of my syght,
For bitterly it doth to great offence,
Unto myne eye to haue the in pcesence.

For throughe disdeine it causeth myne vnreste,
¶ Than Anthenoz thought as for the best,
It was not hollom longer to abyde.
But caste wylfully for rancour oz for pryde,
That it was beste for to beare him fayre,
And to his shyppe he gan anone repayre,
And in all haste by possybilitie,
Without abode he taken hath the sea.
And gan to sayle and homeward faste dawe,
But sodenly to borlen gan the walwe,
The seas to ryle and the cloudes blacke,
For to appere and the wynde a wake,
Wonder gashtull also was the heauen,
With dzedfull fyre of the bygght leuen,
The thonder smote. so gan the tēpest dzuie,
That toppe and mast afunder gynneth ryue.
Now alofte and now in poynt to drotone,
The fell wether gan so on theim frowne,
That naught they awayte but on the death.
Euen at the poynt of peldyng vp of the bzethe,
For they ne sawe none other remedy,
Styll amonge they gan to clepe and crye,
Unto their goddes and auowes make,
And deuoutly for to vndertake,
Eche of them as he was growen of age,
If they escape to go on pylgrynage.
Lyke the rytes of their paynym wyse,
To the goddes to do their sacrifice.
So as they were of substance & of myght,
And sodenly the wether derke as nyght,
With newe lyght by grace gan adawe.
The sea ware calme and smoth gan shawwe.
So that of happe amonge euerychone,
For all the tempest perished not one.
But tofore Trope within a lyttell space,
They be aryued euerychone by grace,
Escaped safe from euery toppardye.
Bothe Anthenoz and all his companye,
And to the temple he toke the ryght way,
And in his prayer there full longe he laye.
With many another also for his sake,
Thankyng their goddes p lyften so to slake,
Euery peryll and tempest of the sea.
And after this vnto the kyng goeth he.
That with his lordes about him full ropall,
In his paleys and dongyon pyncipall,
Sat and abode full solempnelye.
To heare reporte of this embassadze,
And this knyght of all that hath hym fall,

Hath

Hath tolde the kyng tofore his lordes all.

¶ This Anthenoz hath fyrst made mencion,
Tofore the kyng by iuste relacion,
Of his exployt by ordze by and by,
And in what wyse and howe vncircously,
He was receyued of kyng Pelleus.
Of the thyetes, and wordes despytous,
That he had suffred of kyng Chelamon,
As ferle and cruell as a wood Lyon.
And afterwarde he gan also complayne,
Of the despyte of the bzetherne talwyne,
Of his rebuke and his great dzead,
And at Nestoz howe he happed to speche,
That with his lyfe he myght vnneth escape,
All this he tolde and gan an ende make,
Of his iourney and eke of his repayre.
Wherby Pyram was fully in dyspayre,
Outher by force oz yet by aduenture,
That he his syster neuer might recure.
For he conceyued in his aduertence,
By cleare reporte of experte eydence,
That aye the moze he was to them beninge,
The moze vngoodly apen him they malinge.
A where he sheweth him selfe most debonayre,
There he apenward fond the most cotrayre.
So frowardly euer they them quite.
Shewing by sygnes that they set but lyte,
By his frendshipp for ought he could aduerte.
Wherof he was ful sorowfull in herte,
That he constrayned ryght of very nede,
Was tho compelled iustly to procede,
To haue redzesse onely by rygoure:
For profered peare myght haue no fauour.
To be admitted by tytle of rightwysenesse,
Throughe bygh despyte of hasty wylfulnesse.
For euery meane of measloure was in bayne,
Saue onely werre engendred by dysdayne,
Began and caused all of olde hatede.
Which gan anone such a bzoyle to brede,
Of newe enuy within the kyng his bzeste,
That Pyramus without moze areste,
So inly Trouis and with rancour fret,
And with dysdayne so soze ground a whet,
That where so be that he must lese oz wyn,
Upon Grekes he wyll a werre begyn.
And therin Jeoparde manly as a knight,
His lyfe and deathe bycause he had ryght.
And cast hym first a nauye for to sende,

In hast to Grece his sotten to offende.
And like a knight his force there to haunte,
In knightly wyse he cast him for to daunt,
The pompe of Grekes and the sturdynesse,
And fynally they pryde to oppzesse.
¶ But saye me Pyram what infelyctre,
What newe trouble, what hap, what destiny,
Or from aboute what hateful influence,
Descended is by vnware violence,
To meue þ thus thou canst not lue in peare.
What sodayne forte what fortune gracelesse,
What chaunce vnhappy without auisenesse,
What wilfull lust what sonde hardynesse,
Haue put thy soule out of tranquilitye,
To make the werre of thy prosperitye.
What sauourest þ in bitter moze the swete,
That canst not lyue in peace nor in quiete.
Thou art trauayled with wilfull motions,
And ouer maystred with thy passions.
For lacke of reason and of hyghe prudence,
Derked and blinde from all prouydence.
And full barayne to cast afore and se,
The harmes folowynge of thine aduersitye.
Thou were to stowe wisely to consydre,
For want of syght made the thus to sydre.
Throughe myst of error fallly to forneye,
By pathes wzonge from the right weye.
To boyde reason of wylful hastynesse,
Where was thy gypde where was thy may:
Discrecion so proude & so sadde, (stresse,
Aupely that should the there haue lad,
From the traces of sensualitee.
Though it ful selde in mannes power be.
By sufferauce him selfe to refrayne,
Whan sodayne pre doth his herte strayne.
Thou shuldest afore better haue cast thi chaunce
Wrought by counsaile & not put in balaunce,
Thy spkernesse alas why diddest thou so.
And haue symuled some dele of the wo.
And cast thy chaunge wel afore the prime,
To haue forgotten wzonges of olde time.
And thought afore as in thine aduertence,
That oft it falleth in experyence,
That whyles men do most theyr busynesse,
Wengeably olde wzonges to redzesse,
With double harme oz that they belware,
They fall agayne in a newe snare.
And domages that were forgotten cleane,
By false reporte of rumour frethe & grene,
Renewed

Renewed be through the swifte same,
 That fleeth fer to hurt a lordes name.
 Namely whan so they to a purpose wende,
 Only of head and not forsee the ende.
 For of pryde and of todayne heate,
 They boyde them selfe out of all quete,
 Aduerting not to worke anyfel,
 For the prouerbe that teacheth comonly,
 He that stande sure enhaile hym not to meue,
 For yf he do it shall him after greue.
 And he that walketh surely on the playne,
 Where if he stumble it is but in wayne,
 Whelpe to be he lyfte of his folye,
 Be neglygent to put hym wyllfully,
 In auenture and of hym selfe to reche,
 To elchete peryll I holde he be a wreche.
 For sothly Pyram thou were to rechelese,
 For to commytte thy quete and the peace,
 So dzedfully durynge by no date,
 To cruell fortune oz to fykell fate.
 Whose maner is of custome comonly,
 That whan a man trusteth most surely,
 Of this goddesse blynde and full vnstable,
 Then the to hym is moste deceyuable.
 Hym to abate from his royall stalle,
 And sodeynly doth make hym downe to falle.
 And with a trypp thzowe him on the backe,
 Who that gayne strueth shal haue lytle tackede.
 She is so spely with her gylefull snare,
 That she can make a man for his welfare,
 With her pantre that is with fraude englewed
 Wha he least weneth for to be remewed.
 Therfore no man may hope affyaunce,
 In fortunes rule so full of varyaunce.
 He lete no wyght his ease more Jupartie,
 Then he ne reche how the the game departe,
 To tourne his chaunce outhere to well oz wo,
 For selde in one the doth the game go.
 As ye may see example of Pyramus,
 That of his folye is so despyous,
 To worke of head and folow so his wyll.
 That troubled is the calme of his tranquille,
 As in the boke hereafter shalbe founde,
 Hym and his cite platly to confounde.
 And bitterly to his confusyon,
 That afterwarde by longe successyon,
 It shalbe red in story and in fable,
 And remembred with dyces despytable.
 To do pleasaunce to them that shall it here,

That by this sample they beware and lere,
 Of hasty lust oz of rasche voluntee,
 Cogyn a thyng wherin no suretee,
 Dependeth aye as stryfe werre and debate.
 For in such play vnwarely cometh check may,
 And harme ydone to late is to amende.
 Whose fyne is ofte other then they wende.
 In this story as ye shall after see,
 And lette Pyram alwaye pour myrrour be,
 Hasty error by tymes to correcte,
 For I anone my poyntill wyll directe,
 After the maner of his traces rude,
 Of this story the remnaunt to conclude.

This worthy kyng euer of one sentence,
 Aye more and more fyrred with feruence,
 Hath his breuettes and his letters sente,
 For his lordes to holde a parlement.
 And them comaunded in al the hast they may
 To come anone at their assigned dape.
 From euery warde and party of the towne,
 For to assemble in noble Jlyotone.
 Chiefe of his reigne & when they were echone
 With hym present this noble kyng anone,
 Tofoze them all as shortly as he can,
 His wyll declareth and thus he than began.
 I syres quod he bycause ye be so wyse,
 It nedeth not longe processe to deuise,
 For to reherse of your conynge the cause,
 But for to tell shortly in a clause,
 What I meane and maketh no more delaye,
 Ye wotte how I now this other day,
 Sent into Grece by counsaile of you all,
 A knyght of myne that Anthenoz is call.
 To haue recured Eriona agayne,
 Whose message tho was not but in bayne.
 For of grekes full vncurteply,
 He was receyued and dyspyteously,
 Threte and rebuked in poynt to haue he dead,
 Unneth he myght escape with his head.
 They put on hym such hygh offence & blame,
 That muche redoundeth to our alder shame.
 And day by day it must encrease the more,
 But we ordeyne some remedy therfore.
 For there as we all measure haue them offred,
 They haue to vs werre and stryfe ypproffred.
 Of hyghe despyte of rancour and of heate,
 And of malys cruelly vs thzeate.
 And where as we wold peace of the purchase,
 For

For worges done they sell by manace.
 And for þ harness þ they haue to vs wrought.
 They not purpose playnly in their thought,
 Other redresse nor amendes make.
 But utterly with werre vs to awake.
 Whose ioye is fully encrease of our greuaunce
 So wolde god they were with repentaunce.
 Contryte in herte to synthen all myschiese,
 That lykely is to fall and eke the grese,
 On outhere parte that it myght ouer syde.
 But they alas with rancour & with pryde,
 And woole of new to thzeaten more and more.
 But god defende halfe deale of the soze,
 By infortune that euer shulde be fall,
 As they purpose to euery of vs all.
 But syth they haue deuysed thus for vs,
 We must respyse their wyll malicious,
 Through myght of god as of necessitie,
 In our defence it wyll none other be.
 And beste I holde vnto our entent,
 To worke and do all by one assent.
 So we our purpose sone it shall achieue,
 Where is discorde there may no quarell proue.
 For on that part where hertes be not one,
 Victoie may no way with them gone.
 Chiefe of conquest is peace and vnnite.
 Ryght as discorde is of aduersityte.
 Wherfore I read that of a wyll and harte,
 Lette vs set on to do the grekes smerte.
 For sothfastly if so ye lyte to se,
 I dare affyrme that we farre stronger be,
 Than be the grekes vpon euery parte,
 And haue of armes partytly the arte.
 And be accounted of knightthod crop and roote,
 And plenty haue of hoisemen and on foote.
 Arrayed well eueryche in his degree,
 And therwith also stronge is our Cite.
 For to withstonde our fomon euerichone,
 You counsailling, and syth ozdayne anone,
 Fyrt assemble holy pour nauye,
 And stuffe them strongly w our chivalrye,
 And into Grece hastely them to sende,
 The proude grekes manly to offende.
 And of iuste cause and by tytle of ryght,
 On them to werre with all our force & myght.
 Their townes bren and their fyeldes waste,
 With herte vnfayned also vs enhaile.
 To quite them as they deserued haue,
 For by my read we shall none of them saue.

But cruelly to do on them vengeaunce,
 He hath no eare ne let be no greuaunce,
 Though they tofoze by fortune were victours
 And slewe our fathers & progenitours.
 For he that was of vnhap fyrt put downe,
 Remounteth ofte and that to hyghe renoune.
 As by the charge and duble varyaunce,
 Of werre and stryfe that aye is in balaunce.
 For he that this day is assured wele,
 We see to morowe cast downe of the whele.
 The victor ofte lykewyse in aduenture,
 And vanquished as by discomfytur,
 Of hym that had afore the victorie.
 Now by syth downe in armes stant the glory,
 In Martes chaunce no man may him assure,
 But as it cometh so must he take his eure.
 For gery Mars by sudden influence,
 Can gyue a man whylom excellence,
 To wyne a pyple lyke a conquerour,
 And todaynly as falleth the somer floure,
 He can his honour make for to fade.
 For whan that he all his aspectes glade,
 From any man lysteth for to wythe,
 His olde renoune goth away as blythe,
 As after floode the ebbe foloweth aye.
 As men deserue prayse them for the dape,
 For though to day Jhebus merythyne,
 To morow he may his bemes downe decline.
 Through the thickenesse of the mistes trouble,
 Ryght so of Mars are the chaunces double.
 Now by, now downe, now low, & now alofte,
 As fortune will whiche that chaungeth ofte,
 Lyst on her whele make a man assende,
 And vnwarely downe agayne descende.
 Stounde mele his honour to auauce,
 And with alweigh thzowe him to mischaunce,
 Now with fauour let him by full hye,
 Erst him auale with twyngling of an eye,
 Her playe vnstable tourneth as a ball.
 Whyle one goeth by an other hath a fall.
 She respyeth one and doth another loute,
 For euery man whan it cometh aboute,
 Must take his tourne as her playe requirerth,
 Who is experte and her fraudes lererth,
 Shall with hir fugre fynde gall pynent,
 And her hony aye with bitter spzyent.
 In peace and werre in honour and in fame,
 In dignities in renoune and in shame,
 Be at her lykynge as her lyst to graunt,

Therefore no man his hap to muche attainte.
 For though grekes whylom were a losse,
 It may them happe hereafter full vnlosse.
 Wherefore echone thewe your worthynesse.
 That so are named of strength & hardynesse.
 And to fortune playnly you committe,
 And lette no feare your manly hertes flytte.
 But stonde hole and be in meanynge playne,
 And therupon let se what ye wyll sayne.
 And at ones their voyce they gan reple,
 And his sentence hyghely for to preple.
 And of one herte manly gan expresse,
 They wil at ones despende goodes & rycheesse.
 And their bodys put in Jeopardye,
 There was not one that wolde it tho denye.
 And of this graunt he thanketh them echone,
 And gaue them leue where theym lyst to gone.
 For he dissolued hath his parlement,
 And euery man on his waye is went.
 And repayred to his mansiowne,
 The kynge alone lefte in Flyowne,
 Sole by hym selfe inwardly musynge,
 How he his purpose myght about byynge.
 For he in soth on nothyng elles thought,
 And therupon in syne thus he wrought.

King Pyramus makynge thus his mone,
 As I you tolde in chambze all alone,
 Many wayes castynge vp and dowe,
 For to perfourme his conclusiowne,
 And to fulfill the syne of his entent,
 He fyrste of all prudently hath sent,
 For his sonnes to come to hym in haste,
 As well for them that were bozne in baste,
 As for the other tasselme thereysfare.
 For this purpose lyke as ye shall here.
 To haue a counsaile for nedeful purueaunce,
 Against grekes to maken ordinaunce.
 First by them selfe alone pryncely,
 And when they were in ordze by and by,
 Eueryche of them set in his dewe see,
 Lyke as they were of age and of degree,
 And Hector fyrst floure of chyualrye,
 Repayred home out of Panonye,
 Most acceptable in euery wyghtes grace,
 Acerte his father taken hath his place.
 And whan Pyram his leier did espye,
 With syghes soze castynge by his eye,
 To them echone sytting enuyzon,

Can to declare his hertes moeyon.

But first or he might ought his wil expowen
 In salt teares he gan hym selfe drowne,
 So inly was his wo outragious,
 That for wepyng and sobbyng furuous,
 Unneth he myght with any word out bzeake,
 Nor vnto them for distresse speake.
 Nor openly his inwarde meanynge thewe,
 Tyll at the last he in wordes sewe,
 Can to abzade in all his pyteous fare,
 Euen thus in sentence gynnyng to declare.
 My dere sonnes so louyng and so kynde,
 As I suppose that ye haue in mynde,
 And remembre discretly and aduerte,
 And eke impente full freshly in your herte,
 How the grekes agayne all ryght and lawe,
 With cruell swerde mundzed haue and slawe,
 Our auncetours whylom of hygge renoune,
 And destroyed bzent and beate dowe,
 The fyrst Trope with his walles olde.
 And how vngodly also they withholde,
 Myne owne syster called Erion.
 To full great shame and confusyon,
 And hygge repyffe to your worthynesse,
 That me semeth of very kyndenesse,
 And of nature ye ought be agreued,
 And inwardly in herte soze ameuued.
 To suffer her in hyndryng of her name,
 So to be treated for your alder shame.
 Alas why nyl ye do your besynesse,
 This highe despyte knyghtly to redresse.
 You for tauenge vpon their crueltie,
 Recure to synde of her iniquitie.
 Sith that ye be so myghty and so stronge.
 Certes me semeth ye byden all to longe,
 From day to day that ye so differre,
 In knyghtly wyle to gyn on them a werre,
 Your force and myght in nyl to assaye.
 I am pure soze that ye lyte delaye,
 You to confymen vnto my desyre,
 That in their hate bzen as hooote as fyre.
 And vpon them lyke as ye may see,
 Of freitynge ye auenged for to be.
 Lyke their desert to quytten them their mede,
 And ye alas that lytten take no hede,
 Whyle your renoune doth so freshly thynne,
 Vnto my luste your hertes to declynne.
 Consyderyng lyke as it is well kouthie,
 I am I my selfe from your tender youth,

pofstred

pofstred you and brought you forth echone,
 Fro thilke daye that first ye cond gone,
 As tenderly as I could or might,
 To which thyng in your inward syght,
 Ye shuld aduert alway newe and newe,
 And of nature on my sorowes rewe,
 To remedye this mine aduersyte.
 Whych toucheth you also as wel as me,
 Sith that ye wote how soze it doth me greue,
 Ye shulden shape myne harmes to releue.
 And sodeinly as he thus gan mourne,
 Towardes Hector he gan his face tourne.
 And layd Hector my truste and all my ioye,
 Myne heyye also, like to repyne in Troy,
 After my daye and be my successeure,
 And named art the very souerayne floure,
 Of worthynesse and of manhod the well.
 And al thy brethren in knighthod dost excelle.
 And in armes lyke a conquerour,
 Called the stock of worthyness and honour,
 I hertely praye though thou syttest still,
 Be wyllinge now my purpose to fulfill,
 To execute that I desyre so.
 For synally in the and in no mo.
 Is full my sayth to byyng this thyng about.
 Now take on the and be nothyng in doubte.
 To be chesetayne and also gouernour,
 Of this purpose and bitterly locour,
 Into thine hande this Journey I committe.
 Hooley of herte so that thou ne flytte,
 The to confourme by good auplement.
 Up to perfourme the fine of mine entent.
 For of reason best to the it syt,
 Whych art so prudent and so ful of wyt,
 Strong and deliuer flouryng eke in pouthe,
 Of whom I fame through I world is kouthie.
 Ponge of peares olde of discreciowne,
 Eurous to loue, passyng of renoune.
 Vnto whose will thy brethren shall obeye,
 And stande with the both to lyue and deye.
 Now cōdescēde to accomplyshe my request,
 And what thou selest answer at the lest.
 And whē the kinge hath thewed his sēte,
 Demure of cheare humble of reuerence,
 This worthy Hector example of gentrie,
 With soft speche as teacheth curtelpe,
 His answer gaue with sobze countenaunce,
 The effecte of which was this in substance.
 Myne owne lord and my father dere,

Benignly if so ye list to heare,
 After the force and the great might,
 And after eke the summe of natures ryght,
 Which euery thyng by kinde doth constrain,
 In the bondes of hys large chayne,
 It sytting is as the doth enspyre,
 And to that ende that euery man desyre,
 Of wronges done to haue amendement.
 And to her lawe ryght conuenient,
 Namely to such that with nobyltye,
 Kinde hath endewed and set in high degre,
 For to such great repyffe is and shame,
 When any wronge be do vnto theyr name.
 For eche trespass must considered be,
 Justly measured by the qualite,
 Of hym that is offended and also,
 After the parson by whom the wrong is do,
 Be it in werre in contek or debate.
 For greater greue is to high estate.
 To suffer harme of case or auenture,
 Or any wronge vniustly to endure,
 Or iniuries compassed by malyce,
 Is more offence by discrete aduise,
 To them that be famous in manhod,
 Well renoumed and borne of gentyl blode,
 Than to such one that holde is but a wretch.
 Wherefore we must greatly charge and retch
 Only of knighthod our worthyness for to eke,
 Of wronges done a mendes for to seke.
 Our state considered & our high noblesse,
 And in what plyte we stand of worthynesse,
 Whan that beastes of reason rude & blinde,
 Desyre the same by iust instinct of kinde.
 And for my parte trusteth in certayne,
 Ye haue no sonne that woulde half so fayne,
 Upon Grekes auenged be as I.
 For here my trouthe I say you saythfully,
 For ye of them I bzē as doth the glede,
 I thrust their blode more than other mede.
 For ryght as I eldest am of age,
 Amonge your sonnes so am I most w rage,
 I fret within iustly of knighthod,
 With my right hand to shed the grekes blode,
 As they shall fele perauinter or they wene.
 Whan time cometh the sothe shall be sene.
 But firste I rede wisely in your minde,
 To cast afore and leue not behinde,
 Or ye begyn discretly to aduert,
 And prudently consyde in your herte,

All onely not the gynnyng but the ende.
 And y the middes what way in they wil wend.
 And to what fine fortune will them lede,
 If ye thus do amisse ye may not spede.
 For that counsaile in mine opinion,
 Is worthy lytell by discrecion,
 To haue a pryse that cast not by and by,
 The course of thynges by ordre cerpously.
 What waye they trace to wo o2 to delyte.
 For though a ginninge haue his appetite,
 Yet in the ende playnly this no fable,
 There may thig fall which is not comendable.
 For what is worthe a ginninge fortunate,
 That causeth after strife and great debate.
 Wherfore in sothe begynninges are to dread,
 But me well knowe what fine shall succede.
 For a ginninge with grace is well fortunede,
 Whan ende and middes a lyke be contened.
 But when that it in wele ne may contene,
 It is well better rather to abstene,
 Than put in doubt that standeth in suerte,
 For who so doth hath aduersitee.
 But humble this to your estate royall,
 Of herte I pray let not offende at all,
 That I am bolde to say my motion.
 For in good fapth of none entencion,
 I nothing meue to do to you offence,
 But onely this that your magnificence,
 Worde not of heade to wilfully.
 Ne that no hast you meue to folp.
 To gyn a thing that after wil you shende,
 For lacke that ye se not tofoze the ende.
 For take hede in your aduertence,
 To consyde by good prouidence,
 How Grekes haue in theyr subiection,
 Europe and Asye with many region.
 Ful large & wide of knightthod most famous,
 And of rycheesse wonder plenteous.
 Right renoumed also of worthinesse,
 With your suppozte I dare it wel expresse.
 Ful peryllous is them displease o2 disturbe
 For yf that we our quyet nowre parturbe,
 Which standeth fully in peace is to drede.
 For though all Asye helpe vs in our nede,
 If it be loked on euery parte arpyht,
 They be not egal vnto Grekes might.
 And though also mine Aunte Ecion,
 Agayne all right be holde of Chelamon,
 It is not good for her redemption,

To put vs all vnto destruction.
 I rede not that we bye her halfe so deare.
 For many of vs perhappes that lytly here,
 And other mo might for her sake
 Death vnderfonge and an ende make.
 Which were no wisdom lyke as semeth me,
 And it may happe also how that she,
 In thorte tunc her fatall course shall fine.
 Whe Attropos the thredde a two shal twine.
 What had we then wonne and she were go,
 But enmitye, thought, sorowe and wo.
 Slaughter of our men death and confusio,
 Wherfore I rede without discrecion,
 Without moze that we our wo endure.
 And not to put our selfe in auenture.
 This holde I best and worke as the wyse,
 But doubtles for no cowardise,
 I saye not this in your high pzelesce.
 But forcause I holde it no prudence,
 To fortune knowen so ful of doublinesse,
 Yth we be sure to put our sperkenesse.
 Thus all and some the effect of my will.
 And with that worde Hector helde hym still.

Ad whan y Hector by ful high prudence,
 Concluded hath the fine of his sentence.
 Ful dymurely he kept his lippes close.
 And therwithall this Paris vp arose.
 And gan his tale thus afoze the kunge.
 My lord be quod he so it be paininge,
 To your highnesse for to taken hede.
 As me semeth we shuld litell drede,
 In knightly wise for to vndertake
 Upon Grekes a werre for to make,
 All at ones theyr pride to confounde.
 With that we so passingly habounde,
 Of chualery here within our towne.
 And haue plenty and possesytowne,
 Of eche thyng that may to werre auayle,
 Stuffe in our selfe and royall apparayle.
 Of all that longeth to assautes marciall.
 And with all this moze in speciall,
 Helpe and succour of many region,
 With vs to worke to theyr destruction.
 The pompe and pryde manly to abate,
 And of Grekes the malpce to amate.
 For al that they of herte be so stoute,
 As semeth thortlye that we nede not doubt,
 For on no parte for to be dismayed.

Wherfore

Wherfore I rede let not be delayed,
 Our thyppes fyrst ready for to make,
 And I my selfe wyl fully vndertake,
 So it to you be liking and pleasaunce,
 Of this carypyle hooly the gouernaunce,
 And you assure and put in certayne.
 Eryona for to recure agayne.
 And in what fourme that it shall be wrought,
 I haue a waye deuised in my thought.
 That likely is hereafter to be done.
 Which vnto you I will declare anone,
 First I haue cast with stryg & myghty hand,
 For to rarye some lady of that land,
 Of high estate and make no taryng.
 And mightely into Troye her bypunge.
 Gaugre her might for this conclusyon,
 That ye may haue restitution,
 By chaunge of her that ye desyre so.
 And therupon shall not be longe ado,
 If you behete for all the Grekes stronge,
 And for that I shall not this tale prolonge,
 I wil you sayne erclunding enerye doubt.
 How this aduise shal well be brought about.
 First how that I shal this purpose fine,
 The goddes haue thugh their power diuine,
 Shelded to me by reuelacion.
 For therupon I had auisyon,
 But late agone as I laye in a slepe,
 Vnto the which if so ye take kepe,
 Ye may not saye no2 be in no despayre,
 To haue recure of her that is so fayre.
 For whom ye haue now so much care.
 And the maner hooly I wyl declare,
 Of this dreame to your magnificence,
 If it so be ye lysteth giue credence,
 To this my tale for I shal not dwelle,
 Cerpously in ordre for to tell,
 The very trouthe and no fable sayne.
 To you that be my lord most souerayne.
 First if that ye remembre in your minde,
 This other daye when I was last in Inde
 By your aduple and commaundement,
 For a matter which in your entent,
 Was specially had in cheirte,
 As it is knowen betwene you and me,
 Of whych I toke vpo me tho the charge,
 Within the bondes of that land large.
 The same time your desyre to spede,
 When that Titan with his beames rede,

From Gemini Droue his chayre of golde,
 Toward the Crabbe for to take his holde,
 Which named is the paleys of Diane,
 The bent moone that wax can and wane,
 When halowed is the sonnes station,
 Nigh the middes of the moneth of Iugn.
 At which season early in the morowe,
 Whan that Phebus auoiding nightes sorow,
 Doth Pirous his wayne by to drawe,
 And Aurora Eward doth adawe,
 And with the water of her teares rounde,
 The siluer dewe causeth to habounde,
 Upon the herbes and the floures soote,
 Ful kindly nozthyng both crop & roote.
 Up I rose out of my bed anone,
 Ful despyous on huntinge for to gone,
 Pricked in herte with lusty freshe pleasaunce,
 To do to loue some dewe obseruaunce,
 And Diana that daye to magnifie,
 Which called is lady of Venerye,
 And reuerendly rites to obserue,
 Of Citherea her as tho to serue,
 I and my feres our hertes to releue,
 Cast vs fully til it dzeue to eue,
 Within a forest to playe vs and dispozte,
 And pleasauntly vs to recomforte,
 As it longeth to loue of lustynesse.
 For thilke day to Venus the goddesse,
 Placed was by full great excellence,
 With great honour and dewe reuerence,
 Done vnto her both of one and all,
 And on a fepday is this aduenture fall.
 Whan we ga haste vs to the woodes grene,
 In hope that day some game for to lene,
 With great labour ridyng to and fro,
 Til that we had full many bucke and dog,
 By strengthe slayne as we might the fynde.
 The herte ychaled with houndes & the hynde,
 Through the downes and the dales lowe,
 Till Phebus high vpon his dayes bowe,
 Amid the arke was of Meredien,
 For than his beames ful hote were and shene,
 And we most busy were vpon the chafe,
 That me befell a wonder diuerse case.
 For of fortune it happed sodenly,
 While I was seuered from my compaignye,
 Sole by my selfe amonge the holtes hoze,
 To finde game despyous enermoze,
 O2 I was ware through thicke & thyn,

A ful great harte I saue afore me ryne.
Downe by the launde and the vales grene.
That I in sothe ne might not sustene,
He was to swift for to nigh hym nere.
Though hym to seue I pricked my courlere,
Nigh to þe death throughe many sundry thawe
Out of my syght so fer he can withdraue,
For al that euer that I seue myght,
That I anone lost of hym the syght.
In a wood that I da vane the name.
And I so saynt gan weren of that game,
And mine horse on whyrch I tho did ryde,
Fomyng full whyte vpon euery syde,
And his flankes all with blode distayned.
In my pursute so foze he was constrayned,
With my spozres sharpe and dyed redd,
After the harte so pyrked I my stede.
Now by now downe with a ful busy thought,
But my labour auayled me right nought.
Tyll at the last amonge the bowes glade,
Of aduventure I caught a pleisant shade,
Ful smoth and playn and lusty for to sene,
And soft as beluet was the ponge grene,
Where fro my horse I did alight as fast,
And on a bowe aloft his reyne cast,
So saynte and mate of werynesse I was,
That I me layde downe vpon the gras.
Upon a byrnyke shortly for to telle,
Besyde the ryuer of a cristall welle.
And the water as I reherse can,
Like quicke siluer in his streames ran.
Of whych the grauell and the bryght stone,
As any golde agayne the sonne shone.
¶ Where ryght anone for very werynesse,
I sodayne slepe gan me so oppresse,
That syth the tyme that I first was bozne,
I neuer was asleped so tofozne.
And as I lay I heard a wonder sweuen.
For as me thought high downe from heauē,
The wynged god wonderfull of cheare,
Mercurius to me did appeare,
Of whom I was some dele first aferde,
For he was gyde with his croked swerde.
And with him brought also in his hande,
His slepy perde as playnt as a wande.
With a serpent goyng enuyronne,
And at his fete also lowe adowne,
He semed also that there stode a cocke,
Smyng his houres trewe as any clocke,

And to the mouth of this god Mercurie,
Were pyppes set that songe wonder merye.
Of whych the swete sugred Hermonye,
Made to mine eares such a melodye,
That me semed tho in mine aduise,
I was rauyned into paradise.
And thus this god dyuerse of liknesse,
More wonderfull than I can expresse,
Shewed him selfe in his apparence,
Like as he is descryued in fulgence.
In the boke of his methologies.
Where be reherled many poesyse,
And many likenesse like as ye may se,
And for to take the moralitee,
His longe yerderight as is a lyne,
Whiche on no syde wrongly may decline,
Signifyeth the prudent gouernaunce,
Of discrete folke þe throughe theyr purueyance
Cast a peryll or that it befall.
And his pyppes loude as any shall,
That throughe musyke be entuned trewe,
Betokeneth eke with many lusty hewe,
The sugred dytees by great excellence,
Of Rethoryke and of eloquence.
Of which this god is soueraigne & patrone.
And of this cocke the swete and lusty towne,
That iustly kepeth the houres of the night,
Is vnterly the aduise of inward sight,
Of such as vorde by waker diligence,
Out of theyr court slouth and negligence.
And his sworde which croketh so agayne,
That is not forged nor ymade in bayne,
Is to reuoke to the right weye,
Such as wrongly for trouthe forueye.
And the serpent whiche that I of tolde,
Which wyndled is as ye may beholde,
Upon the yerde and about goeth,
Signifyeth that falshode wood & wozthe,
That lieth in wayte by many slepyghy weye,
With his gynes tye trouthe for to werrey.
And of this god of eloquence the kinge,
Brought with him eke in his comminge,
Either a whom these louers serue,
Juno and Pallas that called is Minerue.
And this Venus her lieges to delife,
About her head flikered douues white,
With loke beninge and open debonayre,
Ape circuling with snowy winges fayre,
For to declare sothly in sentence.

By the douues very innocence,
Of them in loue þe but trouthe meane,
And þe theyr groude shuld honeste be & cleane.
¶ Tokned is clerely by witnesse,
Without soyling of any vnclennesse.
And the freshnesse of the roses redde,
That in somer so lustyly doth sprede,
And in wynter of theyr coloure fade,
Signifieth the herte thoughtes glade,
Of ponge folkes that ben amorous,
Seruent in hope and inly desyrous,
Whan loue gynneth in theyr hertes floure,
Till longe processe maketh them to loure,
With the wynter of vauweldy age.
That lust is palled and dulled with the rage,
Of feblenesse when somer is a gone.
As folkes knowe I wott well mo than one.
And therfore Venus fleteth in a see,
To shewe the trouble and aduersytee,
That is in loue and in her storme lawe,
Whych is byset with many sturdey wawe.
Nowe calme now rough who so taketh hede,
As hope assayed are with sodeyne drede,
And next Venus Pallas I behelde,
With her spere and her bryghte shelde
And a raynbowe rounde about her head,
That of colour grene was blew and rede.
And her tofoze as I can discryue,
She growyng had a grene freshe olyue,
And therupon with his browes fowle,
In the bzaunches I saue syt like an Owle.
And first the Childe of Pallas the goddesse,
Signified as I can expresse,
In vertue force by manly high differe.
Agayne vnto to maken resistance.
And her spere sharpe and kene ygrounde,
By iust rygour was forged to confound,
Them that be false and to put abacke,
And for that mercy shall medle w þe wack.
The chaste in sothe shauen was full playne,
Lest merces that right ne wozought in bain.
And after werre to make false release,
There was the Olive that befoketh peace.
The Owle also so odious at all.
That songes syngeth at feastes funerall.
Declaring playnly fine of euery glozre,
Is onely death who hath it in memozyre,
And the raynbowe grene read and perle,
Signifyeth the chaunges ful diuerse,

That oft falleth in werre and battayle.
Now to winne and sodeynly to sayle,
Now stable as blew chaunging now as grene,
For Pallas playe is alwaye meynit to sene.
And alder last as nowe I haue in munde,
With her nymphes Juno came behinde.
Whyche of custome fulgencius so telles,
Abydeth in floudes and in depe welles.
And this Juno as theise poetes sayne,
A mayden is and of fruite barayne,
And the Phecock to this freshe quene,
Placed is with his fethers shene.
Splayed abroad as large as a sayle,
With Argus even empynted in his tayle.
¶ The waters ronnge in ryuer & in floud,
Is the labour that men haue for good,
The great trouble and the besynesse,
That day and nyght they suffer for rychesse,
That who so euer in these floudes rowe,
Let him beware for aye after the flowe,
Of nature ryght by courtes it is dewe,
Following þe moone there must an ebbe seue.
The most dread is aye vpon the full.
Lest fortune do the freshe fethers pull,
Of ryche folkes that shine in golde shene,
With the of chasche the lady is a quene.
¶ And Argus even that set are aye behinde,
Are nygardes hertes þe oft sythes be blinde.
Which not aduert of goodes to the ende,
That like an ebbe sodeynly wil wende,
Whyche they nothinge confydre in their sight,
For as the sayre lusty fethers bryght,
Of a Phecock unwarely fall awaye,
Right so ryches shortly at a daye,
Will theyr mayster sodeynly forlake,
Saying adewe & then theyr leue take.
And as Juno barayne is of fruite,
Right so naked bare and destitute,
Are these greedy hertes couetous,
Which to gather be so desyrous.
That in nothing can haue suffysaunce,
The fret of dzed the putteth i such mischaunce.
¶ Imagening that the world wil sayle,
And in theyr feare agayne þe wynd they sayle.
Till all at ones they must departe there fro,
And thus of good aye the fine is wo.
¶ Namely of them that so pinche and spare,
For this no dread as clerkes can declare,
The fruite of good is to spende large,

And who so euer set but lytell charge,
But frely parteth his treasour in commune,
When he discretely seeth time oppoortune,
He hath no ioye to put his good in mew.
For who in herte that fredome list to sewe,
Of gentylness taketh no hede therto.
And in this wyse Pallas and Juno,
With freshe Venus be adowne descended,
Like as I haue shortly comprehended,
Under the gypding of Mercurius.
Whych vnto me began his tale thus.
Darys quod he lyft vp thine eyen & see,
Lo these goddesses here in nombze thre,
Whych from heauen wyth theyz eyen clere,
So dyuerfly vnto the appere,
Were at a feast wherof I tell shall,
With all the goddesses aboue celestypall.
That Iuppter helde at his owne bozde,
Was none absent saue onely discorde,
And for despyte the was not there present,
To be auenged let all her entent,
And in her wyttes many wayes sought,
Tyll at the last euen thus she wozought.
Of olde Poets lyke as yt is tolde.
She toke an appel rounde of pure golde,
With Greke letters grauen vp and downe,
Whych sayd thus in conclusyowne,
Without strife let it be gyue anon,
Vnto the fayrest of them euerychone,
And of discorde this lady and goddesse,
As the that is of conteke maystresse,
Hath this appel passyng of delyte,
Brought to this feast of malyce & despyte,
And cast it downe among them at the bozde,
With deynous chere speaking not a woꝛde.
But on her waye fast gan her hye,
And sodenly so inly great enuie,
Into the courte this appel hath in bzoughte,
So great a werre & such a conteck wozought,
In the hertes of these ilke thre,
That after longe may not staunched be,
Amonge them selfe so they gan dideyne.
Whiche in beaute was most seneraygne,
And whych of them hath most tytle of right,
For to conqueꝛ this burned apple bygyht.
And first they gan thus for beaute stryue,
That of rancour almost theyz hertes ryue.
To wote of ryght who shuld it first possede.
Lo pet enuie repgneth in womanhede.

That one is fayzer than an other holde,
For eche woman of her kinde would,
Haue on some parte pryse aboue an other.
In eche estate in sothe it is no other.
And eche of them in her owne aduise,
Hath ioye in beaute for to haue a pryse,
For none so foule doth in a myzour pryse,
That there is fayze in her owne eye.
But like a foole he him selfe doth quite,
That aumber yelowe cheseth for the white.
A goundy eye is deceyued soone,
That any colour cheseth by the moone.
For some colour with fyre is made fine,
And some encreased with spices & wyth wyne.
With opyntementes and with confections,
And on the night by false illusyons,
Some appeare wonder freshe and fayze.
That loke full derke by day light in the ayze.
There is no pryse but early by the morowye,
Of such as nede no beaute for to boꝛowe,
But as nature hath her selfe disposed,
Therefore fasting or bores be vncloused,
Make thy chose so byddeth the Quide,
Whan euery drugge and pot is set a syde,
Lest haply thou be after his sentence,
Deceyued lightly by false apparence.
For now a dayes such craft is ful ryfe,
And in this wise first began the stryfe,
Betwixt Juno, Venus, and Pallas.
That be descended for this todayn case,
By one assent touchyng theyz beaute,
The dome therof committed vnto the.
I speake to the that called art Darys,
And holde arte ful prudent and right wyse,
Be wel auyled how thy dome shal tyne,
For they ne may to noz fro decline,
But must obeyen all by one assent.
Without strife as to thy iudgement.
But hercke first or that thou procede,
Of eche of them what shal be thy mede.
Consyde a ryght and take good hede therto.
If thou the appel graunt vnto Juno,
She shal the gyue plenty of richesse,
Bygye renoune of fame eke woꝛthynesse,
With habundaunce of golde and of treasour,
And do the reple to so hygye honour,
That thou alone all other shalte excelle.
For thy guerdon lyke as I the telle.
And yt to Pallas goddesse of prudence,

The

The lyft the fyne conclude of thy sentence,
That the may lady of the appell be,
For thy mede she shall assure the,
That of wyrt and eke of sappyence,
Thou shalte hooly haue the excellence.
And of wysedome and of discrecion,
As to discerne by clerenesse of reason,
Also fer as Phebus cast may his lyght,
There shall not be a moze prudent knyght.
For in this woꝛlde syth it fyrst began,
Of iust repozte a moze manly man.
For to thy name none equipollent.
And if to Venus of true and clene entent,
The lyfte to graunt in this conclusyon,
Of the Appell to haue posseltyon,
The freshe goddesse that syt so hygye aboue,
Shall the ensue to haue vnto thy loue,
The fayrest lady that is or was tofore,
Or in this woꝛlde hereafter shalbe boze.
And in Grece thou shalt her knightly wyne,
Now be aduised or that thou begynne.
Justly to deme and for no thyng spare.
And I anone gan loke vp and to stare,
Greatly astoned what me was best to do.
Tyll at the laste I spake Mercurye to,
And sayde certayne that I ne wolde there,
Gyue no dome but they naked were.
So that I myght haue fully lyberte,
Eueryche of them aduisedly to see.
And well consider euery circumstance,
Who fayrest were vnto my pleasaunce.
And goodlyest to speake of womanhede.
And after that wolde to my dome procede.
And they anone as ye haue herde me sepe,
To my desyre mekely gan obepe.
In all haste to do their busy cure,
Them to dyspoyle of clothing and besture,
Lyke as the statute of my dome them bonde,
For in no point they wolde it not withstonde.
That I myght haue full inspection,
Of fourme and shape and eke propoztyon,
For to discerne as I can remembze,
A bysely by orde euery membre,
And than at ert to iudge after the ryght.
But whan I of them had thus the syght,
I gaue to Venus the Appell right anone.
Bycause she was fayrest of echeone.
And most excellyng sothly of beatie,
Apost womanly and goodly on to see.

Tho as I demed playnly in my syght,
For the stremes of her eyen bygyht,
Pleche glade and of egall lyght,
Were like y sterre y theworth towarde y night
Whiche called is Hesperus so thene.
Venus her selfe the freshe lusty queene.
The whiche anone this heaucynly Emperesse,
After my dome of hartly hygye gladnesse,
That of the appell she hooly hath the gloꝛye,
And wonne it thus iustly by victoꝛy,
Reioysed her moze than I can tell.
That she her fearcs in beaute dyd excell.
And she in hault of trewe affection,
Concluded hath fully for my guerdon,
Full demurely lowe and not a losse,
To Mercurye with sobze woꝛdes softe.
Deuoyde both of doublenesse and flouthy,
Lyke her behest holde wyll her trouthe.
And todaynly without moze Inurye,
They disapered and the god Mercurye,
Strenght to heauen the ryght waye he toke,
And I anone out of my slepe awoke.
Wherof my lord whom I most loue & dꝛede
If ye aduerte and wisely taketh hede.
That this behest affirmed in certayne,
Was vnto me assured not in bayne.
Of goodly Venus lyke as I haue tolde,
Wherefore I rede ye be of herte bolde,
O for to sende with stronge & mighty hande
Without abode into the Grekes lande.
After the fourme that I haue to you sayde.
For thus I hope ye shall be well apayde,
Whan I haue spede as Venus hath behight.
And home retourne with my lady bygyht.
So shall ye best me lyfte not speake in bayne,
As by exchaunge your syster wyu agayne.
Whom Thelomon withholden hath of poze,
Lo this is all I can say you no moze,
Touchyng the effect hooly of myne aduise.
And after that the latte hym downe Darys,
As he that had hym selfe full well aquyt.
But saye Darys alas where was thy wytt,
Of nedynge for to taken kepe,
Thy truste to sette on dꝛemes or on slepe.
Full thynne forsothe was thy discrecion,
To take a gromide of false illusyon,
For to procede lyke to the fantasie.
Upon a sweuen meint with flattery,
Alas reason was tho nothyng thy gyde.

For Pallas was wrongly sette a hyde,
 Not receyued with dewe reuerence;
 And Iuno eke for all her sapience,
 For all her good and lokynge debonayre,
 With her treasour and her hestes fayre,
 Refused was alas of wyfulnesse.
 And she that is of loue the goddesse,
 And eke also of Vulcanus the wyse,
 In whose scrupre is ever werre and strife,
 Preferred was the appell to possede.
 Againe all ryght for Paris toke none hede,
 Saue vnto luste and sette asyde the trouthe,
 Where through alas a y was ful great routh,
 The myghty ryche and the noble towne,
 Of Troye was brought to full confusyon.
 Only for he knyghthode hath forsaie,
 Prudence, and golde, and in his choyse ytake,
 A woman only, and holde hym therto,
 That after was the roote of all their woo,
 As this story ceriously shall tell,
 But I in dreames will no longer dwell.
 But write forth how that Deiphobus,
 That was the thirde sonne to Priamus,
 His tale began in open audience,
 And to the kynge shortly in sentence,
 As he that lyfte a trouthe not to spare,
 Euen thus he gan his fantasie declare.
 O my lord quod he if that every wyght,
 Aduerte shulde and caste in his syght,
 Of future thyng the peryll and the doubte,
 And serche it wel within and eke without,
 From poynt to poynt alwaye in reaso,
 To caste doubtles and tournen by so downe,
 Than shulde no wyght to no purpose wende,
 In any matter for to make an ende.
 Eytter presume by manhode in his thought,
 Who casteth doutes achieueth lite or nought.
 For if the plowman alway cast aforne,
 How many graynes in his fiede of cozne,
 Shalbe deuoured of foules rauynous,
 That he doth sowe in fieldes plenteous,
 Than shulde he neuer in bale nor in playne,
 For cowardshyp throwe abrode his grayne.
 Let all suche drede now be layde asyde.
 I holde it folpe longer to abyde,
 But y Paris my brother make hym stronge,
 With his thyppes for to venge our wronge.
 Upon grekes with all his payne and might,
 To proue shortly that he is a knyght.

For of reason ye this consyder may,
 How that no man iustly may saie nay,
 But that Paris hath counsayled wele.
 For by my trouthe as fer as I can fele,
 It were errour his purpose to contrary.
 Wherfore let hym now no longer tarye,
 But holde his waye with a stronge nauye,
 For to auenge the shamefull belanye,
 That grekes haue done if so ye lyst take hede,
 In alder dayes to vs and our kynred.
 And eke for fynall execucion,
 Of the recure as touchyng Erion.
 Whom they demeyne in such dishonest wyse,
 Agaynst all ryght and title of iustye.
 Wherof to thinke it giueth my hert a wounde,
 The shame of which so newly doth rebounde,
 Upon vs all that be of her ally.
 Wherfore the best that I can elpye,
 Is that Paris take maye this voyage,
 With suche as be of freche and lusty age.
 Manly to wende into grekes lande,
 And by force of their myghtye hande,
 Hauger the Grekes proude and most elate,
 Rauthe there some lady of estate.
 And tha ye may by knighthod of my brother,
 If ye lyste after chaunge her for that other.
 This is most redy and short conclusyon,
 That I can se for restitution,
 Of Erion if so that Paris wende,
 And of my counsaile shortly thus the ende.
 And than as faste full discrete and sage,
 Helenus the fourth sonne as of age,
 Rose from his seate with humble reuerence,
 Praying his father graunte hym aundienc
 That he may say in presence of them all,
 Openly what after shalbe fall,
 As he that most of secrete thynges can.
 And soberly thus he his tale began.
 With cleane entent and trewe affection.
 O my lord quod he with suppoztacion,
 Of your grace wherin is most my trust,
 Let none offence be vnto your luste,
 For you displeale ys to I my conceyte,
 As now declare syth I meane no decetie,
 For neuer yet sayled no sentence,
 But that it syl este in experyence,
 Lyke as I tolde in partie and in all.
 In pryue treate and eke in generall.
 Without meanyng of any doublenesse.

Chm

That it folowed as I byd expresse.
 Remembryng you as ye shall fynde it trewe,
 And yf god wyll I shall not now of new,
 Spare for to say lyke as I conceue,
 For to be dede with fraude you deceue.
 Declaryng fyrst of trewe entention,
 As it shall folowe in conclusion.
 That yf he Paris into Grece wende,
 Trusteth me well it wyll vs all thende.
 For the goddes so by reuelacion,
 Haue made to me playne demonstration,
 And eke I knowe it by astronomye.
 For neuer yet as in my prophereye,
 I was deceyued of that shulde after fall.
 For none that lyfte me to counsaile call.
 So am I taught of thyng that shal betyde,
 Wherfore I praye for rancour nor for pryde,
 For for enuye wrought of olde hatred,
 To take vengeaunce that ye not procede,
 In your aduyle lyke as ye purpose.
 I saye you playnly for me ylst not glose,
 Ye shall repente if so ye Paris sende.
 Into Grece the whiche god defende.
 Wytte this full well for the conclusyon,
 Shall fully tourne to our destruction,
 And finally vnto our ruine,
 Lyke as to you I gan afore deuyne.
 For this the fyne that there folowe shall,
 Subuertyon both of towne and of wall.
 Of house and paleys here in our Citie,
 Al goth to nought ye get no more of me.
 For me semeth it ought ynough suffyle,
 That I haue sayd syth that ye be wyse.
 For yf that ye aduerten to my sawe,
 I doubt not that ye wyll withdraue,
 Your hande be tyme or that more damage.
 Alapleth you by constraynte of this rage,
 For better is betymes to absteyne,
 From this purpose whiche is yet but grene,
 Than of hede thus hastily assente,
 To thyng for which we shal echone repente.
 For plenerly there shal nothyng socoure,
 That there shal folowe both of you and your,
 Despytful death without excepriowne.
 Of one and all abydyng in this towne.
 Fyrt on your selfe playnly to endite,
 Shall the vengeaunce of the grekes byte,
 Through the fury of their mortall fene,
 And your wyse saye Decuba the queene,

Shall lede her lyfe through grekes cruelte,
 In sorowe woo and in captiuitie,
 And your lpyges by the sword shall pace,
 Of cruell death withouten any grace.
 And innocentes merules shall biede,
 In your aduyle if that ye do procede,
 Of wyfulnesse a werre for to make.
 And folpy thus for to undertake,
 As to parturbe your quyet and your rest,
 Which shal retourne nothyng for the best.
 But to ruine of you and of vs all.
 I can no more but or that mischerye fall,
 My counsaile is afore that ye proude,
 And letteth wyfulnesse be sette asyde.
 Specialip whan death as I you tolde,
 Must be the fyne if ye your purpose holde,
 No here is all without wordes mo.
 Into Grece if so that Paris go.
 And in this wyse whan that Helenus,
 Had playnly sayde as Guydo telleth vs,
 Cryste and heu with pale and deadly face,
 Agayne resozteth to his syttinge place.
 Of whose sentence astoned euerychone,
 Sat in sylene styll as any stone.
 Powerles their hertes este to resume.
 To speake a worde no man dare presume,
 Of all the prese but kept their lyppes close,
 That at the laste Troylous vp arose,
 Ponge frefhe and couragous also,
 And aye desyrous for to haue a do,
 In armes manly as longeth to a knight.
 And whan that he of chere ful glad and light,
 Sawe his father and brethern euerychone,
 So iuly troubled thus he spake anone.
 O noble and worthy syttinge enuiron,
 Of hyghe prudence and great discrecion,
 Painfull also and of hyghe courage,
 What sodein fere hath brought you i this rage.
 What new trouble is copen in your brest,
 For the sentence of a coward priest.
 Syth they echone as ye shal euer fynde,
 Desyre more herpy of kynde,
 To lyue in lust and bope awaye trauayle,
 And deadly hate to here as of battayle.
 For they the wyrt finally applye,
 To sewe their lust and lyue in glottony.
 To fylle their stomake and restore their malwe,
 To reste and ease euermore to draue.
 And to sewe their inward appetite.

This

This their ioye and this their delite.
In eatyng, drynkynge, and in couetpse,
Is their studie fully to deuyle,
How they may folow their lust without moze.
Of ryght nought elles setten they no soze.
Alas for shame why be ye so dysmayde,
And syttemate astone and astrayde,
For the wordes of hym this Helenus,
Fearefull for drede as a litle moule.
That he quaketh to here speake of ryght.
And mozeouer agayne all skylle and ryght,
In preiudice of the goddes all,
He taketh on hym to say what shall be fall.
Of thyng future for to spekye.
As yf he had a spirite of prophete,
Graunted to hym alone in speciall.
As though he were in connyng perygall,
To the goddes haunyng ptesence.
To shewe afoze throughe his sapience,
What shall betyde outher euill or good.
Let be let be for no wyght is so woodd,
That hath his wyt to geue therto credence.
That any man by craft or by science,
That moztall is hath connyng to deuynne,
For tyme course or fates to termynne.
Suche causes hys conceled in secree,
Reserued be to goddes priuitee.
When may drynye but all is but folpe,
To take hede for they do but lye.
Wherefore I rede as in this matere,
Both one and al and you my lord most dere,
Exlude all drede and all that may disturbe,
Out of your herte and let nothyng perturbe,
Your highe courage that Helenus hath tolde,
And yf that he of herte be not bolde,
As manhod wold to helpe venge our wronge
Let hym go hyde him in the temple stronge.
And kepe him close in contemplation,
To wake and praye by deuotion,
Without socour on dayes and on nyghtes.
And suffer suche as be lusty knyghtes,
To haunte their yowth and grene lustynesse,
Hauyly in armes to proue their hardynesse.
That they may haue the better acquaintance,
In tyme comyng for to do vengeaunce,
On their enemyes and their cruell foen.
And sith commaunde y Parrys may forth gone,
To execute the syne of your entent.
Afoze purposed in your parlement,

Upon grekes for their offention,
For to persourne the payne of talyon,
For wronges olde of whiche yet the same,
Reherised is vnto our alderchaine.
Throughe out the world ye wote this is no len,
And therewithall Troilus helde his peace.
And sodeynly all that were present,
Began at ones holly by one assent,
Troilus counsaile greatly for to pryse.
And his manhode to the heauen pryse.
His frethe courage and his hygh prowesse,
His feruent zeale and his hardynesse.
And of one herte greatly him comende,
And ryght anone there they made an ende.
Than Pyramus tohan that all was done,
Upon the tyme of the houre of none,
To mete goeth within great Tlyon,
All his sonnes sytting enuyzon.
And after mete he called hath Parrys,
And Deiphobus also that was full wysse.
And secretly had they chulden go,
The same day with other lordes mo.
To Panonye in all the haste they maye,
To make them ready agayne a certayne day.
With all the araye of worthy cheualrye,
That they maye get in their compaignye,
Towardes Grece to saylen hastely.
And after that the kynge sodeynly,
The next day made his counsaile call,
And even thus he sayde afoze them all.
O noble lyesges beyng now present,
My purpose is to saye you myne entent,
Without abode to here it if ye lyste,
For as I thynke to you is not vnbyste,
How the grekes of pryde and tyrannye,
Of malys olde compassed by enuye,
In many wyse haue agayne vs wrought,
Whiche is so grene that I foryet it nought.
For day by day encreasynge euery mo,
By remembraunce renewed is my wo.
When I recorde and casten by and done,
Our greues all and how that Eriowne,
In seruitude amonge them doth sojourn.
Whiche ofte a day causeth me to mouene.
And hath my herte almost afonder ryue.
For to consyder and se it by my lyue.
Whose crueltee we haue to dere bought,
And albeit that I haue meanes sought,
To haue had reste without any moze,

When

When into Grece I sent Anthemoze,
Deasably my syster to recure.
And patiently the surplus to endure.
But all for nought they toke of it no hede,
What I offered them of goodly hede,
It was not herde for lacke of gentylnesse.
Recorde of whiche doubleth my distresse.
Wherefore we must as teacheth surgerye,
With sharpe Irons seken our remedye.
To cutte away by the roote rounde,
The dead fleshe festred in the wounde.
Whiche wyll not vyde to opnetmentes softe,
Albe that they applyed be full ofte.
Right so we must attempte as by durese,
To get recure tohan that with sayzenesse,
We may none haue wherfore by your aduise,
My purpose is in hast to sende Parrys.
Forth into Grece some lady there to wyne,
And bringe her home a we shal here within.
Strongly her kepe mauer who sayth nay.
Tyll that we see some agreable day,
That they be sayne lyke myne opinion,
To haue exchange for her of Eriowne.
My syster namely whom I loue so.
We may not saye that it shal thus be do,
So that the goddes be to vs fauourable,
And this counsaile be also acceptable,
To you echone as it is to me.
For tohan a thyng toucheth a comonte,
Of wyttme men as it is asyrmmed,
Of all the comon it ought to be confyrmmed.
Thyng touchyng all shuld be fyrst approued,
Of enerychone or it were achieved.
Wherefore I caste by aduise of you all,
Plainly to worke. & forthwith there withall,
This noble Pyram was sodeynly in pease.
And after that amonges all the prease,
When all was whyghte in their alder syghte,
I knyght by role and Percheus he highte.
That sonne was to great Euforbus,
De transformatis as sayth Ouidius,
Into whom he sayneth that there was,
Whylom the soule of Withagozas,
Hooly transfused so as wyrt Dwyde.
As touchyng that I wyll no longer vyde,
But tell forth of this Percheus.
Afoze the kynge whiche gan his tale thus.
My lyege lord vnto your hygh noblesse,
Dyplease it not noz to your woorthynesse,

Though here in presence of your maiestye,
That I shal saye for to acquyte me,
Towardes you of my sayth and trouthe.
For sothfastly in me may be no flouthie,
Touchyng your honour that without drede,
With zeale of sayth I ben as doth the glede.
Of all harmes to byd you ye beware.
For doubtlesse this asyrmme well I dare,
If so ye stande in your fyrste aduise,
As ye purpose to senden forth Parrys,
I doubte it not that it shal you rewe.
For god well wote of olde and not of newe,
I had a father called Euforbus,
Discrete and wysse and ryght vertuous,
And knowyng had afoze of euery thyng,
By presyence and befoze wyrtpryng.
To tell playnly throughe his philosophye,
So heauenly he sawe and that at eye,
That there was thyng that might so secretely,
Be hyd from hym ne yet no pryuytee.
That he ne knewe he was of wyrt so sage.
And at the laste when he was of age.
An hundred yere with lockes grey and hoze,
I well bethynke how he complayned soze,
And wepte also of pitie tenderly,
Fully asyrmynge if Parrys vterly,
Wente into Grece to ransome hym a wyse,
There shulde infuse suche a moztall styse,
Upon vs all that sothly this cite,
Shulde into scindred ashes touned be.
And that there shulde nothyng do vs so our,
But grekes swoorde shulde cruelly deuoure,
Both hye and lowe and playnly spare none.
Wherefore I praye amonge you enerychone,
Of that I tell haue ye no despyte,
Your wronge to venge putteith in respyte,
And rancour olde I rede that ye lese.
And the tranquyll now of your quete,
Of hastynesse that ye not submytte.
To fortune lyse that can so falsely flytte.
And trouble not for auncient enemye,
With newe sterpyng your felcitye.
For if that ye this Journey thus assente,
Ye enerychone full soze shal repente.
And yf ye wyll algates thether sende,
In Parrys stede let some other wende.
Lest his voyage be to you no spyde.
Loe this my counsaile and fully my rede,
Sayde vnder suppozte only of your grace.

And

And todaynly they gan echone to chace,
At Pentheus and loude agayne hym crye.
Repreyng hym and the prophete,
Of his father to their confusyon.
But oh alas the reuolucyon,
Of ioye or wo or of felicitie,
For thing tofoze ordeyned must nedely be,
The state of thynges in fate is so englewed,
For that shall fall may not be eschewed.
Whiche caused them for tassel in one,
In al the hast that Darys shulde be gone,
Unhappely to hap they were enuolued.
And thus concluding their counsaile is dis-
But casuelly loe it befell ryght than, (solued,
That this aduyl vnto the eres can,
Of Cassandra and the with great afraye,
Of todayne wo gan cryen welaway.
Alas quod the alas what wyl ye do,
What and shall Darys into Grece go:
And with that worde she braste out to wepe,
Full pitously with inward syghes depe.
She gan to wayle and sowne for the payne,
And furyously with noyse to complayne.
With wofull rage and many pteus sowne,
She made a mortall lamentatiowne.
For to be deade she might her not withholde.
With hore to tozme and with systes folde,
She sayde alas more than and hundred syth.
Ah tozmy fortune why lyst thou to kethe,
Thy cruell force to oure aduersyte.
Upon vs all and eke on this Citie,
Of mortall pre and gery violence,
With sword of vengeaunce woze thā pestilce.
Oh Troye Troye what is the gylte alas,
What hast thou done what is thy trespas,
To be euered and touned into nought.
With wylde fyre thy synne is dere abought.
Ah Pyram kynge vncely is thy chaunce,
What hast thou gylte outhur do greuaunce,
To thy goddess or worched through bryght,
Them to prouoke to shewe their cruell myght,
Upon thy bloud alas what hast thou do:
Oh mother myne Oh Heruba also,
What maner cryme or unportable offence,
Hast thou comyt to haue such recompente.
The daye to abyde Oh noble worthy quene,
Of thy sonnes suche vengeaunce for to sene.
Oh wofull deeth cruell and horryble,
Alas why are ye no moze credible,

To my counsaile suche harmes to eschewe,
Pour mortall purpose fully to remewe.
That he go not as it is ordeyned.
The thought of which my hart hath so cōstrai
That vnneth I may this my wo endure, (ned
And to her father this wofull creature,
Helde streight her way a falleth plat to groun
And of her weppyn all in water drownde,
By her chekes to gan the teares rayne,
And as she myght for constraint of her paine,
Upon hym she gan clyppen and crye,
Beseeche hym to shape a remedye,
With pteous voyce as she knewe ful wele,
In this matter playnly euerydele,
What shall befall and had it full in mynde.
The sodeyne harmes that shal insue behynde,
But all her clamour was not but in vayne,
For that shall fall as some clerkes sayne,
He may not well of men eschewed be.
And eke fortune by great aduersyte,
Of hasty Tre furyous and wood,
And aye vnkynde vnto the Trojan blond,
Causelesse agaynst them soze agreed,
And of rancour todaynly amued,
With blind aboite to cathe them in a traice,
By vyolence of her unhappy chaunce,
Hath to a swerght touned her whele vnsta-
As she that is enuyous and mutable, (ble,
To hasten Troys to theyr confusyon,
Of wylfulnesse and vndiscretion,
Agaynst grekes quarell for to make,
And therupon haue their counsaile take.
And haue achieved as ye herde deuyse,
Without assent of the most wyle.
For of so theyr the dysmyrpon,
Of Hector herde concluded in reason,
In this matter and of Helenus,
The counsaile take, and to Percheus,
Aduerted wylly as to his sentence,
And without saynyng geuen full credence,
To her Cassandra that neuer lyst to lye,
And by aduyl had harde the prophete,
From poynt to poynt for to caste afozme,
In such mischief they had not tho be lozne,
But floured yet in theyr felycitie.
Without domage and aduersyte.
But fortune will fortholde her course alway.
Whose wylly abyde who so sayth ye or nay.
For the it was that caused this voyage,

With

With forhead playne a blandishing bylage.
With sugre shad and benun in the roote,
Bytter of taste and in shewing foote.
Wrynckled double like an horned mayle,
Fayth in her face a fraud ay in her taylor.
To haste the Trojans to accorde into one,
That Darys shuld into grece gone.
As ye haue herde there is no moze to sayne,
For herupon they cast them to ordayne.

How Priam the king sent Paris Deiphobus
and others of the worthies of Troy into
Grece, to aduenge the ravinge of his syster
Erion, a how they befoze their retorne rai-
shed the faire Helene wife to Menelaus and
brought her to Troye. Ca. xiii.

The time approched whē son there,
His golden wayne whylth by atwene,
The cleare sterres of Hyades to read,
Which haue theyr syte in the Bulles head,
And Pleiades the seuenth sterre so bryght,
Of which fyre appearen to our syght,
For the seuenth draweth her alyde,
And couertly doth her beames hide,
Whylom for she hath done a great offence,
That vnto vs causeth her absence.
For she dare not shewe her streames cleare,
For with her systren openly appare,
Whelom for she as with a god mortall,
A syn committed that was criminal.
Which noyld was a kouth throughtout þ heuē
That she alone amonge the sistre seuen,
Shroude to vs shamefelly her chere.
And when as Titan in the zodiak sphere,
Atwene these sterres taken had his see,
Of the bul in the sixteenth degre,
Upon the time of Joly grene Maye,
When that floza with her helwes gape,
Hath euery playne medowe hil and bale,
With her floures quicke a nothing pale,
Quer spred and clad in luyery newe.
And braunches bloome with diuerse luffy helwe
And byd vs fully to be glad and lyght,
For by assuraunce they their fruit haue hight,
Agayne Autumnne who so that list the shake,
When on the vines ripeth euery grape.
For thus this season most luffy of dispozte.
Embraeth hertes with newe recomforzte,
Onely of hope by kinde as it is dewe,

That holson fruite shall the bloomes sewe.
When time cometh by reuolucyon.
And thus in May þ luffy freche season,
When by des syng in theyr hermonye,
The same time out of Daunonye,
Repreyed be Deiphobus and Darys,
And with them brought chosen by deuyse,
Thre thousande knyghtes redy for to gone,
With them to grece and shippes many one,
Full bitayled of all that may them nede,
And of these shippes the number as I rede,
Was two and twenty like as wyrtte Guydo.
And after this without moze ado,
The kinge commaundeth vnto Eneas,
To Anthenor and to Polydamas,
In al the haste that they them redy make,
With Darys knyghtly for to vnderake,
As ye haue herde this Journey to achue.
And on the time when they toke theyr leue,
Pyramus with shorte conclusyon,
Sheweth the effect of his entencion.
And specially theyr deuier done,
For to recure his syster Erione.
As ye haue herde here tofoze me tell.
What shuld I moze in this matter dwell.
When they were ready without moze soioure,
This Darys first as lord and gouernour,
Of this voyage made by Pyramus,
And his brother called Deiphobus,
Theyr leue haue take as longed of deuyse.
And after that to ship right manfully,
Without abode they gan their selues dresse,
And in the name of Venus the goddesse,
And mighty Ioue they taken theyr Journey.
With anker hoist forth by the large sea,
They gan to saile and haue the winde at wil.
The water calme blandishing and still.
Without trouble of any boyfous waue,
And to the costes they ginnen fast to drawe,
Of grekes lande for nothing ne them let,
And of fortune in theyr course they met,
A grekishe shipp mine Auctour telleth thus,
In which there was the king Menelaus,
Toward Pyram a famous stronge Citie,
For to visite a duke of high degre,
That Nestor hight and this Menelaus,
Was brother eke vnto the king famous,
The wise worthy great Agamenon.
Greatest of name and reputacion,
J. i. Amonges

Amonges the Grekes for his worthinesse,
 And Menelay this story beareth wytnesse,
 Husbände was to the quene Helepyne.
 And she was sister to the brethren tweyne,
 Castor and Pollux whych as I you tolde,
 Were of their hand to worthy knightes hold.
 And in that time like to their degre,
 In Strynester they most chiffe Cittyre,
 They helde a householde solempne & royall.
 The loue of whom was tho so speciall,
 Of wyll and herte accordyng with the dede,
 Atwice them two of very brotherhede,
 That none from other could lye alone.
 With whom was eke the mayde Hermyone,
 The yonge doughter of the quene Helepyne,
 Of fayrenesse most inly souereyne.
 Most passyngly excellyng in beaute,
 And thus the Troians sayyng on the sea,
 Towarde grece amonge the waves wete,
 Of auenture them happed for to mete,
 Kinge Menelaus sayyng by theyr syde,
 And none of them list of very pryde,
 For to enquire what that other was,
 But passen forth a swyft and lusty pase,
 For none of theym could then other knowe,
 And aye the wynde peacefully gan blowe,
 The Troian flete causyng in a whyle,
 For to appoche to the noble yle,
 That called is Cithera at this daye.
 And in the hauen in all the haste they may,
 They anker cast & boud theyr shippes stoge,
 And after that them list not tarye longe,
 To take the lande ful many lusty man,
 Araying them as frechly as they can.
 Now in this yle of passyng excellence,
 There was a temple of great reuerence,
 That buylded was of olde foundation,
 And honoured most as in that region,
 Throughtout the land both of fer and nere,
 The feast day aye from yere to yere,
 Like as it fil by reuolucion,
 Recepyng thither of great deuocion,
 In honour onely of Venus the goddessse.
 Whom the grekes with al theyr busynesse,
 Honoured most of euery maner age.
 With giftes bynyng and with pilgrimage,
 With great offryng and with sacrafise,
 As used was in theyr paynem wise.
 For in this phane as they knele & wake,

With herte contryte and theyr prayer make,
 The statue gaue of euery questyon,
 Perfect answer and ful solucion,
 With ceremonies to Venus as they loute,
 Of euery thinge wherof they were in doubt.
 They hadden there ful declaracion.
 And thus the grekes vpon Citheron,
 Halowe this feast with riche & great araye.
 With rytes dewe as fer forthe as they may.
 In hope fully the better for to thyrue.
 And of fortune when he did aryue,
 Up to the land by aduenture of case.
 The same tyme this feast halowed was.
 Of many a greke coming to and fro,
 From euery coste that to the temple go.
 On pilgrimage theyr bowes to acquite.
 Of the place the reliques to dyspyte.
 And after Parys all this did espye,
 He chosen hath out of his compaignye,
 The worthiest that he there chele may.
 And to the temple he toke the right way.
 Ful wel besene and in knightly wise.
 And did his honour and his sacrafise.
 Ful humble and to the Grekes liche.
 With many an ouche and many iewel riche.
 With golde and syluer stones and riche perre,
 He spendeth there like to his degre.
 And quit him manly in his oblacions,
 And ful deuoutly in his oryslons,
 He him demeneth that ioye it was to se.
 Now was Parys of passyng great beaute,
 And ages all that euer were alpye.
 For there was none that might to him strue,
 Troian nor greke to speake of semelikehede,
 Wonder freche and lusty as I reade.
 And in his porte full lyke a gentil knyghte,
 Of whose person for to haue a sight,
 They gan to pzease both of nigh and fere.
 So royally he bare him in his gere.
 And all pzease both high estate and lootwe,
 What knight he was despyren for to knowe.
 And of his men they asken busily,
 From whence he came and the cause why.
 Of his coming enquyring one by one,
 But prudently they kept theym euerychone,
 That nothing was openly espyed,
 In theyr answer so they them selues gypde.
 That euery thing kept was secree,
 Curriche of them was so auisee.

Albe

Albe that some openly declare,
 What that he was and ne list not to spare,
 But tolde playnly the cause of his cominge.
 And howe Parys the stronge mighty kunge,
 His father was most royall of renoune.
 And how he came also for Erioune.
 Thus eche of them gan with other rotone,
 At pryue face whan he came to towne.
 And therupon were ymagynatyfe,
 Soze musyng and much inquisitife,
 Eche with other as by suspencion,
 Deminge therof lyke theyr oppynon.
 And rather they thant nothinge ne knewe,
 As folkes done of thinges that be newe.
 And whyles that they of this matter treate,
 In sondry wise among theyr wordes greate,
 The sayyng of them gan anone atteyue,
 To the eares of the quene Helepye.
 Nigh there beside in that reggon.
 And when she herde as by relacion,
 And by reporte of them that come bytwene,
 This fayre Helepye, this freche lusty quene,
 Anone as she the sothe vnderstode,
 Without delay or any more abode,
 She casteth her to this solempnyte,
 The freche folke of Phrygia to se.
 Wel more god wote in her entencion,
 To se Parys than for deuocion.
 Under colour of holy pylgrimage,
 To the temple she taketh her boyage,
 With a great meyne and royal apparayle,
 Parys to se for the wyll not fayle.
 But oh alas what lusty newe fyre,
 Her herte hath now enflawmed by desyre,
 To go to bigiles other to spectacles.
 None holynesse to heare of myracles,
 Hath meued her that there shal befall,
 But as the maner is of women all,
 To drawe thether platly to conclude,
 Where as they be sure that multytude,
 Pgathered is at lybertye to see,
 Where as they may finde oportunitye,
 To theyr desyre ful narrowe they awayte.
 Now couertly theyr eyen for to batte.
 In place where as let is theyr pleauunce,
 Now pryuely to haue dalyaunce,
 By some sygne or casting of an eye,
 Or tokens shewing in hert what they dreye.
 With touche of hādes stole amonge the pzele,

With arme or fose to cathe bp in theyr lese,
 Whom that them lyst, all be he free or bonde,
 Of nature they can holde him in honde.
 Yven whose slepyght aualeth wyl nor myght.
 For what them list be yt wronge or ryght,
 They aye achieuie who so sayth yea or nay.
 Agayne whole lust defend him no man may.
 Thus Guydo aye of cursed false delyte,
 To speak the harme hath caught an appetite
 Throughtout his boke of women to say yll,
 That to translate it is agayne my will,
 He hath aye ioye theyr honour to raiuerse.
 And I ryght soye that I must reherse,
 The fel wordes in his booke yfounde,
 To all women I am so mikle bounde.
 They be echone so goodly and so kynde,
 I dare of them not say but as I finde.
 Of Guydoes wote throughtout Troy booke,
 For when I redde for feare my herte quoke.
 And veryly my wyttes gan to fayle,
 Whan I therof must maken reherfaile.
 Like his decreete but Guydo now do wyte,
 For ye shall heare anone how that he chit,
 The quene Helepye for cause that she went,
 With herte deuoute her offeryng to present.
 To the temple of Venus the goddessse,
 Thus word by word he sayth to her expresse.
 O mortal harme that most is for to dread,
 A fraude ycast by slepyght of womanhead.
 Of euery wo ginning crop and roote,
 Agaynst whych helpe may no bote,
 Whan lust hath dysue in theyr herte a nagle,
 Aye deadly venim leweth at the tayle.
 Which no man hath powere to restreyne,
 Recorde I take of quene Helepye.
 That inly brent alas in her despyres,
 Of newe lust to dele with those straungers.
 Whom she knewe nat ne neuer sawe before,
 Wher throught alas ful many mē were loze,
 Of cruel death embraised in a cheyne.
 Withouthen pryty now saye thou quene Helepye,
 What ghost or spyryte alas hath meued the,
 Sole fro thy lord in such royaltie,
 Out of thy house to go among the pzele.
 Why were y wery to lue at home in peace.
 But wentest out straungers for to se,
 Taking no hede vnto thine honestye.
 Thou shuldest haue kept thy clofet secretly,
 And not haue passed out so folpy,

J.ii.

J.ii.

In the absence of thy lord alas.
 Thou were to wilful and rakel in this case.
 To se afoze what shuld after lewe.
 For al to sone thou were drawe out of mewe.
 That coulde not kepe at home tho thy bound.
 Thou weteft out as hare among þ houndes.
 For to be caught of verp wilfulnesse.
 And thy desyre couldest not compesse.
 For though thy lust lyst not to refrayne,
 Many woman hath caught be in a trapne,
 By goyng out such halowes for to seke.
 It ist them better at home for to kepe,
 Close in theyr chaumber and fle occasyotone.
 For neuer thyp shuld in peryl drowne,
 For ryue on rocke nor be with tempest rente,
 Nor with Caribdis dreachd or ybent,
 For to go to make with no wethers yll,
 If it were kept in the haueu styll.
 For who wil not occasyons escheue,
 Nor dread no peryll for it is to lewe,
 He must nedely as by necessitye.
 Or he beware endure aduersitye.
 And who can not his fote fro trappes spare,
 Let him take hede or he fall in the mare.
 For harme pdone to late is to compleyne,
 For if whylom the noble quene Heleynne,
 Her selfe had kept at home secrete and close,
 Of her there ne had be so wicke a lose.
 Reported yet grene freshe and newe.
 Whose chaunce unhappiche ma ought to rewe
 That cause was of such destruction,
 Of many worthy and confusyon,
 Of her husband and many other mo.
 On grekes syde and those of Troye also.
 In this stoye as ye shall after reade.
 And so this quene as fast as she may spede,
 To the temple hath the way pnoine,
 Full royally and whan that she was come,
 Ful deuoutly within Citheron,
 Made vnto Venus her oblacion,
 In presence and syght of many one.
 With many iewell and many ryche stone.
 And whē that Paris had this thing espied,
 To the temple anone he hath him hyed,
 Ful thristely in all the hast he myght.
 Wher he forthwith as he had a syght,
 Of the goodly fayre freshe quene,
 Cupides darke that is whet so kene,
 Or he was ware hath him marked so,

That for astoned he nist what to do.
 So much he mervayleth her semelnesse,
 Her womanhead her porte and her faynesse.
 For neuer erst ne wende he that nature,
 Could ought haue made so fayre a creature.
 So aungellyke she was of her beaute,
 So feminine so goodly on to se.
 That sothly he her dempte as by liklynesse,
 For her beaute to be some goddesse.
 For to his herte did him aye assure,
 That she ne was a mortall creature.
 So heavenly fayre and so celestyall,
 He thought she was in partye and in all.
 And eft consydereth for auyfely,
 Her features all in his reason.
 So curpously aye in his reason,
 Of every thinge by good inspection.
 Her golden heare like the sonne streames,
 Of freshe Phebus with his bright beames.
 The goodly heade of her fleshy face,
 Full replete of beaute and of grace.
 Plike enewed with quickenes of coloure,
 Both of the rose and the lyl floure.
 So egally that nother was to wite,
 Though none excelle of much nor of lite.
 Within the cerclyng of her eyen bryght,
 Was paradise compassed in her syght.
 That though eche hert þ beaute ga to perce,
 And certaynly if so I shall reherce,
 Her shape her fourme her features by & by,
 As Guydo doth by ordze curpously,
 From head to foote clearly to deuyse,
 I want englyshe that thereto may suffyse.
 It wil not be our tunge is nothing like,
 I want also the floures of Rethorike.
 To sewe his flouryng or his pepnture,
 For to discreue so fayre a creature.
 For so my coloures feble be and feynte,
 That nother can ennoue nor wel depaynte.
 Eke I am not acqweynted with no muse,
 Of all the nine therfore I me excuse,
 To you echone not all of necligence,
 But for defaute onely of eloquence.
 And you remit to Guydo for to se,
 How he descriueth by ordze her beaute.
 To take on me it were presumpcioune.
 But I wil tell how Parys bp and downe,
 Gothe in the temple and his eye cast,
 Towardes Heleynne and gan plesen fast,

As he that bent hooft in loues fyre,
 That was enflawmed greatly by desyre.
 And oft he chaungeth countenance & cheare,
 And euer he neyggeth to her nere and nere,
 Pdarted throught with her eyen tweyne.
 And in likewyse this freshe quene Heleynne,
 As hote she bent in herte pryncely,
 Albe no man if outward could espye.
 For as her thought she neuer erst to fyre,
 Of all men that euer yet were boze,
 Se none so fayre nor like to her pleasaunce.
 On him to loke was hartes suffisaunce.
 For in the temple she taketh hede of nought,
 But compasseth and casteth in her thought,
 How she may cathe some oportunitie,
 With him to speake at further lybertye.
 This hooly was all her busynesse.
 For him she felt so inly great distresse.
 That oft she chaungeth countenance & hewe,
 For Venus hath them marked so of newe,
 With her bondes fyred by seruence,
 And enflawmed by todayne influence,
 That egally they brought were in rage.
 And saue the eye atwene was no message.
 Eche on other so fyre haue cast theyr sight,
 That they conceyue and wynt anone right,
 Within them selfe what they herte ment.
 And nere to her euer Parys wente.
 To seke fully and get occasyon,
 When as they might by ful relation,
 Theyr hertes concepte declare secretly.
 And so befell that Parys nigheth nye,
 To the place where the quene Heleynne,
 Stode in her see, & there atwene the tweyne,
 They booke out al a sum of theyr whole hert.
 And gaue pssue to theyr inward smerte.
 But this was done lest they were espyed,
 Whan the people was most occupied,
 In the temple for to stare and gafe.
 Now here now there as it were on a mase.
 They kept thein close that no worde asterte,
 There was no man the treasour myght aduert.
 Of theim twayne ne what they would mene.
 But at the last Parys and this quene,
 Concluded haue wyth thozte auyfement,
 Fully the fine of theyr both entent.
 And let the time betwyx them in certayne,
 Whan they appoynten for to mete agayne.
 But lest men had to them suspicion,

They made an ende without more sermo.
 And syth departe albe that they were lothe.
 And soberly anone this Parys gothe,
 From the temple with brest in every parte,
 Fully throught gyrt with loues fiery darte.
 And to his shippes he helde the right way,
 Wher he anone in al the hast he may,
 Whan that assembled was his chynalrpe,
 One and other and al his compayne.
 In fewe wordes as shortly as I can,
 Tofoze them all his tale he thus began.

Lordinges quod he shortly to expresse.
 The cause is kouthe as to poure worthis-
 Why my father into Grece vs sent. (nesse,
 For as ye knowe the chief of his entent,
 Was to recure his sister Erion,
 Out of the handes of mighty Thelamon.
 The which thinge for ought I can espye.
 Is impossible shortly in mine eye.
 By any waie as fer as I can se,
 He is so great and strong in his countre.
 Of his allyes aboute on euery side,
 And in herte so inly full of pryde,
 To yeide her vp he hath not but disdayne.
 Therof to treate it were not but in bayne.
 Therfore the best that I can deuise,
 Sith our power may not now suffise,
 To werrey him in this regiowne,
 We be not egall of might nor of renoune,
 For lacke of men with him to holde a felde.
 We may not win with spere nor w thelde,
 Tencountre him with all his multitude.
 Wherfore the best that I can conclude,
 Is sith fortune hath vs hither brought,
 And the goddes haue eke for vs wrought,
 So graciously to make vs for to londe,
 At Venus temple fast here by the stonde.
 Whiche aboundeth with ful great richesse,
 Of grekes offringe vnto the goddesse,
 By londe and sea fro many sundry porte,
 Of men and women that hyther haue resoxt,
 To that place in worthyp of Venus,
 So that the wife of kinge Menelaus,
 Is there present. ful riche and wel beseyne.
 And if that we by manhod might atteyne,
 To rauische her and the temple spoule,
 And of theyr treasour chesen out and coyle,
 The cheste iewels and chargen our somers,

Wyth golde and syluer and wyth prysoners,
 And maugre them to our shyppes bynge,
 This same night without taryng,
 We may not fayle who euer that saythe nay,
 If ye assenten of a worthy pray.
 Wherfore in haste that ye now redy make,
 And euery man anone his harnes take,
 And arme hym well in his best aray.
 And they assente without moze delaye,
 And in theyr shyppes they byde till at night,
 Whē Phēbus chaire wdzawē had his light,
 Under the wawes and sterres did appeare,
 On the heauen with theyr streames cleare.
 And oꝝ the moone that time did aryse,
 They thope them forth in ful thursty wise,
 The manly Troians armed in stele byghte,
 To the temple holding theyr waye aryghte,
 For they casten no longer foꝝ to tarye,
 But proudly enter in the sanctuarie,
 Into the chappel called Citheron,
 Without reuerence oꝝ deuotion.
 Done to Venus in her oratoꝝre,
 For it was cleane out of theyr memoꝝre,
 Honour and dread and all obseruaunce,
 For synally all theyr attendaunce,
 As myn Auctour forthly can diffine,
 Was to ryght nought but onely to raupne.
 They token all that came to theyr hande,
 Rycheesse and treasour that was in the lande,
 Golde and syluer stones and rir Jewelles,
 Reliques sacred the holpeke L. sels,
 Without abode out of the sacrary,
 And all pteare to theyr shyppes carpe.
 It is a wonder to thynke on the good.
 They kil & slep all that them withstode,
 And likewyse ppytie foꝝ to se them blede,
 And of the Grekes how they to ship lede,
 That after lyued in captiuytie,
 Ful many a yeare in Trope the Citty.
 And there whyles goth Parys to Heleyne,
 And her embaseth in his armes twayne,
 Full humble and with great reuerence,
 In whom he found no maner resistence.
 It sat her not the was so womanly,
 For ther to Parys the yolde her vterly.
 Her herte in hap was yolde oꝝ he came there,
 Therfoꝝe to yelde she had lesse feare.
 She can not stryue noꝝ no woman tholde,
 And he anone as gentillesse hym wolde

Comfōrteth her as he best can oꝝ may.
 And led her forth without moze delaye,
 Unto the shyppes and there full busly,
 He let wardes to kepe her honestly.
 While to the temple he retourneth agayne,
 To spoyle and robbe and to make all playne,
 Thorough the temple wth his walles wyde.
 Howe stode a castell fast there belyde,
 Pluffed well with Grekische Souleours,
 The whych awoke wyth noyse of pylours.
 The same nyght and gan make a shoute.
 And therwithall anone they ysue oute,
 Armed in stele the temple to reskewe.
 And manfully after them they sewe.
 And so befell whan they togyther mette,
 Wyth speres sharpe and swerdes kene whet.
 They ran togyther as these Tygres wilde,
 Like wood Lions oꝝ these Bores vnmilde.
 There was no fayninge found in theyr fyght,
 Albe the felde was not departed ryght.
 For the Troians doubled them in nomber,
 That vterly the Grekes they encoumbre.
 And at mischefe made them fast to flee
 And in pursute ful cruelly theym flee.
 Without mercy to the castell gate.
 There was no refuse foꝝ they came to late.
 Of this skermythe foꝝ the fine was deathe,
 Howe here now there they yelde by breath.
 So mightely the Troians them assaile,
 That to withstade it might not them auale.
 For of manyhod they the felde haue wonne.
 And after that ryght cruelly begonne,
 In hasty wyse to ransacke that castell,
 And to shyppe they broughten euery dell.
 Treasour & golde & what that they may win,
 And on the moꝝowe to falen they began.
 Stuffed with good by the grekische sea,
 Towarde the costes of Trope the Citty.
 The sea was calme and fully at theyr will,
 Both of tempest and of stozmes ill.
 And cleare also was the bygyht heauen,
 That in space almost of dayes leuen,
 At the castel called Tenedowne,
 They are aryued sixe mile from the towne.
 And glad and light they to land wente.
 And after that I finde this Parys sente,
 His messenger streyght vnto the kunge,
 That him enfourmeth of his home cominge,
 Of theyr explot he tolde them euery dele,
 And

And Parys it lyketh wonder wele,
 That so manly they haue boꝝne them out,
 And made to publyshe in all the towne about,
 These tydynges new with great solempnitie,
 To hygh and lowe thzough out the cytie.
 And that foꝝ ioye the moste and eke the leste,
 For remembraunce halowe and holde a feste.
 And thanke their goddes in full humble wyse,
 With obseruaunces and with sacrafyce,
 On their aulters with great deuotion,
 And all this whyle he at Tenedon,
 Holdeth sojourn with the queene Helene.
 The whiche her hap gan reuolfully complain,
 Her vnknown life to dwellen with straungers.
 Disconsolate amonge the prysoners.
 Ferre sequestred away from her countrey,
 All solitarie and in captiuitie.
 She wepeth and cryeth with a pyteous chere
 With wawes vpyoyled from her eyen clere,
 Wherof the streames by her chekes rapne.
 And foꝝ constraynt of her inwarde peyne,
 Full often sythes her longe was welaway.
 With sobbing voice that she so fer awaye,
 Departed is from Menelaus,
 For whose absence in rages furuous,
 She hateth her lyfe and curseth eke fortune,
 And in this wo she euer doth contune,
 Without sojourn alway moze and moze.
 And foꝝ her brethern Pollux and Castor,
 And foꝝ the loue of her doughter dere,
 Now pale and grene she wereth of her chere,
 That whylom was fresher foꝝ to sene,
 Than is lilye on his stalke grene.
 Alas chaunged is her rosen helwe.
 And aye elyche her wo encreaseth netwe.
 That lyke no woman she was to beholde,
 For aye she wepte as she to water wolde.
 Till at the laste in all her heauynesse,
 Parys to her came of gentylnesse,
 To recomfōrt and to appese her rage.
 He bespeth hym her sorowes to aswage.
 Sayeng to her alas what may this mene,
 That ye in one oh goodly freshe quene,
 Lyst thus your selfe in sorowynge dysygure.
 I wonder greatly how ye may endure,
 So moche water cauleles thus to thede,
 That with weping haue derued so your wede.
 For like a conduite the streames ran a downe
 And as a penitaunt in contriciowne,

Ye you disraye alas how do ye so.
 Let be this fare and let it ouer go.
 All your wepyng thought and heauinesse,
 And be no moze my lady in distresse.
 Make here an ende now of your greuaunce,
 For all the ease comfōrt and pleasaunce,
 That men may do truste well ye shall haue,
 It is but foly in sorow thus to raue.
 Lette passen ouer all these sharpe houres,
 And here my trouth ye and all youres,
 Of what your lyfte you shall haue suffisaunce.
 As ferforth and moze in haboundaunce,
 Than haue ye had amonge the grekes there,
 I you ensue and be nothyng in feare.
 That I shall holde all that I haue hyght,
 On my trouthe as I am true knyght.
 In worde and dede with all my herte entyre,
 And the anone with a dolefull chere,
 So as the myght foꝝobhyng tho suffre,
 Answered agayne in full lowly wyse.
 I wote quod she were me lothe oꝝ lese,
 Syth I am caught & take at this mischiese,
 Vnto your wyll I may not now with sepe,
 I am to bounde that I must obepe.
 Under your daunger that I may not flee,
 In holde distrayned and in captiuitee.
 Ye wot also by nature out of dreade,
 That it ne longeth vnto womanhead.
 In straunge soyle to stryue oꝝ to rebell,
 And namely there where as her quarell,
 Shall haue no fauour noꝝ susteyned be,
 But yf ye lyfte now to haue pitee,
 On me oꝝ myne of your goodlyhead,
 Ye may of god deserue thanke and mede.
 That wyll rewarde iustly geue to tho,
 And comfōrt them that be in care and wo.
 Now lady myne, than quod Parys,
 What that maye lyke oꝝ be at your deuysle,
 All shall be do trusteth me ryght wele.
 For by my trouthe as ferre as I can feele,
 In any thyng that may do you pleasaunce,
 Ye shall it haue and that in haboundaunce.
 This I ensue of heste not fallible,
 Be not agaste but fully be credible,
 To my wordes and bestes everychone.
 And therwithall he ladde her ryght anone,
 Into a place of royall apparayle,
 To comfōrt her if it wolde auale.
 And secretly there betwene them two,

This Darys fyrste without moze a do,
Spake vnto her and sayde my lady dere,
I sayne it not but speake of herte cnyter,
And that I hope ye shall hereafter fynde.
Wherfore I praye enprenteth in your mynde,
What that I saye and in your remembraunce.
This is to sape syth ye by purueyaunce,
Ben of the goddes brought as now therto,
And fortune che will that it be so,
I dare assure playnly for the fyrste,
That they disposed haue not for your worst,
But for your good and so ye must it take,
Wherfore I reade suffer ouer shake,
All heauynesse and loke that ye be,
As glad and lyght here in this countrey,
As though ye were in your owne lande.
For saythfully I do you tunderstande,
Ye shall haue here as moche habundaunce,
In euery parte with full suffisaunce,
Of all that you semeth to be pleasaunt,
For of one thyng I dare me well auaunt,
That in this countrey as it shalbe founde,
In euery thyng we plenteously habounde.
And moze at ful then do your grekes ponder,
And though ye ben farre from them a sonder,
Out of the lande that called is Achaye,
There is no cause whye ye shoulde dismaie,
Syth ye at worthyp and moze reuerence,
At moze honour and greater excellence,
Here shalbe cherished than ye were afore.
And where ye playne that ye haue forboze,
Your owne lord and be as now left sole,
For whom ye maken al this wo and dole,
Ye shall in haste be sette at better ease,
For certaynly so it not dispicase,
Nor offende vnto your womanhead,
In stede of hym I purpose out of dread,
To wedde you and be your trewe man,
To loue and serue in all that euer I can,
Without faynyng to my lynes ende.
And be to you as lowly and as kynde,
As dyligent and eke moze laborous,
Than whylom was your Menelaus,
In euery thyng your lustes to obeye.
Haue here my trouthe tyll tyme that I deye.
And though that I in wordes be but plain,
For the loue of god haue no disdeyne,
Of my request nor grutche not at all,
For at the least of the stocke royall,

I am descended and come as hygh of blood,
As Menelay and of byrth as good,
And can in loue to you be farre more trewe,
Than erst was he and chaunge for no newe.
Wherfore leue of thus to playne and wepe,
And let some comfote in your bosome crepe,
Your wo appease which is not worth an haw,
And lette some myrth in your herte adaw.
This I beseeche you and of womanhcad,
To my wordes that ye lyst take hede.
Alas quod the how myght this befall,
That haue plecte my frendes one and all,
In strange lande and here am al alone,
How shuld I th but stil complaine in one,
I haue no cause god wote for to pley,
Nor yet my chekes for to kepe drey.
From salte teares alas it wyll not be,
That can none ende of myne aduerfite.
For in good sayth it were agaynst kynde,
So sodaynly tabandon out of mynde,
Thilke thyng that eyther for ioye or smerte,
In all this worlde syteth nexte my herte.
For whom alas so soze I am destrayned,
But syth the goddes haue as now ordeyned,
No better chaunce of hope vnto me,
I can no moze I must it take at gre.
And humbly accepte also their sonde.
For I am weake their power to withsonde.
Wherfore I shal agayne my wyll now stur,
Al be for wo my herte I fele ryue.
For to consent and lowly to admytte,
Thylke thyng fro whiche as now I may not
Augre my wyll of necessitye, (flytte,
Fully to obey what ye lyst do with me.
It wil not helpe although I sayed you nay.
And thus the playneth in al that euer she may
Little and little her sorowe to aswage.
What shulde she aye lye in wo and rage.
To lese her selfe so tender a creature,
An herte of stele ne myght it not endure.
But aye of women the maner is and kynde,
That they can not of sorowe make an ende.
Tyll they by leysure wepte haue at full.
But at the laste whan they gynnyn dull,
To make sorowe it happeth them as faste,
That by grace they soone it ouer caste.
And lyghtly catche comfote for their smerte,
They be so tender y men may them conuerte,
Fro wo to ioye & thought from them disseuer,
Ther

There is no storme that may laste euer,
As clerkes wyle in bookes lyfte discerne,
Chynge byolente may nothing be eterne,
For after stormes Jhebus byrghter is.
And so by comfote and counsaile of Darys,
She is adawed of her olde sorowe,
For euen lyke as the glade morowe,
Of veray kynde seweth the dercke nyght,
So by pzoelle her herte wereth lyght.
And of her wepyng dreyed is the well,
Lyke as the storpe shall anone vs tell.

Howe Darys was receyued in Troye at his
retourne, and of his maryage to Heleyn.
Capitulo. xiiii.

Whan so y quene that called is Heleine,
Adawed was of her deryn peyne,
And the wawes of her heauyn cheare,
On her chekes gonnen for to clere:
Darys in herte freshe and amorous,
In haste hath sente to kyng Pryamus,
For hoyle and men and other apparayle,
Clothes of golde full noble of entayle,
Made for Heleyn, & wrought for the nones,
With ryche perle and many sondry stones,
Agayne her commyng into Troye towne.
And after that Darys from Cenedowne,
Shappeth him to lede her into Troye.
And Pryamus mette them on the waye,
Full royally as faste as he myght hie,
With many a lorde in his compaignye,
Full many lady freshe and well beseyne,
And many mayde that ryde them agayne,
Fyrt estates and after communers.
Howe had Darys all his prysoners,
Set befoze in order twocyne and twocyne,
And he rode next with the quene Heleyn.
And Deiphobus vpon the other syde,
And his knyghtes enuyzon him byd ryde.
But nexte hym rode the worthy Eneas,
And the Troyan called Polydamus,
His meane luyng eche in his degree,
So gentlymanly that ioye it was to see,
Eche from other keepyng a certayne space.
And forth they ryden but a softe pace,
Tyll that the kyng them mette sodaynly,
And them receyued hath full solempnely,
As he beste coulds and goodly toke the rayne,

Into his hande of the quene Heleyn.
And her conueyed forth to his Citie.
Great was the preple that abode to see,
Of sondry folke that thoued faste and croude.
The thyrle trumpettes were preysed loude,
Up to the skye goth the blyssfull sowne,
Whan all this people entreteth in the towne.
And many a nother dyuers instrumente,
That all tofoze in at the gates went,
In sondry wyle that made melodye.
That to here the heavenly armonye,
By musyke touched vpon stryngs and corde,
So euen in one and iustly they accorde,
It wolde an herte rauyn the into ioye.
And whan they weren entred into Troye,
Amydde his palaye Pryamus alight.
And then anone as faste as euer he myghte,
Into a chambze ryche and well besey,
The quene Heleyn in haste he dothe conuey,
Comaundyng est with herte wyll & thought,
His offycers that her sayle nought,
Of any thyng that she can bethynke.
The spyres parted anone y towne they drinke.
And than the kyng toke leue tyll supper,
And the there whyles chaungeth her attyre.
But of the ioye that was in the towne,
In euery place where men went by & done,
I am to rude sofly all to worste.
So muche in herte the Trojans them delyte,
That safe and sounde retourned in Darys.
They wende haue ben for ioye in paradys,
That he so well sped in his iourne.
And hath not one losse of his meyne.
Wherof they be in herte glad and lyghte.
And in all haste after the nexte nyght,
As wyrt Guydo without taryng longe,
Erely the morowe befoze the lacke songe,
In Dallas temple as myne auctor sayth,
Assured was by othe and eke by sayth,
The bond of wedlocke of him and of Heleine,
For euermore to laste atwite them twocyne.
The knotte is knitte of this sacrament,
And thus was done fully by thassent,
First of the kyng and also by thadysle,
Of all the Citie in fauour of Darys.
And so the feast and great solempnitce,
Continued was with muche royaltee,
Of this wedding in myrthe and solace,
Through the towne by eyght dayes space.
What

What shoulde I wypte the reuell of þe daunces,
The freshe aray of the countenaunces,
The scole touches the lokes amorous,
The prync grutch of them þe were Ialous,
The great iustices bourdes of toynaye,
Anydde palestre with many sundry playe,
The dyuers courtes eke at every feste,
The large plente done to most and leste,
The straunge meates the maner of seruyce.
I haue none englythe all for to deuyce,
I passe it ouer for I was not there.
¶ But whan this weddyng came vnto þe cre,
Of Cassandra and fyrste it dyd elype,
A thousande sythe alas she gan to crye,
Of pyteous woo with vntressed heeres.
And sayde thus albe sprepente with teeres.
O wretched Troye erryng in this case,
Within thy selfe to suffer this trespase,
For to consente vnto suche folpe,
In susteynyng of foule auouterye,
That Parys shulde taken vnto wyfe,
The quene Heleyn whose husband is alpye,
O howfull Troye to cruell is thy fate,
For to beware it is almost to late.
The tyme is come thou shalt destroyed be,
For many father shall his sonne see,
Hole on the mozne that shalbe slayne of eue.
Amyddes the fyelde that wyll hun fore greue.
And many wyfe shall carefully beuepe,
To se her husband with large woundes depe.
Gryde thzough the body pale colde and grene
Alas how shall ye the sorowe moue susteyne.
¶ Ah wretched mothers how shall ye endure,
To se your chyldzen by cruell aduenture,
Afore you slayne withouten remedye.
It wyll not helpe though ye clepe and crye.
¶ Ah mother myne Hecuba the quene,
How shalt thou byde þe sharpe stoundes kene,
Thy worthy sonnes to se afore the slawe.
And in the fyelde by cruckte ydrawe.
¶ Ah blynde people of death þe takest no hede,
Why nyte thou worke and do after my rede,
And in this case moze prudent be and wyle,
To take awaye this Heleyn fro Paris,
As right requireth withouten any moze,
And to her lordie iustly her restore.
¶ What trowen ye his theste a cruel dede,
Shall passe thus nay nay withouten drede,
The sword of vengeance shal ful sharply byte

For his offence and we shall beare the wyte,
Paley and house to se within a thzowe.
And toures hys layde on the erthe alowe.
Alas alas I saye to the Heleyn,
Unhappy woman causer of our payne.
Harde, vnely, and also gracelesse,
Unwealfull woman disturber of our peace,
Thou hast vs brought in mischefe a in were,
Kyndled a bzonde to burne vs all yfeare.
Alas thou arte the grounde and roote of all,
Of many dzerp feast superall.
That shall beholde amonge vs in this towne,
And in this wyse Cassandra bp and downe,
Aboute rau in subarde and in strete,
And crieth in one whom euer that she mete,
Full ofte syth alas and welaway.
¶ Till Pyrramus bycause of her affray,
And for the noyle that she as tho did make,
Without abode anone he doth her take,
And bounde her fast and fetred in pylon,
Without mercy or remysyon.
They toke no hede to her sadde trouthe,
For to her wordes it was the moze routhe.
But shet her bp in bondes great and stronge,
Without pittie tohere she abyde longe.
And thus in pylon a whyle I let her mozne,
And to the grekes I wyll agayne retourne.

TUnhappy tyme a in the same whyle,
That false fortune frendly gan to smyle,
Upon Trojans and bad them to be mery,
For which highly they gan their goddes hery
Wenyng with ioye to haue assured weale,
Nothyng aduerting the tournyng of þe whele,
Of her that lasteth stable but a thzowe.
Whē men most trust her she can make a moine
Tourne her forhead and her face wythe,
Suche ioye she hath her doublenesse to kythe,
And to wyappe her clerenesse vnder cloude,
Agast whose might ther mai no mā hy thzowd
Whē most she flattereth thē is the lest to trise,
For in her ioye the Trojans lpttell wyte,
What she hath mente to their confusiowne.
For whyle that they aboute in all the towne,
Wende of grekes haue gotten full recure,
Of their domages and to haue be sure,
Thzough thilke pray þe Paris had the wonne.
The wycked fame and rumour is proune,
With swift wings of al þe they haue wozought,

Co

To Menelap the tydynges were ybrought,
Whyles he abode with Nestor at Pirrha,
Firste of the temple in Cithera,
How it was spoyled and the robberye,
Of golde and treasoure and the tyzannye,
Upon his men by Trojans execute,
Both of assaylyng and of all the suite,
That on the grekes they made cruely,
And how that they ne spared bitterly,
¶ Pan idoz woman that came in their waye,
That they ne toke and ladde as for praye,
To thez thyrpes, also of the fyght,
Afore the Castell that was on the nyght.
¶ And alder laste he heareth of his wyfe,
Whom he loued as derely as his lyfe,
How tenderly god wote a thousande folde,
For whom at herte he wared is as colde,
As any stone and therto pale of hewe,
His herte wo so inly gan renewe.
That fyrst whan he harde her name towne,
Without moze anone he fell in sowne,
For he ne myght endure for to stande.
¶ Till that duke Nestor toke hym by the hande,
And hym adawed of his deadely swoorde.
Alas quod he why haue I lost and howe,
Whylkes luste my hertes sustysaunce.
¶ Ah death come now a make of my greuaunce,
Fully an ende with thy cruell darie.
That wounded am thzough on euery parte,
My herte also korne in euery vyne,
For you my wyfe for you myne owne Heleyn
That he de forced fro me welaway.
Fareweil my ioye fareweil my olde playe,
How haue strangers of you possefyon.
Whiche wyll to me be full confusyon.
Alas I not how they cheryshe oz trete,
¶ My sayre Heleyn that were to me so swete,
How ye are gone pensyffnesse me sleath,
I may not wayte now but after death.
And after this amyd in all his woo,
This Menelap hope hym for to go,
To his reygne but lpttell there besyde.
He arcth hofse and laud how he wolde ryde,
Sole to complaine of þe he felte him greue,
But all this whyle Nestor wyll not leue,
To go with hym for consolacion.
Of frendly ryght haupnge compassion,
Hym to comforte with all his full myght.
Leading with him many a woorthy knyght.

¶ Into the reygne of this Menelaus.
¶ Than fyrst of all the stozz telleth vs,
How they sent for kyng Agamenon.
And for Castor to come to him anone.
And for Pollux if it myght so be,
And when that they comen were all thzer,
And saw their bzother i such mischief brought
Almost murdered with his owne thought,
Without abode the wyse Agamenon,
To gyue hun hoope and consolacion,
Dyd his labour and diligence entere.
Sayunge to hym as ye shall after here,
¶ Oh bzother mine, what wo, what heuinesse,
What deadly sorowe thus inly may oppresse,
Pour knightly hert oz trouble your manhead.
How furiously ywys than it is nede.
For though that ryght required bitterly,
You for to sorowe and hadden cause why,
Yet me semeth by iuste prouidence,
Pe slyly shulde dyssemble your offence.
Sith erche wyle man in his aduersytie,
Shulde faime chere and kepen in secree,
The inwarde wo that bynt hym in distresse.
By manly force rather there compesse,
The spyryte of Ire and melancolye,
Where the people myght it not espye.
The doctryne of them that be prudent,
¶ Than whan a man with furpe is to rent,
To sayne chere tyll tyme he se lefure,
That he of benegaunce kyndell may the fyre.
For sorowe out shemed if I shall not sayne,
Who so taketh hede it doth thynges twayne,
It causeth frendes for to syge the soze,
And his enemyes to reioyse the moze.
Thy frende in herte is soze of nature,
Thyne enemye glad of thy mysaduenture.
Wherfore in herte whā wo doth most haboude
Faineth gladnesse thyne enemye to confound,
And thew in chere as thou roughtest nought.
Of that most is greuous in thy thought.
And where þe hast moste matter to complayne,
¶ Make there good face a glad in porse þe faime,
For into teares though thou all distille,
And rende thy selfe as thou woldest the spylle,
It helpeth not to a ledge thy greuaunce.
For honour nother pursuite of benegaunce,
With sorowe makynge moze be execute.
Though it last ay ther cometh ther of no frute,
¶ Men say how he that can dissimule a wozonge,
How

The secound boke.

How he is fleghe and of herte stronge.
And who can be peasyble in his unerte,
It is a token he hath a manly herte.
Not to wepe as women in their rage,
Whiche is contrary to an hygh courage.
With word & weping for to avenge our paine,
And no meanes to worshyp to attayne,
Let vs with wordes & not with wordes fyght.
Our tunge appele, by mayhed proue or might.
Wordes is but winde and water that we wepe.
And though the tempest and of fluddes depe,
Of this two encrease ever mo,
They may not do but augment our wo.
And to our focn therof when they here,
Both of our dole and our heauy chere,
All is to them but encrease of loye,
Wherfore brother a while do acoye,
The cruel tourment that byndeth you so soze,
For in prouerbe it hath he sayd full poze.
That the prouesse of a manly knyght,
Is proued most in mischyeft and his myght.
To be assured in aduersitee,
Strongly lusteyne what wo that it be,
Not cowardly his courage to submytte,
In euery peryll nor his honour flytte.
Through no dyspayre but hope alway wele,
And haue a truste trewe as any stele.
Take he aye what he take an hande,
For finally I do you vnderstande,
That of hym selfe who hath good fautsaie,
To set vpon and put in iupartye,
What that befall or happe what happe may,
Takyn what chaunce tourneth on his play,
The tyme of suche gladly is victorie.
They sayle seide of the palme of glozre.
And tyme is now to speke in wordes fewe,
Oh brother myne manhode for to shewe.
To plucke vp herte and to make you stronge,
And to benge your damages and wronge.
We shall echone helpe and lay to hande.
Kynge, Dukes, and lordes of this lande,
And all atones do our busynesse,
If you behyght your harmes to redresse.
And in despyte who that euer vs lette,
We shall vs lodge and our tentes sette.
Euen in the fyeelde afore Troie towne.
And it belege to their destructione.
Albe therof I set as now no dape,
But brother first in all the haste we may,

Let maken letters without more sermon,
To all the lordes of this region,
Of matter touchyng this your byllayne.
To come to gyther and shape a remedye.
This is the effect of all that I can sayne.
And thus released somewhat of the payne,
Is Menelays through confort of his brother,
For whan he sawe it myght be none other,
And of his tale the kynge made an ende,
Thyngh out þ lande he did his letters sende.
Fyrt to her kynne and to his allye,
To come to helpe hym of their curtesye.
And fyrt of all to Menelaus,
Came Achilles and with him Patroclus.
And alder nexte the stronge Promede,
And many another to helpe in this nede.
And all echone in open Parliament,
They were accorded full by assente,
To be gouerned as Agamenon,
Aft to ordayne in his discrecion.
Of this voyage they made hym gouernour,
And of their hooste chieftaine and Emperour.
Amonge them all there was full unites,
Upon Troians auenged for to bee.
And from this purpose neuer to remewe,
But fyrt I fynde Parys for to sewe,
The voyage toke þ worthy brethren tweine,
Pollux and Castor to recure Heleyn.
Yet neuertheles as some bokes lyden tell,
That these kynge no longer wolde dwell,
But alder faste as Parys was agone,
They toke a thynpe and folowed hym anone.
With many worthy in their company,
And doubtlesse but yf olde bokes lye,
That or they had sayled dayes thre,
To Troiewarde in the large see,
The tempest rose and wyndes dyd awake,
The heauen derke with the cloudes blake,
That haue the day tourned into nyght.
And byghth Phebus was miked of this light
The fyrr leuen and stroke of the thonder,
Smote in the masse and chyuerde it a sonder.
It was so derke no lychte myght adawe,
The sea gan swell with many surdy wawe.
That rose on hyghly large as any mounte.
And fell downe and swappd in the frounte,
Euen of the thynpe and plunged it full lowe.
Now by now downe forcast and ouerthrow,
Their thynpes were with tempest to and fro.
The

The secounde boke.

The fomy waters grene, whyte, and blo,
Offerment boylyng and as pytche blacke,
With storme & wynd that al goeth to wracke.
So hydously the blastes at them dryue,
That euery borde gan from other ryue.
And all is perished there scaped not a man.
But all atones as I reherse can,
Be dead & drowned with tempest todaynly,
There scaped none I say you certaynly.
Except the brethren such as bookes tel,
The one in heauen the other lowe in hel,
Were lordes made tabyde eternally.
And some sayne in theyr poesy,
How the goddes haue them despyd,
Like in heauen and ystellyfyd.
After theyr thynpes ware ygo to wrake.
They were made sterres in the zodysake.
And to the sygne transfourmed vterly,
Whych is of clerkes called Gemyne.
The whych sygne and constellation,
Is to Mercur house and mansyon.
And is of kinde femell and masculyne,
In whych the Egle and also the Dolyphne,
Haue theyr arplyng by reuolucion,
The taylor also aboute the Dragon,
Is exaltate in the thyrde degree,
Of Gemyne whych sygne hathe the most pouste.
In hande and armes of man oute of doubt,
Like as Lucina halt her course aboute.
And in this wyse were the brethren twayne,
To heauen rapt as these poetes sayne.
After the tempest ye get no more of me,
For in this wyse the grekes in the sea,
An ende made and that ful wylfully.
This earnest first came unhappely,
To them echone as ginning of theyr wo,
And finall chaunce to the brethren two.

How þ Grekes assembled to be aduēged of
þ Troians for the rauishing of Helein. Ca. xv

But for asmuche as Dares frigus,
Was in his boke whilom curyous,
The fourme of Troiens & grekes to descriue
Lyke as he sawe this auctour by his lyue,
The shape the fourme & complexionne,
Both of the partye of theym of Troy towne,
And of the grekes by good auisement,
In tyme of trewe amonge them as they wēt,

Seyng the maner of theyr gouernance,
Their porte theyr chere in euery circūsaūce,
Namely of tho that were of high degre,
He not forgate one loose nor qualyte,
Conditions and also theyr stature,
All to descriue Dares did his cure.
In Grekische tunge beginning at Heleyn.
Like as tofore ye haue herd me seyne.
Of her beaute and her semelynesse,
How serpyously Guido doth expresse,
Saue he sayd as in a tytell space,
A strepe there was endlong in her face,
Whych as he wypte became her wonder wele,
Embelyshing her beaute euerydele.
Like as Dares maketh descriptiō.
And first he sayeth how king Agamenon,
Was of good shape and high of his stature,
And might in labour at the best endure.
Unpaciēt to lyue in quyet,
He was to armes so egall and so mete,
Of coloure whyte and good propozcion,
And flemptek of his complexion.
Discrete and hardy and wonder vertuous,
And of speche ryght sacundious.
And could him wel in euery thinge demene,
But Menelays of stature was but meane,
Propozcioned atwit shorte and longe,
Worthy in armes delyuer and ryght stronge.
Of courage and of hert bygorous,
Semely also and aye more delyzous,
To lyue in werre rather than in peace.
And furthermoze to speake of Achilles,
He was ryght sayre and of great semelynesse,
With aboyn heyr crispyng for thicknesse.
With eyen glatweke large, stepe, and great,
A shuldred brode w brest ful square & mete,
To endure in armes fel and coragious.
And of his loke wonder amorous.
High of stature and large of giffes eke,
And more of strength than any other Greke.
And to spend he set tytel charge,
He was of herte so plenteous and large.
And in the feilde passyng chynalrous.
And for to tell forth of Cantalus,
Of sanguine hewe hauing much of reed,
Diuerse eyed aye meuing in his head,
Of huge making also & of great strengthe,
Wel answeryng hys bryde to his lengthe,
Hatinge to strue where he sawe no nede,
R. i. R. yght

Ryght frewe of worlde also as I reade,
 And neuer quartel wolde he take on hande,
 To fyght for but he might vnderstande,
 That it were fully grounde upon ryght.
 And than he wolde quyte hym like a knyght.
 Cilcylus Apat was right corpulent,
 To be well cladde he set al his entent.
 In ryche aray he was ful curpous.
 Although he were of body corpous,
 Of armes great wth shoulders square & bzyde,
 It was of him almost a horse lode.
 Hygh of stature and boytous in a pzes,
 And of his speche rude and rechles.
 Ful many worde in ydel hym asterte,
 And but a coward was he of his herte.
 An other Apat Chelamonpous,
 There was also dyscrete and vertuous,
 Wonder fayre and semely to beholde,
 Whose heyr was black & upward ay gā folde.
 In compas wise rounde as any sphere,
 And of musyke was there none his pere.
 Hauing a voyce full of melodye.
 Right well entuned as by Hermonye.
 And was inuentife for to counterfete,
 Instrumentes aswell smal as grete,
 In sundry wise longing to musyke,
 And for all this yet had he good practike,
 In armes eke and was a noble knyght,
 No man more ozped nor hardyer for to fight.
 Nor despyous for to haue byctore,
 Deuoyde of pompe hatyng all bayngloze,
 All yde laude spent and blowe in bayne.
 Of Alyres what shall I also sayne,
 That was so noble and worthy in his dayes,
 Ful of wyles and slepyghty at assayes.
 In meaning double and decepuable,
 To forge a lepyng also wonder able.
 With face playn he could make it tounge,
 Mery worded and but selde loughe.
 In counsalyng discret and ryght prudent,
 And in his tyme the most eloquent.
 And holpe to Grekes often in theyr nede.
 And for to speake of worthy Diomede,
 Full wel compact and growe well in length,
 Of sturdy porte and famous eke of strength.
 Large brested and ferle also of syght,
 And decepuable of what euer he syght.
 Hasty testyf to synple reckles,
 And medlyng ape and but selde in peace.

To his seruantes ful inpatient,
 And baraptous where that so euer he went.
 For lytel worthe of disposicion,
 And lecherous eke of complexion.
 And had in loue oft syth his parte,
 Brenning within of Cuppydes sperry darte.
 And spechles ful ofte felt he his soze.
 What that I sayne eke of Duke Nestore,
 Of longe stature and wel compact wythall,
 With corbe shoulders and of middell small.
 In handes strong with armes large & coude
 In counsalyng prudent and wyse pfounde.
 Whose wordes were sugred wyth pleasure,
 Upon his frende hauing aye reneimbzaunce.
 For of his trouthe he ne could sayne.
 But in anger he might him not refrayne.
 He was so fret wyth melancolye,
 That no man myght his yre modersye.
 Albe it laste but a lytell space,
 Who could him suffer anone it would pace.
 Lightly it came and lightly went awaye.
 And Dorothealpus y frethe was of araye,
 Wonder semely and of great beaute,
 I trowe a fayrer might no man fe.
 Of good stature delyuer and ful lyght.
 No man swyfter and to speake of myght,
 Of his makynge he was passyng stronge.
 Ferle of courage and lothe to take a wzonge.
 And to tell of Neptolomus,
 He was of making wonder corpous.
 Whose heyr was blacke shynyng as doth geat,
 With epen rounde bzode and therto great,
 Large brested with a rpyng backe.
 And in speche stamerd whan he spake.
 But in causes he could medle tole.
 And in the lawe ful depe he did fele.
 For all his lust was beset on ples.
 But for to tell of Ballamides.
 King Paulus sonne withouten any wene,
 Of face fayre of body longe and lene.
 Of manful hert hardy in battayle,
 And despyous his enemye to assaile.
 Famplyer curteyle and therto right trefable,
 In al his dedes and inly woorthypable.
 In giuing large and passyng of grete fame,
 Of whose bounte ful wide sprange the name,
 In many land the storie telleth thus.
 And next I finde of Polydamus,
 The worthy Greke was of great thycknesse.

Of wombe swolle enbosted with fatnesse,
 That ynneth he might him selfe sustene,
 And yet of herte he was ful proude & kene,
 Right surquiduous and ful of penytenesse,
 And selde glad so thought did him oppresse.
 But Hachaon like as wypte Gwydo,
 Of longe and thort was betwixt two.
 Ful proude and ferle deuoyde of pacyence,
 And vengeable who hym did offence.
 And yet he was as balde as is a coote.
 On whose forehead euen by the roote,
 The heyr was fallen & wasted clene awaye.
 And selde oz neuer he would slepe a daye.
 And ouermoze to tellen of Cryspe,
 Stumbleth my pen for longe oz the dyed,
 My mayster Chauncer did his diligence,
 As to descryue the great excellence,
 Of her beaute and that so maysterly,
 To take on me it were but high folze:
 In any wyse to adde moze therto.
 For wel I wote anone as I haue do,
 That I in sothe no thake deserue maye:
 By cause that he in wytyng was so gay.
 And but I wypte I must the trouthe leue,
 Of Trope booke and my matter breue.
 And ouer passe and not go by and by,
 As doth Gwydo in ozdre cerpously.
 And that I must don offence,
 Through negligence oz presumption,
 So am I let euen amides twayne,
 Great cause haue I & matter to complayne.
 On Atropos that throug her enye,
 Tho bzake the thred and made for to dye,
 Noble Galfryde chefe Poete of Brytayne.
 Among our Englyshe y caused first to rayne,
 The golden droppes of Rethorike so fyne.
 Our rude language onely teillumine,
 To god I praye that he his soule haue.
 After whose helpe of nede I must craue.
 And seke his boke that is left behinde,
 Some goodly worde therein for co finde,
 To set amonge the croked lines rude,
 Wherch I do wypte as by synplicityde,
 The rubye stant so royall of renobone,
 Within a rpyng of coper oz latowne.
 So stant the making of him doubtles,
 Amonge our bookes of Englyshe perles.
 They be ful easy knowen so they be excellet,
 There is no making to his equipolent.

We do but halte who so taketh hede,
 That medle of makynge without any bzyde.
 Whan as we would his style counterfete.
 We may alday our colour grinde and bete,
 Tempze our alour and vermilpon,
 But al I holde but presumption,
 It foloweth not therfore I let be.
 And first of all I wil excuse me,
 And procede as I haue erst begon,
 And throug his sauour certayn if I con.
 Of Trope booke for to make an ende.
 And there I left I wyl agayne nowe wende,
 Unto Cryspe and though to my succour,
 Of Rethorike that I haue no floure,
 Nor hewes ryche stones nor yet perre,
 But al bare of curyositye,
 Though crafty speche to enbzoude with her
 Yet for al that now I wil not lene, (leue,
 But be as ap bolde bayarde is the blynde,
 That cast no peryl what way that he fynde,
 Right so wil I stumble forth of haed.
 For vnconning and take no better hede,
 So as I can her beaute to descryue,
 That was in sothe of al tho alyue,
 One of y fayrest this Calchas doughter dere
 Therto of thay of face and of cheare,
 There might be no fayrer creature,
 Of high nor lowe but in aye of stature.
 Her sonnythe heyr like Jhebus in his sphere,
 Bonde in a trefle bygghter thā gold wyere,
 Downe at her backe lowe downe behinde,
 Which with a thred of golde she would binde.
 Ful oft syth of a customaunce,
 Therto she had so much suffisaunce,
 Of kindes wozyke without any were,
 And saue her bzowes ioynd were yfere,
 No man could in her a lacke espyen.
 And furthermoze to speake of her eyen,
 They were so heauenly persyng and so clere,
 That an herte ne might him selfe stere,
 Agayne her thynnyng y they ne would wolde,
 Throughtout a brest god wote & make it gold
 Also she was for al her semelnesse,
 Synple and wyse and ful of sobernesse,
 The best nouryshed that eke might be,
 Goodly of speche fulfpyled of pyre.
 Facundious and therto right trefable,
 And as sayth Gwydo in loue variable,
 Of tender hert and vnstedfastnesse,

He her accuseth and newfanglyneste.
And after this Dares doth reherse,
 Amonges other how the kyng of Werse,
 Came to grekes with many worthy knight,
 To helpe and further all that euer he myght.
 The whych kyng was of stature longe,
 And wonder fat & as he wypte right stronge.
 Whose berd and heye redde as flawne of fire.
 With eyen stepe and feruent of desyre,
 To haue ado and sterne of cheare and loke,
 And oft sythes of sodayne pre he quoke.
 And had werres plenty in his face.
And thus Dares shortly for to pare,
 No moze of Grekes wyrteth as I fynde.
 But of Troians for to make mynde,
 Cecypously he doth his style dresse,
 Them to discreue as I shall expresse.

The description of Pryam, his sonnes and
 daughters & of the aruall of y grekes tofoze
 the Temple of Diane the goddesse. Ca. xvi.

And first he sayeth how king Pryamus,
 Was of his cheare bening & gracious.
 Of stature hygh with lymmes skendze & log,
 Delytyng much in mysh and in longe.
 And specially was most desyrous,
 To heare songes that weren amercous,
 A semely man and of great hardynesse,
 And spake but loue as bookes vs expresse.
 Deuorde of dread hating flatterye,
 And all that could other glose or lye,
 Trewe of his worde and to euery wyght,
 He did playnly equite and right.
 For no mede him list not to declpne,
 And loued early on moztowe for to dme.
 In his tyme one of the worthiest,
 Of all kinges and he that loued best,
 Worthy knyghtes & al that euer he knewe,
 That manfull were and of herte trewe.
 He could cherithe no man halfe so wele,
 With golde and gyftes that they myght fele,
 His great fredome and larges eke withall.
And of his sonnes for to reken all,
 The first of byrth so as bookes tell,
 Was worthy Hector of knighthod sprig & wel
 Flour of manhod of strength percles,
 Sad discrete and prudent neuertheless,
 Crop and roote ground of chynalye,

Of cheare demure and of curtesye,
 He was example therto of sobernesse:
 A very myzour and for his gentlyneste,
 In his tyme and therto most renoumed,
 To reken all and of goodlyhead.
 The most famous in peace and werre.
 Whose fame stretched both to nygh and fern.
 On erhe parte he was so vertuous.
 And to be loued most gracious.
 Of bzawne and bones compact by measure,
 So wel brethed in armes to endure.
 So wel perfourmed by ppozortowne,
 So quicke so liuely and of most renoune.
 So huge made so well growen of length,
 So wel complet for to haue great strength.
 That in this worlde if I shal not sayne,
 Was neuer none that fully myght attayne,
 To the prowes of this worthy knight
 To praysle his herte as well as his might.
 And therewithall so toyse and admyse,
 The lowlyest eke of his degre.
 To rpehe and poze and of wordes selwe,
 Unto all suche cheare he could thewe,
 Of his presence that glad was euery wight.
 Whan they at leysur had of him a syght.
 He was so bening to them of the towne,
 And to his enemyes like a ferle yowne.
 He could him thewe whan it was to do.
 And in the felde there might no man so.
 To reken all his labour halfe endure.
 For the stoye doth vs pplyan assure,
 That hys was neuer werre in battayle,
 Nor faynt in herte his foemen to assayle.
 Of all good I finde he was the best.
 Prowesse & vertue in him were set at rest.
 So passingly that neuer was or shal,
 None boze of mother so perygall,
 To him of manhod nor of chynaltie:
 For all he passed but yf bokes lye.
 In whom nature ne was nothing to wyte,
 Saue in his tunge he was let a lite.
 And as some vinctours make mencion,
 He was sanguine of complexion.
And furthermore his brother Deiphobus
 Like as I finde and also Helenus,
 Were lyke Pryam that sofly of theun thye,
 Was hard to espye any dyuersyte,
 Of shape or foume or of countenance,
 Saue of age there was no varyaunce.

The

Their father olde & they were ponge & lyght,
 And in Deiphobus was a worthy knight.
 And in armes fame and excellence,
 And Helenus in clerge and spence,
 Was well expert and toke but lytell hede,
 Of al the werre knighthod and manhede.
But sofly T coplus if I shall discreue,
 There was of herte no manlyer aloue.
 Nor moze likly in armes to endure.
 Well growen of hight and of great stature.
 Ponge, freshe, lusty, hardy as a ypo,
 Weluer and stronge as any champpowne.
 And perygall of manhode and of dede,
 He was to any that I can of reade.
 In derryng do this noble worthy wight,
 For to fulfyl that longeth to a knight.
 The seconde hertoz for his worthynesse,
 He called was and for his high prowesse.
 Duryng the werre he bare him selfe so wele,
 Therto in loue trewe as any stele.
 Serre and wise stedfast of courage,
 The most goodly also of visage,
 That might be and most beynge of cheare,
 Without chaunge and of one herte entere.
 He was alway faythfull inst and stable,
 Perseuerant and of will immutable.
 Upon what thing he ones set his herte,
 That doubleneste might him dot peruert.
 In his dedes he was so hole and payne,
 But of his soon the sothe for to sayne,
 He was so ferle they might hym not withstand,
 Whan that he helde his bloody sworde in had.
 Unto Grekes death and confusyon,
 To them of Trope shelde and protection.
 And his knighthod shortly to accounte,
 There might in mähod no mā him surmount.
 Through the world though me wouldē seke,
 To reken all Troian nouthere greke.
 None so named of famous hardynesse,
 As bokes olde of him do beare witnesse.
 Crept Hector there ne was such an other.
And after him to speake of his brother,
 I meane Darys most passing of beaute,
 That in this worlde no man might se,
 In very sothe a moze semely knight,
 For as I reade that he by tittle of right,
 Of faynesse bare aye away the floure.
 With lockes yelow like golde as of coloure,
 And in shotyng most was his delyte,
 Haupng in hunting a full great appetyte.
 And as Dares lyketh him discreue,
 The best archer one that tyme a liue.
 And of his hand was eke a noble knight.
 A manly man delyuer and of good might.
 And in the werre preued wel he was.
And as I reade the Troian Eneas,
 As mine vinctour lyteth to endyte,
 Was wel bvested and of body lyte.
 And bare in Trope wonder great estate.
 And in his workes discrete and tempozate.
 And had a fame of passyng eloquence,
 Wise of counsaile and of great sapience.
 Most renoumed also of lecture,
 Delytyng muche in bokes and scripture.
 And euer glad both of pozte and cheare,
 Sterne of his lōke with peryng eyen cleare.
 And amonge all dwellyng in the towne,
 To speake of goodes and possessowne,
 Of castelles and Coures great plenty,
 I finde sofly that none in that Citye,
 He might attayne vnto his rychesse.
 And had also for al his worthynesse,
 Of golde and Jewell passyng great treasoz.
And his felowe that hyght dan Anthenoz,
 Was skender longe and of great dalyaūce,
 And circumspect in all his gouernance.
 Welbeloued also of Pryamus,
 And of wordes wonder coppons.
 Relouing ay into myzth and playe.
 And he was bouerdpyng all the long dape,
 Amonges his feres and in companye,
 So dypely that no mā might espye.
 So soze he was in his countenance,
 That euery wight had great pleasure,
 To heare him talke whan that he was glad.
 And albeit that he of pozte was sad,
 Yet all his speche ful of bouerdes was,
And his son called Polidamas,
 Was like his father of stature and of make.
 Phewmed well that there was no lacke.
 In his persone gentil and right trewe,
 Wonder stronge and pale also of hewe.
 And to pre stered todaynly.
 Albe in wordes he kept couertly,
 But all his heate passe would anone.
And to tell of king Hereone,
 Large bvested and of his makynge all,
 The best compacte & the most tall,

Of shape and fourme that men coulde fynde,
And eke so well perfourmed by by kynde,
That none was lyke to hym nye ne ferre.
His lockes yelow and crisping was his heare.
Styll of his porte and gentyl with to playe,
And inly stronge maistris to assaye.
Wonder curteys to no wyght rygourous,
And wrought in armes dedes meruaylous.
As in this boke hereafter shalbe sene.
Nowe after hym Hecuba the quene,
Lyke the story my stile I must enclyne.
Whose lymmes all rather dyd declyne.
To shappe of man than to womanhead,
As sayth Cupido. but in woork and dede,
She was in toth the most womanly,
The beste admyled and most prudently,
In her dedes coulde her selfe gouerne,
That mans wylt myght in no wise discerne,
To fynde a better doubtes than was she.
So trewe example of feynynge.
She was in sothe and to every wyghte,
Benynge of porte and gracious of syghte.
To poze also pytous and mercyable,
And unto neddy wonder cherytable.

The wife of Hector her doughter eke in late
After her loze fened muche to drawe,
Andomecha the faythfull trewe wyfe.
So good, so iust, the whiche in all her lyfe,
In honeste dyd are her most delyte.
Longe of her shap with brestes fayre & white.
With ruddy chekes ennewed by measure,
With persynge epen of angelyke fygure.
Like golde her tresses and rosen lyppes red,
Plyche freshe, of colour nothyng dead.
Therto she was of chere the goodlyest,
To riche and poze and spake alwaye the best,
Of every one aye helppyn that she might,
That no man heauy went out of her syght,
And ouer this every gentylman,
She further wolde in all that euer she can.
And gladly euer dyd her dyligence,
To get grace to them that dyd offence.
This was her blage and condicion,
She was so fylled of compassyon.
That women all myght of her lere.
And Cassandra her owne doughter dere,
Was of stature wonder womanly.
Of colour whyte and therewith ryght semely,
Saue in her face in sondry places were,

Many woertes growyng here and there.
And all her ioye and selypree,
Was to kepen her virginite.
In freelte that women haue of kynde,
Throught vertue moztall she put out of minde,
And of all folp sleynge occasyon.
So aye in study and contemplacyon,
Of sondry bookes she wolde her occupye.
But most of all to knowe Astronomye.
Of prophete a spynt also had she,
And some men saye she was one of thre.
Of thilke women that Ceylebare the name,
Of whom & renoune flourith and the fame,
Unto this daye and is as yet full grene.
And to tell of younge Polyrene,
And to descriue her beautie by and doone,
It were in toth a foule presumptioun,
To take on me now so great a thyng,
To clymbe so hye it passeth my connyng.
Syth nature hath in forgyng of this mayde
Her connyng all bitterly assayed.
To make her fayre aboue eche creature.
And sayd proudly se how I nature,
Whan that my lyfte enbellyshe can my woork,
Lyke as Phobus amonge the cloudes derke,
Is passyng clere so in comparyson,
I can my woork and operacion,
Right as me lyfte adourne and make fayre.
So painte and flozpe it shall not appayre.
And my colours so craftely dispoile,
Of the lylpe and of the freshe rose,
And so ennewe them & they shail not fade.
But aye be one and in this wise I made,
My dere doughter as ye know whos I mene.
The yonge freshe and fayre Polyrene.
Alsaunte that none can this crafte but I,
This in her woork bosted bitterly,
Nature her selfe whan she this may wrought,
As she that fully in her herte thought,
Aboue all other to maken her excell.
And of beautie to be the very well.
And therewithall in shap noz in stature,
He was no lacke I dare you well assure.
And god aboue gaue her souerantee,
In all thewes and wolde she shulde be,
Crop and roote named of womanhead,
With fullsomnesse of all goodlihead.
So passyngly that it were ydelnesse,
Me to presume in woordes to expresse,

Her

But beaute all it were a bayne frauayle.
For wel I wote mine englyshe would sayle.
In such matter to talke selingely,
Who euer can it certayne it am not I.
Therfore I passe and streight now wil I go,
To my matter for Dares of no mo.
In all his booke maketh mencioone,
Of thein of grece noz of Trope towne.
In special he put no mo in minde,
Chan ye haue herde saue as ye shal finde,
In this story whan it cometh therto,
Of theyr knightthod & who that best hath do,
Lasting the sieg the maner euerydell,
And ryght anone to sharpe my pointell,
I wil me dresse this story to entreate,
Of all the werre and to tellen you the great.

The time nigheth after this as poze,
The breime wynter with his trost hoze,
Can to aswage of his bitter colde.
Whan Apollo passed was the holde,
Of the sygne that we call Aquarye,
And in the fythe fer in februarye,
Promme was toward the Ariete.
And that season with his feynthe heate,
On hylls high gan his beames smyte.
Makyng the snowe with fayre flakes white,
Into water kyndely to relente.
Whych from aboue to the valey wente.
That nere floudes of the sodayne thoive,
The grene mede gan to ouerflowe.
And the yie gan f' iundmele destyll,
Downe fro the hight the brokes for to fyl.
With somp streames of the waues finale,
By broke bankes as they did anale.
Then lusty were with his ponge grene,
Prccomforted by the sonne thene,
Which lytel and litel his hewes styl amedeth,
Zee in his sphere as Titan by ascendeth.
Whan Marche approcheth & braunches ouer
Can blowe out and Equinoctiall, (all,
Of were is halowed the season amorous,
Whan the Grekes proude and courageous,
With hole the floure of the chivalrye,
Assembled were and hooly theyr nauye.
In the haue that was most of fame,
And of Athenes that tyme bare the name,
Ygathered was by assent echone,
To wadre Trope to sayle and to gone,

So great a number that sith the world bega,
Is remembred of no maner man.
That togyther in one compaignye,
Was met yfere so passyng a nauye.
Of manly men who so lyst take hede,
In this story as ye shal after rede.
And by and by to make description.
Mene auctour telleth howe Agamemnon,
The worthi king an hondred shipp brought,
With worthy knightes stuffed as the ought.
And Menelay on whom lay most & charge
Hath w him brought forty shippes large.
Out of his land that called is Sperten.
And from Boece ful of manly men,
Came fifty shippes & story telleth thus,
With Brothenoz and with Achelaus.
And from the land called Sithemenye,
Came forty shippes in the compaignye,
Of the Duke that hyght Achalaphus,
With who was eke freshe and despyous,
Helmyus the Erle the worthy knyght.
And fifty shippes enarmed for to fyght,
With him brought the kyng Cystrophus,
Onely with helpe of king Chedus.
And Chelamon whom Avar men call,
Full renoumed for to reken all,
Hath fifty shippes brought to his Journey,
From Salerne his royall chese Cite.
With Carles Dukes & many worthy knight,
Eueryche of thein in stele armed byght.
And Duke Center with Amphiacus,
Carle Daryon and noble Theseus.
This yke foure full worthy of renoune,
In this voyage came with Chelamoune.
And olde Nestor cruel of hert & thought,
Out of Mylon hath forty shippes brought.
The kinge of Dyames & full worthy was,
And eke the kinge that hight also Thoas.
Brought with thein in theyr compaignye,
An hundred shippes knightlye for to guye.
And Chelamon ycalled Pleus,
That was in armes fell and d'spytous,
With him brought from his lande so ferre,
Sire and thirty shippes for the werre.
Amphymachus and kinge Polibete,
Thirty shippes brought to the flete.
From Calcedoyne and Meroe the kinge,
With Damaus had in theyr ledinge,
Foure scoze shippes with theym out of Crete.
And

And Alire's with the grekes dyd mete,
 with fyfty shippes stuffed out of Trece.
 Towardes Trope proulyd for to pace.
 Duke Mellers full of manly men,
 Brought eke with hym great shippes ten.
 And mozeouer the duke Prothecatus.
 And the duke named Prothesylaus,
 To the haven that called was Athene,
 Brought fyfty shippes enarmed bright & shene
 From Phylarcha the stronge myghty ple.
 And Machaon as Guy do doth compyle,
 With his brother Polydus also,
 From their countrey Creteionpro,
 Brought two and twenty shippes as I finde.
 And from Phycres as it is had in mynde,
 With Achilles came fyfty full by numbre.
 And from Rhodon Trojans to encombe,
 Came twenty shippes to kyng Chelapulus.
 And with the duke that hyght Antipus,
 Out of the lande that Hesyda men call,
 Of whiche the folke be nyghe cherles all.
 With sayle crossed agayne the bygght heauen,
 In mynde came shippes eke eleven.
 And with them was of name full famous,
 The woorthy duke called Amphymacus.
 And Polibethes the stronge myghty kyng,
 Fyfty shippes brought at his compynge,
 Out of Rycha the noble regiolone.
 And with this kyng full woorthy of renoune,
 Was Laimus the duke eke as I rede.
 And as I fynde the noble Diomede,
 Of shippes great I saye no small barge,
 Hath to him brought fro Calidonye & Arge,
 Fourescore in numbre sochly this no tale.
 And Thelamus and myghty Eurpale,
 Two manly men and in armes sage,
 With Dyomede came in this voyage.
 And Polphebuis brought shippes seven.
 And Phynus the hardy kyng enleuen.
 And Prothopolus as I can specifice,
 Brought fyfty shippes unto this nauye.
 Fro Demenela the myghty regyon.
 And Carpenoz as made is mention,
 Brought fyfty eke from Capadye his countrey
 A great prouince of whiche king was he.
 Tricorius of Bersa lorde and kyng,
 Brought two and twenty eke in his compynge.
 And fynally I shall not lye,
 Full many shippe was in this nauye.

So than Guydo maketh reherfayle.
 Towarde Trope with grekes for to sayle.
 For as Homer in his discrepcion,
 Of grekes shippes maketh mention,
 Shortly assymyng þ man was neuer borne,
 That such a nombre of shippes sawe toforn.
 Countynge the shippes that Balampdes,
 Brought with him their nombre to entreate.
 That whan these lordes aforesayd euerychone
 Kynges, dukes, and erles all in one,
 Assembled were without any wene.
 Afoze the haven that called is Athene.

The famous kyng great Agamenowne,
 So wyse, so woorthy, & of so hye renoun,
 As he that was þence and gouernour,
 Of grekes hooft anone dyd his labour,
 His busy cure and waker dyligence,
 By hyghe aduise and inwarde prouidence,
 To deliberate wysely in this nede,
 What were to do o2 that he procede,
 In this matter, castynge by and downe,
 And resoluyng of hygh discreciowne,
 That he may so begyn that the ende,
 Conclude well that wysfulnesse ne shende,
 Holy their purpose through no rakelnesse.
 Þe throughe none haste without auysenesse,
 So that they may afoze so wysely see,
 That spynally they in felicitye,
 Accomplishe may their purpose in certayne.
 And so this kyng upon a large playne,
 Out of the Citie lyttle from the stonde,
 With his lordes wyll for nothynge woude.
 To haue counsaile this wyse Agamenon,
 Makynge anone a conuocacyon,
 Of suche as were moze great inspeciall.
 He sittyng fyrste in his see royall,
 And his lordes eueryche in his see,
 Lyke as they were of hye o2 lowe degree.
 And all Tumulte stynted and seplence,
 Was through þ ppele to gyne hym audyent,
 Whan he anone in full sobze wyse,
 Began his tale as I shall deuyse.

Spres quod he I praye you taketh hede,
 That be so noble and so renoumede.
 Both of wysedome and of woorthinesse,
 Of manhode eke and of hyghe prowesse.
 That of knyghthode the repozte & the fame,
 Throughe

Througheout þ world reboundeth to your name.
 For doubtlesse the flour of chynalye,
 Men may now fynde in this comparye.
 For who sawe euer of manly men pfeare,
 Together met as there be now here.
 So younge, so freshe, couragious also,
 So well befene for to haue a do.
 O2 so lykely hith the world began,
 Without raskale so many knyghtly man.
 Of kynges, dukes, and many an other lorde,
 As be now here of wyll and one accorde.
 And of one herte assembled in this place.
 That yf fortune and goddes of their grace,
 Be not behynde our Journey to repene,
 We may not fayle our purpose to achyue.
 For I deme hym playnly in arage,
 O2 worse than wood that durste this voyage,
 In any wyse perturbe o2 presume,
 To take agayne vs outhere to assume,
 By myght on hym of malys to extepte,
 Our woorthynesse were it neuer solpte,
 Us to prouoke to Ire o2 do offence.
 That we ne schulde by mortall recompence,
 Auyte his mede as it lyeth in our myght.
 In this assemble of many woorthy knyght,
 Amouges whiche an hundred and yet mo,
 I coude cheste able for to go,
 By manly force and knyghtly sustynance,
 To take on hym for to do vengeaunce,
 Upon Trojans by hym selfe alone.
 For whyche that we be gathred echone,
 That with his men were sufficient,
 To execute the summe of his entent.
 And it accomplys in felicitye,
 The cause I meane for whiche that all we,
 Assembled hen together hye and lowe.
 And also this to you is not vnknowe,
 Howe shamefully Trojans haue vs greued.
 Prouoked vs and wyfully pmened,
 To ryle agayne them to haue recure of right,
 Of wronges done with all our force & myght.
 Wherfore let vs by one assent and wyll,
 Sette to haue as it is ryght and skyll.
 Redesse to fynde of that we nowe complaine,
 And of one harte do our bully peyne,
 Upon Trojans a warre for to make.
 And I suppose we shall them so awake,
 That they shall lerne o2 we thense wende,
 To remembre to the worldes ende,

How they hereafter shall dare take an hande,
 For to presume in grece moze to lande.
 O2 to be tolde while they haue lyfe o2 space,
 Agayne grekes moze to trespace.
 For whose offence as who sayth do but late,
 Within our herte the deadly brennyng hate,
 The feruent hete and the greddy pre,
 Fro day to day so setteth vs a fyre.
 That it reneweth the constreint of our peine.
 So inwardely that yf I shall not sayne,
 We must of reason of so hygh greuaunce,
 Our selfe enforce for to do vengeaunce.
 As ryght requereth and our iuste sorowe,
 Compell eth vs both at eue and morowe,
 On Trojans our harines to betweke.
 And for to stoppe the tounge that so speake,
 To our repese and to our villanye,
 We must atones shapen remedye.
 That our foen henseforth may haue drede,
 For to do worse to vs as god forbed.
 In tyme commynge yf throughe our pacience,
 We lykely suffer their importable offence,
 To passe forth and take of it no hede.
 Syth neuer yet of Grekes coude I reade,
 That any man dyd repese to their name.
 That iustly might rebounde to their shame.
 Withouten this that they it quyte agayne,
 Throughe their manhode so openly & playne,
 That no man myght of them seyne ere this,
 In any wyse o2 repozte amysse.
 Ac we shall not dyssemble in this case,
 With chere oppressed nor with dzedfull face,
 To let slyde o2 lyghtly ouer go,
 The great offences that were so late ydo,
 Whiche might happily tourne to vs and oures,
 A great repese and to our successors.
 In tyme commynge and shamefully bespoken,
 Howe that grekes durste not be a wo2ke,
 Upon their foen the whiche may not be.
 I pou ensure sythe that all we,
 Be of one wyll to resourne our wronge,
 And therewithall so myghty and so stronge.
 That who is he that coude in brede & length,
 A ryght reherle our power and our strength,
 O2 who durste euer our woorthynesse assayle,
 That he ne schulde withouten any fayle,
 Repente in herte o2 at the ende rewe.
 Saue Trojans this other daye of netwe,
 Of wysfulnesse in a folly rage,

Into our lande made a boyaue,
 Unware of vs & with their pray home wente,
 The whiche they shall full hastily repente.
 For their trespase and great offence.
 For all the worlde knoweth by and downe,
 But late a gone how grekes but a fewe,
 Upon Trojans their power dyd shewe.
 And slewe their kyng called Lainedowne,
 Father to Pryam now kyng of that towne.
 And cleane fordyd both toures and Citie,
 And slewe by all the commynalte.
 From grekes swoorde whom y them list spare,
 Those amanges by in seruitude and care,
 Compleine their harne y may not be recured
 Than how may they stande full assured,
 Agayne by all to holde chaumpartye.
 That haue so worthy in our compaign.
 For it is lykely a thousande to achue,
 That foure or fyue so lyghtly myght pzeue.
 And yet one thyngge affyrme well I dare,
 Of our cummyng Trojans are well ware.
 And do their labour and their diligence,
 Agaynst vs to maken resistence.
 With al their myght I knowe it out of doute.
 And gather frendes in countreys all about,
 To helpe them & strength them in their nede.
 As to withstande if so they may spede.
 But fynally one thyngge I counsaile,
 From this haue or we ferther saile,
 That we may be the moze fortunate,
 Of one assent to make ambassat,
 And prudently or we further wende,
 Into Delos in all haste we sende.
 Whiche is an yle a little here besyde,
 More discretely our iourney to prouyde.
 That we may haue the better hap and grace,
 Of Apollo Patron of this place.
 To haue of him if that we maye speade,
 Fynall answer in this great nede.
 Of our expoyet how that it shall fall,
 If it be so ye wyll assenten all.
 To this counsaile the most and eke the leste.
 And they echone thought for the best,
 To condescende to this conclusyon:
 Without any contradiction.
 And all attones without any drede,
 To prepe his counsaile and his wife rede,
 And therupon discretly as they ought,
 As sayth this storye even thus they wroughte.

How Achilles and Patroclus were sent to
 Delos to receiue answer of god Apollo, how
 they shuld speede agens y Trojans. Cap. xvi.

After the tyme that Agamenon,
 Concluded had fully his reason,
 As ye haue here and his sentence fyned,
 The grekes be of herte full enclined,
 And with one voyce accorded plainly thus,
 That Achilles and also Patroclus.
 For comon profyt syth they were sage.
 Shall take on them y charge of this message,
 To Apollo for answer for to gone.
 And to thyppe they them in haste anone.
 And sayle forth by the large sea,
 Towarde Delos and in prosperitee,
 They be arpyued and prcome to lande.
 The whiche yle as I vnderstande,
 And as myne auctor sayth without les,
 Hath his scyte amanges the Cyclades,
 Where men with rockes haue so muche a do,
 Amyd the see called Hespontico.
 Of whiche yle to make descripcion,
 I must awchle make discrecion,
 Fro my matter as myne auctor doth,
 For in this yle Iliodorus in soth,
 Reherceth playnly how Latona the quene,
 Appollo fyrst and Dyane the shene,
 Childed hath by Iubiter her lord.
 Whan he and Iuno were at suche discozde,
 As wypte Dydde for a lyttell whyle,
 And so befell that in this lyttell yle,
 There was a temple whylom dedicate,
 Vnto Appollo and also consecrate,
 In his worshyp of olde foundation.
 That was honoured by great deuotion.
 Bycause Appollo with his beames cleare,
 After the floud fyrst there dyd appere.
 To shewe his hoines rather there and soone.
 And eke Dyane that called is the moone,
 Of whiche shewyng this yle bereth the name,
 Into this day that is of so great fame.
 Onely be apperyng of this pke twayne,
 For Delos is in greke no moze to sayne,
 Than a shewyng or an apparence.
 And thus began the great reuerence,
 To Appollo fyrst and the honoz eke,
 To hym ydone of so many greke.
 And to his syster that called is Dyane,

The pale moone that can so watre and wane.
 And called is of Daynems a goddesse,
 That whylom was in wood an hunteresse.
 And this lady with the sonne her brother,
 Of this yle hath lordshyp and none other.
 Only for they at their natiuite,
 Shewed their lyght fyrst in that countrey.
 The whiche yle grekes also calle,
 Orygya in their language all.
 Bycause Curlewes were there fyrste plesne,
 For Orygyas is no moze to seyne,
 Than a Curlewe in Grewe I vnderstande,
 For they were fyrst ingendored in that lande.
 And Appollo is called eke Cytan,
 That in his tyme so moche worshyp wan,
 Longe afoze or he was made a sterre,
 With Iubiter whan that he helde werre,
 And he also ycalled is Phobus,
 And of some ynamed is Phytus,
 For of Phytton he had the victoize.
 When he hym selfe to his great gloize.
 The great serpent here in erthe alowe,
 With his atowes and his mighty bowe.
 Of whiche conqueste the great god Cupyde,
 Hadde enuye and euen throught the syde,
 He wounded hym depe to the herte.
 With yarrowe of gold y made him foze smerte.
 And of Phytton that Phobus made thus fine
 Came Phetonysse that can so deuine,
 I mene women that be deuyneresse:
 Throught dead men these falsse sozceresses.
 As one whylom reysed Samuel,
 For loue of Saule the byble can you tell.
 And in his temple large longe and olde,
 There was a statue all of pure golde.
 Full great and hyghe and of huge weyght,
 And therein was throught the deuylles sleight,
 A spyrite vnclene by falsse illusyon,
 That gaue answer to euery questyon.
 Not the ydoll dombe as stocke or stone,
 And thus the people deceyued euerychone,
 Were by the fende brought in great errour.
 To do worshyppe and suche falsse honour,
 With sacryfye and cursed matowmentrye.
 And in this wyse began ydolatrye.
 As in this place to telle I me caste.
 And eke how longe it abode and syth laste,
 Compendiously I purpose to descryue,
 Synnyng and ende as ye shall here byue.

Withouten any ambyguete,
 For at the byrth and natiuite,
 Of chryste Ihesu his incarnaciowne,
 All the ydolles braste & fell adowne.
 And banysed and were brought to nought,
 Whan Herodes the bleffull childe sought,
 Throught his malis and crueltie horryble,
 As holy wypte recordeth and the byble.
 For whiche pursuite and persecucion,
 There dyd appere tho by amysyon,
 In holly aungell to Ioseph as he slepe,
 And bad hym ryse and also take kepe,
 Vnto the childe and also to Marye,
 And go his waye or Herode hym aspye.
 Into Egypt the great regyon.
 Lyke as the gospel maketh mencyon.
 And ryght anone as he came to that lande,
 There was none ydol y byright might stand.
 But to shpyered vnto pierces small,
 This holy wypte plainly and no tale.
 And was recordd fyrst of Esaye,
 How that our lord on an easy shaye,
 Ascende shulde and holde forth the his weye.
 Towarde Egypt and therwithall shuld deye,
 All matowmentrye and no longer dwell.
 But as the Jewes recorde of Ismael,
 That he was fyrst y matowmentrye hath fond,
 And made of clape an ydoll with his honde.
 And as Daynems wyte and tellen by,
 That alder fyrst as Prometheus,
 That founde ydolles thortly to conclude.
 For synulacrum cometh of synplytude.
 That is nothyng playnly but lykenesse.
 Made after man his ymage to expresse.
 Vnto whiche paynems in their gysse,
 With falsse honour and cursed sacryfye,
 Begon fyrst this rite for drede of man.
 And some saye how Belus fyrst began,
 Suche falsse worshyp and such matowmentrye.
 In their booke as clerkes specre by.
 That of Assir was lord and gouernour.
 After whose deth his sonne is in honour.
 That synus hyght an ymage did do make
 To be worshypped only for this sake.
 All of bzent golde by falsse effection,
 And sette it by for consolacion,
 And for amydde and a memoypall,
 Vnto the whiche with herte wyll and ad,
 Of ignozauce and of fleschly loue,

He dyd honour as to god aboue.
 In his temples most of excellence.
 And made his people to do reuerence.
 And sayde in heauen he was deyled.
 That of no man it durste be denyed.
 Tyll after soone but a lyttell whyle.
 A wycked spryde folkes to begyle.
 In this ydell entred to abyde.
 And gaue answer vpon euery syde.
 To the people of what them lyst demaunde.
 And they agayne what he wyl comande.
 Ohey fully the folke of all Asyde.
 Whiche vnto god did great iniurie.
 Makyng the people in such error fall.
 And some Belus, and some Bell him call.
 And some Balpin, and some Belphegore.
 And Bellebub he named was also.
 Whiche name is made of these wordes two.
 Of Bel, and zebub that thus synngsye.
 For Bell is God, and zebub is a flye.
 Than Bellebub together speckys.
 Ioynd in one the great god of flyes.
 And of this fayned false ydolatre.
 Can all the worlde worshyp mauntenre.
 For soine Saturne god of goddes all.
 Can in their error falsly for to call.
 That whylom was the myghty king of Crete
 And gaue hym name after the planete.
 That in heauen hath so large a sphere.
 And as Poetes in their fables lere.
 That he before throughe his sapience.
 Sawe in his diuine prouydence.
 Howe a sonne shulde of hym descende.
 And of Juno the goddess as he wende.
 That shuld hym plainly fro his reigne expell.
 And suffer hym no lenger for to dwell.
 In his kyngdome whan he came to age.
 Wherof Saturne fell in such rage.
 That he wyl shape remedye therfore.
 Wyddynng his wyfe when þe childe were bore.
 That she to hym shulde it byrynge anone.
 In stede wherof to him she brought a stone.
 To saue her childe the dyd her busynesse.
 And this Saturne throughe his gredynesse.
 The stone deuoureth in his melancolye.
 And this Saturne but if bookes lye.
 Had sonnes thre a daughter and no mo.
 Iupiter, Neptunus, and Pluto.

But Iupiter greatest was of name.
 Most renowned and worthiest of fame.
 Amonge Daynems as it is verfyed.
 For they so hyghe haue hym magnified.
 That they hym call god of fyre and eyre.
 Next to Saturne bozne for to be heyre.
 And next to hym in bookes as I rede.
 Is god of batayle myghty Mars the rede.
 And next Appollo so clere shene and bryght.
 The dayes eye and boyder of the nyght.
 Therwith of fruite, herbe, floure, and cozne.
 The whiche god lyke as is sayd toforne.
 In Delos is worshypped and honoured.
 And after Venus that often hath locoured.
 Many louer the fayre lusty queene.
 And them aledge of their woundes grene.
 That fyre was hurte with her fyre broude.
 As she that is goddess of many lande.
 And all the worlde hath in her demeyne.
 Fast embraced in her fyre cheyne.
 I meane the lady that called is Venus.
 And next in ordre is Mercurius.
 That in speche hath most excellence.
 Of rethorike and sugred eloquence.
 Of musyke, songe and of Hermonye.
 He hath lordshyp and hole the regalye.
 Next the Moone that were can and wane.
 Called Lucyna and also eke Dyane.
 That in Delos hath her mancyon.
 Lyke as tofore is makid mencyon.
 Now full of myght now hozned pale is she.
 Lady of chaunge and mutabilitie.
 That selde in one halte her any tyme.
 And so fare they that be bozne in her clyme.
 That aye deulte in thynges that be newe.
 Whose herte is cladde in many sondry hewe.
 So they be diuers in their affections.
 And in this wyse in sondry regyons.
 Of mauntenre is the venym ronne.
 Lyke as clerkes well deupse konne.
 For as I fynde of the Gauryens.
 They worshyp Iubam and Egpyciens.
 Honour plis after their conyng.
 Whylom daughter of Inachus the kyng.
 That taught the first their lond to ere & lowe.
 And also letters for to reade and knowe.
 And in lecture to sette their busynesse.
 For whiche thyng they call her a goddess.
 And Iupiter honoured is in Crete.

Where

Where he whylom helde his souerayne seate.
 And on them layde many dyuers charge.
 With Egles beaten in his baner large.
 And he was lord of eyre land and see.
 His roppall kyngdome deuiding into thre.
 In the highest him selfe doth contine.
 And hoolle the sea he gaue vnto Neptune.
 And last the earth to holde his sea roppall.
 He gaue to Pluto that god is infernall.
 And alder last whan he was shellyfyed.
 This Iupiter was most magnified.
 Of them of Crete aboute ouer all.
 To whom they made for a memozpall.
 A large tombe and statue high alofte.
 And him honoured in theyr rites ofte.
 With encens and with other sacryfise.
 And of this matter ferther to deupse.
 The latines wyth theyr busy diligence.
 In theyr rytes didden reuerence.
 To the goddess yf it be credyble.
 Pralld fatony that be innysible.
 And haue their dwelling in the wodes grene.
 Albe that men theyr fygyre may not sene.
 And of the Romaynes further to deupne.
 They most i honour haue their god Quirine.
 The whych whylom as bokes tellen vs.
 Amonges them was called Romulus.
 That bylte first the walles of the towne.
 And from an herde he came to such renoune.
 Throughe his manhod and his worthynesse.
 The spere of whom as bokes sayne expresse.
 As he the heade pytched in the grounde.
 It gan anone lyke as it is founde.
 To floury the floure and budde by myracle.
 And of nature had none obstacle.
 To ware grene with freshe bloomes netwe.
 And for the manhode that men in him knewe.
 For his knyghthod and his worthye fame.
 The worthy knyght of Rome bare þe name.
 After him and were Quirites called.
 High in heauen whan that he was stalled.
 Amonge the goddess and dreyfied.
 And thus Romaynes haue him glorified.
 As for their god with golde & great expences.
 And as I reade the Athenienles.
 Of hoolle herte chosen haue to serue.
 The goddess great that called is Minerue.
 And Dallas eke with her cristall helde.
 That with Neptunus euen amyd the selde.

Helde champartye wyth women on her syde.
 And he with men full surquedous in pryde.
 Defendeth him for gyuing of the name.
 To Athenes a Cytie most of fame.
 That is to sayne whether he or she.
 Shulde of ryght gyue name to the Cytie.
 Tyll it befell as they gan to strue.
 Sodeynly there sprange a fayre Olyue.
 For Dallas parte grene & fayre blossominge.
 On the other syde a well gan to sprynge.
 For him Pluto with water large and depe.
 Of whych thinge Apollo toke good kepe.
 Whych in his dome was not reckles.
 And for the Olyue tokeneth loue and pease.
 Water trouble contere werre and stryfe.
 He gaue sentence anone diffynitife.
 How Dallas shoulde that called is Minerue.
 The palme plainly of this strue discreue.
 And she anone gaue name to the towne.
 And called it by hygh discrecyon.
 Athenes the whych in speccall.
 Is to sayne a Citie immoztall.
 For wyldedome first there began to floure.
 And for this skyll this Cytie did honoure.
 Mighty Dallas goddess of science.
 And her aye most had in reuerence.
 And they of Daue in all their region.
 Worshyp most the queene of Citheron.
 I meane Venus ful of doubilnesse.
 Of whom afore somwhat I did expresse.
 And in her temple there full solemplye.
 They set her highest and most rchly.
 With gold and asure her statue they do paint.
 And other coloures that may neuer faynte.
 And set her vp in the highest see.
 Of all the temple that all men may se.
 And she stant naked in a watow see.
 Enuyron her with goddesses thre.
 That be assygned with busy attendaunce.
 To wayte on her and do her obseruaunce.
 And floures freshe blewe, rede, and whyte.
 Be her aboute the more for to deulte.
 And on her heade she hath a chaplet.
 Of roses rede ful plesantly yset.
 And from the heade downe vnto her foote.
 With sondry gommes & opytementes soote.
 She is ennoynted sweter for to smell.
 And all alofte as these Poetes tell.
 By dowues whyte fleing and eke sparowes.

L.i. And

And her besyde Cuppyde with his arrowes.
 Her blinde syne for to hurt and dere,
 And loseth ofte and synthe he wote not where.
 As he must nedes bycause he is blinde.
 And thus honoured and had mooste in mynde.
 Amonge this people is Venus the goddessse.
 And Maryens do theyr busynesse.
 To serue Bachus the myghty god of wyne.
 Whose lycour is most precious and fine.
 To recomforte hertes and to make glade.
 And to refreche hewes that be fade.
 In faces pale and maketh wyttes sharpe.
 Loseth tungen & make theyn loude to carpe.
 And causeth theyn to walke at lybertee.
 And to discure thynges that be secree.
 Without aduyl or discrecion.
 For where as wyne hath doynpnacion.
 No secretnesse may be kept in mewe.
 And some of them that Bachus serue & sewe.
 Amonge so hun haue such deuotion.
 That they some while boyde of all reason.
 Hasty and wood and without all drede.
 And some also so toty in theyr heade.
 That they are boyde of power and of myght.
 And haue no foote for to stande byryght.
 And yet they be as Jargaunt as a pye.
 Right pale cheared with a glaspe eye.
 Full of reason til his winde be spent.
 For or woman that is bynolent.
 Is verily a beast vntreasonable.
 And to my dome I holde them eke vnable.
 To be accepted in any companye.
 Whan that theyr tunge wadeth on the lye.
 That they ne may byryng forth a worde.
 And thus Bachus the strōg & myghty lord.
 Ful oft causeth folkes for to erre.
 For to debate and to maken werre.
 Of hastynesse where as is no nede.
 Wherfore it is wylsedom that men drede.
 His slepyghty wozyng or they fall in suare.
 And feble byzaines by measure for to spare.
 Or they vniwarely arested be and take.
 And or Bachus make theyn for to shake.
 In a feuer worse than terpen.
 If it of custome be cotpyden.
 Alterat with Bachus myghty Ious.
 And assere of tourning of the hous.
 And fordyeynt on the dyle lande.
 When he hath lost the vie of foote & hande.

And with a strawe playeth lyke an ape.
 And deuoutly ginneth for to gape.
 And noddeh oft wyth his Jowly heade.
 As he had on an heauy cappe of leade.
 And who that be of this condicion.
 He entee maye the releygon.
 Of myghty Bachus for habyllite.
 The whych lord hath the soueraynte.
 Both of hony and of mylke ther to.
 And of bawme that is so ryche also.
 And lordshyp hath of high potwer diuine.
 Both of grapes and of euery vyne.
 Theyn to nouryche throughe his influence.
 Of whom the honour and the reuerence.
 Is repesd most as I vnderstande.
 Amonges bynters in euery maner lande.
 Bycause he is to them so gracious.
 And they of Lemnos wozypp Vulcanus.
 The god of fyre Jubyter his synthe.
 The whych forgeth on his blacke stythe.
 The great thonder hydous and horryble.
 And the leuens that whylom be visibill.
 Into the west out of the Oryent.
 And gasterh vs with his dzedful dent.
 The smotry synthe this swarte Vulcanus.
 That whylom in herte was so Jalous.
 Toward Venus that was his wedded wiffe.
 Wherof there rose a deadly mortall strife.
 Whan he with Mars gan her first elpye.
 Of hygh malyce and cruell false enuie.
 Throughe pshuuing of Phobus bernes bright.
 Lying abed with Mars her owne knight.
 For which in herte he bzent as any glede.
 Making the slaundze all abrode to sprede.
 And gan theron falsly for to muse.
 And god forbode that any man accuse.
 For so lytell any woman euer.
 Where loue is set hard is to disseuer.
 For though they do such thing of gentilnesse.
 Passe ouer lyghtly and beare none hemynesse.
 Lest that thou be to women odious.
 And yet this synthe this false Vulcanus.
 Albe that he had them thus elpyed.
 Amonge Maryens yet was he despyed.
 And for that he so falsly them abooke.
 I haue him set last of all my boke.
 Amonge the goddesses of false matowmentrye.
 And in this wyle gan pdolatrye.
 As ye haue herde throughe oppnyons.

Of

Of people erryng in theyr affection.
 That all is false who the trouthe serche.
 For by teaching of all holy churche.
 By holy doctryne and tradicions.
 We shal despye such oppnyons.
 Whych of the fende were founde not of late.
 For whan aungelles in heauen were create.
 He that of all had the pzelacye.
 Of whom the prophete called Esaye.
 Wryteth ryght thus how the Cedres grene.
 Of Paradyse were not so fayre to sene.
 Planys nor fyre in heygth soth to sayne.
 To his highnes might not attayne.
 Nor all the trees so delycious.
 Of Paradyse were not so precious.
 Nouthen in sight nor in semelynesse.
 To be egall to him as in fayrnesse.
 But throughe his pryde and his surquidrye.
 Whan so he sayde to god that fyt so hye.
 He wyl be lyke and also let his see.
 High in the north passyng his degre.
 He was cast downe wyth all his legyons.
 From the fayre heauenty mansyons.
 All sodaynly into the pyt of hel.
 Perpetually there for to dwell.
 Of whom was sayde whan he fel so ferre.
 How fell thou so O thou moztowr sterre.
 From the middes of the stones byryght.
 That be so persyng and feryr of theyr lyght.
 That whilom were for thy great byghynesse.
 Called Lucifer of who Chast sayeth expresse.
 In his gospell how he sawe fro heauen.
 Sathan descende lyke the feryr leuene.
 The olde serpent that is so lowe yfall.
 Whom the Hebrewes in theyr tunge call.
 Bemoth that doth in latin playne expresse.
 A beast rude full of cursednesse.
 The vile serpent he Leviathan.
 Whom Jysdoze well deseryue can.
 Whych of kynde is neuer conuersant.
 In welles trouble and hath most his haunt.
 Amonges waters and in the large sea.
 Of whom sayth Dauid like as ye may se.
 In his psalter making mencion.
 Of the snake the monstuous Dragon.
 Ful of venym and of hard grace.
 Whych in the sea large and great of space.
 Wyth foule adders hath his mansyon.
 Unto mankynde to do illulphon.

Whom whylom sawe the holy monk Bzad.
 As he sayled forthe by the Ocrean.
 Thozowe n and deiet in a pyt horryble.
 More foule and hydous than it is credibill.
 There to abide this tortuous serpent.
 Unto the daye playnly of Judgement.
 That of malyce enuyed to mankynde.
 Whych with his gynes & sleighes as I fynd.
 Came to our fathers first in paradyse.
 And to deceyue the bet at his deuyse.
 More couerly this woyme in his passage.
 Toke of a serpent the lykenesse and ymage.
 That is of cheare of loke and countenance.
 Lyke a mayde and hath resemblance.
 Of a woman as recordeh Bede.
 In his deceytes rather for to speche.
 I mene the face onely and not elles.
 For behynde so as clerkes telles.
 Lyke a serpent of wombe backe and tayle.
 He was whan he gan him to assaile.
 And towarde Eue whan he gan to glyde.
 He fyrst enquereth as he her toke asyde.
 Why god forbade them eten of the tree.
 Whych if they eate sothly they shulden be.
 Like to goddes knowyng good and yll.
 And right forthwith as they gan fulfyll.
 The fendes hest theyr eyen were vncloused.
 And for theyr gylt sodaynly deposed.
 From Paradyse into wretchednesse.
 To lyue in labour forowe and distresse.
 And thus the fende whan that fyrst he toke.
 Fourme of a snake and a womans loke.
 And made the tunge in her heade to meue.
 By false engene mankynde for to greue.
 So as he doth in them that be trauapled.
 With wycked spyrytes bexed and assayled.
 To mene theyr tungen falsly out to breake.
 Into blasphemyn what thinge p they speake.
 The same serpent he Leviathan.
 Continuing aye falsely as he gan.
 In cursed Jdolles dombe, deafe, and blinde.
 Ful oft speaketh by spyrytes as I fynde.
 Which are but fendes Dauid wyzte certayne.
 The goddess all whom folkes so in baue.
 Honour with rites superstitious.
 As whilom was Apollo Delphicus.
 Like as tofoze ye haue herd deuise.
 Which as for now ought inough suffise.
 And as I trowe the very cause why.
 L.ii. That

That myne auctour reherfeth by and by.
Grounde and ginning of Idolatrye,
This the cause for ought I can espye.
For that he sawe the matter was not knowe,
Ilyche well both to high and lowe.
Peraventure you to do pleaseunce,
He hath the grounde put in remembraunce,
Of false goddes and of maumentye,
And most for them that can no poesye,

AND to þe storpe reforteth soone agayne,
How Achilles as ye haue herd me saie
And Patroclus haue the waye pnome,
To the temple and thither be come.
To haue aunswere of theyr embassadrye,
Of great Apollo whych may not lye.
Of þe prestes they haue theyr counsaile take,
In the temple to praie and to wake,
Tyll they may finde vnto theyr entente,
To haue aunswere at tyme conuenient,
To theyr purpose and leysure oportune.
And of one herte so longe they contune,
In praying fastyng and oblations,
With sacrifice and sundrye orpions,
Tofoze the god alwayting alwaye fast,
Tyll he to them answered at last.
With softe voyce and sayde Achilles tyme,
Home to Grekes fast that thou the hie,
From whom thou were hyther to me sente.
And saue the sothly the same of their entent,
Shalbe fulfilled withouten wordes mo.
And how that they shall to Trope go,
And there abyde many stronge battayle.
But at the last withouten any fayle,
At ten yeres dave they winn shall the towne,
And byrge it playnly to destructione,
Wall and toures fall shal to ruine,
And with al this theyr purpose for to fyne,
Kyng Priamus and Hecuba his wife.
And theyr sonnes in this mortall streye,
Shall there be slayne brother after brother,
This is the fine for it may be none other.
For there shal none escape in the place,
But such as Grekes liketh vnto grace,
Of very routhe and of mercy take.
This all and some and thus an ende I make.

Of which aunswere Achilles glad & light,
Was in his hert and with al his myght,

Thanketh Apollo of his bieffull cure.
And lodeynly of softe or adventure,
The selfe tyme befell a wonder thyng,
For out of Trope from Priamus the kyng,
Was sent a byshop for the same case,
To haue answere and named was Calchas.
And he came in fool without pefe.
The same houre whyle that Achilles,
Was there present a man of great seynce.
I meane Calchas had experyence,
Especially of calculacion,
Of softe also and dymacion.
And lerned was in astronomye,
And whan that he his tyme dyd espye,
To haue answere most conuenient,
Of Appollo lyke to his entent,
As heretofore makid is memoire,
He entred is in to the oratoire,
Doyng his rytes and his obseruances,
Lyke the custome with the circumstaunces.
And besely gan to knele and praye,
And his thynges deuoutly for to saie.
And to the god crye and call ful stronge,
And for Apollo would not the prolonge,
Sodaynly his aunswere gan attaine.
And sayd Calchas twies by his name.
Be right wel ware thou ne tourne agayne,
To Trope towne for that were but in vayne.
For finally lerne this thyng of me,
In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be.
This is in sothe whych may not be denyed.
Wherefore I wil that thou be alyd,
With the Grekes and with Achilles go.
To them anone my will is it be so.
For they shall haue as I haue disclosed.
Victoie and honour that may be disposed.
For it is fatall and ne may not barpe,
And thou to them shalt be necessarye,
In counseling and in yering rede,
And be right helping to their good spede.
And with that word rose him by Calchas,
And to Achilles he went an easy pace.
And whan that he came to his pefence,
With great honour & muche reuerence,
He was receiued like to his estate.
And after soone they were confederate,
Swoze togyther be bonde and assuraunce,
To be al one withouten barpaunce.
And than in haste they togyther gone,

To

To theyr shippes & shope theym forth anone,
With Patroclus goyng by theyr syde,
They hale by the anker and no longer hyde,
But saile forth the Calchas and they twayne.
Toward Grece them nedeth not complaine.
On winde and watre till they aryued be,
At Athenes that stode vpon the sea,
A large Citie of olde foundation,
And Achilles to kyng Agamenon,
Hath Calchas brought and also Patroclus,
And whan the Grekes the storpe telleth vs,
Asssembled were they together went,
Tofoze the king and Calchas represent,
To all the lordes and no longer dwell,
And right anone Achilles gan to tell,
Without abode in Delos how they mette,
Tofoze Apollo where they aunswer sette.
And how the god hath playnly determynd,
The Grekes purpose how it shal be fyned.
Upon Troians and bad Calchas also,
In no wyse that he to Trope go.
But with Grekes that he abyde styll,
Tyll they theyr purpose fynally fulfill.
Of whiche thyng the grekes glad of chere,
Calchas accepte with herte full entere.
For one of them confederate by bonde,
To be all one on water and on londe.
Without chaunge or any barpaunce.
The othe is made and put in remembraunce,
And they agayne fully hym assure,
To cherye hym whyle they lyfe may dure,
For weale or wo and so they made an ende,
And after parte and to their lodgyng wende.

Till on the morne after the berry nyght,
When Aurora was gladded w the light,
Of Phobus beames the grekes by aryle,
And to their goddes with many sacrifice,
They do honour in what they can or may.
And deuoutly holdyng a feast dave,
After their rytes meynt with loue and dvede,
In remembraunce of the good spede,
And of the answere þe goddes haue them sent.
So agreeable vnto their entent.
By Patroclus and by Achilles.
And after this amonges all the pefe,
Is Calchas come tofoze Agamenon,
All his lordes syttinge enuyron.
Lyke the iustices ethe in his place detre,

And humbly gan them all to salewe.
Upon his knees with sobre countenaunce,
And prayed them it be no displeaunce,
To stynte a whyle and gnye hym audpence.
And ryght anone as made was spience,
Amonge them all Calchas gan abzayde,
And euen thus full sobzely he sayd.

Of syres quod he and my lordes dere.
Kynges, Princes, & Dukes that be here,
So noble echone worthy and famous,
And eke so manly and so vertuous.
Whiche in this place be now here present,
Is not the fyne and chiefe of your entent,
And cause also why that ye echone,
Asssembled be to Trope for to gone,
With this power and this great strength.
Your purpose is to longe drawe a length,
And differred forth fro day to dave,
To your damage platly this no nape.
For to longe ye soioirne in this ple.
And trowe ye not that Priam in this whyle,
Hath his espyes amonge you pryuely,
I wote it wele I saie you fapthfully.
To knowe the fyne of your gouernaunce.
And he there whyles may make purueaunce,
Hym to defende while ye in ydell reste.
He semeth sothly ye do not for the beste.
For in abyding and in luche delays,
Great harme may fal certayne this no nay is.
I pzeue it thus for playnly whyle that yee,
To your ennynes graunte this lybertee,
Them to puruey they may with mighty hand
Enforce them your power to withstande,
With their frendes and their allyaunce,
And at leysour make their ordinaunce.
It is foly that ye so dyfferre.
Syth ye be ready for to make a werre.
On your ennynes with every circūstaunce,
For nothyng may a quarell so auauce,
As hasty lute it will the sharper byte.
The Iron hoothe tyme is for to smyte.
And not abyde tyll that it be colde.
For it wyl neither plye then noz folde.
So sette vpon all of one accorde,
And to your shyppe anone within bozde,
Enhalte you for tyme is to remeue.
With all your might your quarell to pursue.
Agaynst them that haue to you trespassed,

How many dayes be of somer passed,
And many monthes ronne and ouerslyde,
And Titan oft with his chare hath ryde,
From East to West and in the waves depe,
His streames bathed whyles that ye a slepe,
And spent your tyme in this place thus,
Whyle that the wynde called zephyrus,
Beningly enspyred hath alofte,
The attempte aier with wether sayre & soft,
The calme sea from waves styll and playne,
Whyles ye waste your dayes here in bayne,
That when your soon therto taken hede,
They wol suppose that it is for drede,
And be more bolde to let of you but lite,
Truste forsothe for I wyll me quite,
Tretwylpe to you like as I am bounde.
And thynke how ye haue the goddes founde,
There toward bening and fortunate.
Your honour faued in high and lowe estate,
And so shall forthe if your ingratytude,
Drouoke them not your purpose to clude,
Wylfully to flouthe your good fortune,
No wonder is though they not contune,
Towardes you for to shewe they grace,
Wherfore I reade hence for to pace,
And shapeth you no longer to lye here,
But whyle the wether is so sayre and clere,
And lusty somer abyde in his hete,
Or wynter come woth his raynes wete,
And while the season is so freshe and grene,
I speake of herte platly as I mene,
For your exployt and pour alder ease,
Where it so be I angre you or please,
That forth in haste ye to chyppe wende,
I can no moze my tale is at an ende.

Howe the Grekes nauye retournyng from
Athens were distressed by tempest, and how
they toke a castel of þ Troians called Sara-
naba. Ca. xviij.

AD all at ones they be cōdescēded,
To his aduylpe & haue it wel cōmeded.
And in al haste Agamenon the grete,
The lusty time and the season swete,
Hastynge the grekes both the high and lowe,
Made soude a trumpe & to shipward blowe,
And they echone his bidding did obey,
And to theyr shippes they go the right weye,

Without abode they will no longer dwell,
What shuld I moze of the number tell.
Of theyr shippes syth ye haue herde afoze,
It nedeth not reherse it any moze,
I can not se what it might auayle.
But forthe they dresse the and begā to sayle,
And this is sothe playnly and no wene,
So great a nauye was neuer yet pscne,
In all this worlde noz together met.
The winde was good þ they were not let,
On theyr waye fyrst whan they begon.
But after soone gan the shene lon,
The clearnesse chaunge of his bygyht face,
And dunne cloudes gan his light enbrace.
And sodaynly in full ougly wile,
The heauen dercke & the wynde gan ryle,
The hydous thunder and leuene clere,
Smote in the mast bygyht as any fyere,
And the blacknes of the smoky reyne,
Blindeth the eyre that nothyng may be sene.
And the waves gan to ryle alofte,
And in theyr shippes fell nothyng softe.
But plonge adowne and theyr toppes smyte,
That them thought they wanted but a lyte,
To haue be dead in the selfe ffounde.
Tyll Calchas hath by his craft ffounde,
The cause of all and with his orpions,
With his charmes and incantacions,
Made sodaynly the tempest to appeale
For to his craft done them right great ease,
For he founde out the cause of euerydele,
How Dyane lyked nothyng wele,
That the grekes dursten take on hande,
To be so bolde to parte from the stronde,
Into the sea in any maner wyse,
And do to her no maner sacrifice.
Nouthen offer tofoze or that they gothe,
For which thyng the goddesse is so wroth,
Towardes grekes saylpyng on the sea,
That they echone wende haue drownded be.
Tyll at the laste the kyng Agamenon,
Hath by counsaile and information,
Of wyse Calchas made sette by to londe,
Into an yle and faste his shippes bonde,
And Xulydes that little yle bygyhte,
In whiche he fonde vnware in his syghte,
A lytle temple and an ozatoze,
Founded of olde and made in memozy,
Of great Dyane to which anone he wente,

Full

full deuoutly his offerpyng to present.
And quened her with his oblations,
And lay there longe in his orpions.
After the rytes bled in his latwe.
Tell after he sawe the tempest gan adawe.
But some bokes maken mencion,
Touchyng this thyng that Agamenon,
As Dyrde lyst reherse in his boke,
How this kyng his owne doughter toke,
Ethygenya benyng of face and chere.
And endelonge there vpon the aultere,
This mayde he layde dyspoyled of her wede,
Tofoze Dyane to maken her blede.
To fyne only that he the heavenly quene,
With bloud that was innocent and clene,
Appeale myght and quemen of her rage.
And the goddesse gracious of visage,
Hath mercy meynt with her magnifcēce,
To suffer a mayde so full of innocence,
Gyltlesse to be in her temple slawe.
Hath by myracle away her body dawe.
And it conserved from all anoy and inerte,
And in her stede vnwarely caste an herte,
Bydeth of whom as bokes maken mynde,
Agamenon fyrst gan grace fynde.
In the goddes for to modespe,
Her cruell Ire and cleren gan the skye.
The sea wate calme and the wether sayre,
And Jhebus eke to glade with the eyre,
San shewe newe and his beames caste,
In to the sea and the kyng as faste,
Unto chyppe repayred is agayne.

Thugh helpe of her which is as clerk saine
Lady and quene is of wayes and of passage,
And goddesse is called of voyage.
After the sentence and oppnyon,
Of them that worke by calculacion.
And gyn their doimes by Astronomy.
And most of all they her magnifye,
In the tenth and the twelwe house.
For there she is they saye moste gracious,
Best fortunēd, clere, or in her shade,
If she haue come forthe of aspectes glade.
Of planettes standyng tho as in good state,
I mene suche planettes as be fortunate,
To voyage or iourney for to make.
And such tyme Agamenon hath take,
His happy waye chypped for to be.
And in good houre he taken hath the sea,

With the grekes the wether agreable,
And Colus hath maked acceptable,
Wynde and eyre hool at their wyll.
Nouthen to londe playnly noz to styll.
But in a meane somery made it blowe,
That they attayne as in a lyttell throwe,
To certayne boundes of Trope the Citie.
Unto a castell that stode vpon the sea,
Right wonder strong though it were but lite,
The name of whiche thoughte Dares liste not
I mene Dares called frygius, (wypte.
Pet other auctours reherse sofly thus,
Saranaba that it was pcalled,
Rounde aboute ditched and well walled.
With hyghe toures rounde square and wide,
Where vnder went the sea and fast besyde,
Was an hauen able for rpyale,
At whiche playnly the grekes wyl not sayle,
With their power myghtly to arpye.
Gaugre all tho that there agayne stryue.
They might well for it was not denied,
Only except that they were espyed,
Of them alone that in the castell dwell,
The whiche anone as they herde tell,
Of their comynge proude in the berde,
With them to mete were nothyng aferde.
But issue out downe vnto the stronde,
In purpose onely to lette them to londe,
With all their might if it wolde awayle,
But the grekes so proude in their assaile,
That they ne myght in their defence endure,
For where as they wende to haue be assure,
Demyng the grekes plainly on the sea,
For werped and faynted to haue be,
With longe saylinge parbrazed and forbroke,
Wherfore they cast on them to haue be wroke,
All todeinly and sette on the head,
And put them selfe in aduerture and drede.
Of rakelnesse vnadupedly.
Wherof to them selfe vnappelly,
It befell when they with grekes mette,
With spers longe and swerdes sharpe whet.
Eche on other manhode for to shewe.
But for cause Troians were to fewe,
To yssue out they dyd soflyse.
The fyelde was not parted egally,
For the grekes were innumerable,
That them to mete Troians were not able.
For that tyme they mighten not suffyse.

They

They toke on them to passyng hygh empyre.
 And yet they wold for nothing them wdrawe
 Tyll that they were wounded and yllawe,
 And ouerlayne of grekes utterly.
 Now here, now there, boze downe cruelly.
 Wherelysse as Gypdo both reposte,
 That them behoueth home agayne resozte,
 Of verpe nede and necessitye.
 And all attones gan for to flee,
 I meane suche as were lesse alpye,
 To the castell they hasted them full blyue.
 For they ne myght no longer holde the fpylde,
 Agaynst grekes with spere nor with shielde.
 They were to feble thoghtely to conclude,
 There to abyde so great a multitude.
 And as they flee the grekes a great pace,
 He cease not to sewe them in the chafe,
 Full hastily to the castell gate.
 And entre in and by cruell fate,
 They kyll and slea all both hye and lowe.
 They spare none ne lyst no wyght knowe.
 Of none estate but felly their oppresse,
 And what they sonde golde and eke rycheffe,
 Unto thyppe they caried it anone.
 And of the castell they ne lesse a stone,
 Aboue an other but touned by so downe.
 Both wall & toure and the chiefe dongeowne
 That nothyng stode so they vnder myne,
 And whan that all was brought vnco ruyne,
 Grekes anone to their thyppes haste.
 Of one assent and purposen as faste,
 Without abode of one wyll and herte,
 Fro that hauen playnly to dyuerse.
 And to sayle towarde Tenedowne,
 A stronge castell wyche from Trope towne,
 In distannce thense but fyre myle stode,
 Ful of treasour of rycheffe and of good.
 Replenished of all in habundaunce,
 And when that they with theyr ordynance,
 Playd haue theyr Journey safe and sound,
 And fro the sea taken haue the grounde.
 To theyr plesauce wonder agreable.
 And offtyght a place delectable,
 Holsome of eyre the soyle fayre and grene,
 And lusty playnes goodly on to sene.
 And was also habundaunt of vitayle,
 Replenished of all that may auayle,
 The ostering and to souldiours,
 For first the land of freshe floures,

Was pientous both of cozne and grapue.
 Of wyne and fruyt þ no thyng lape baraine,
 Of bestes and foules passyngly plentee,
 And fast by was adioyning the see.
 Full habundaunt of fyre as I fynde,
 After the season of euery maner kynde.
 And whan that they þ in the castell were,
 The Grekes sea lounded from a ferre,
 Without abode they arme them & went out,
 And vpon them make an hidous Goute.
 Stuffyng the castell to myne strong behinde,
 And toke their waye in Gypdo as I fynde.
 Towarde their foen and knyghtly set vpon,
 And right forth the grekes eke anone,
 Whette with them vpon the other fynde.
 Right surquidous and inly full of pynde.
 Clely armed in harneys all of stele,
 Freshe arrayed and besene so wele,
 For in the fiede as thicke as swozine of been,
 On eche fyde men may beholde and seen,
 Spradde all the playne downe vnto þ stound.
 Tyll at the laste they mette hande to hande.
 Where as they voyne to square speres ground,
 And hurtle ptere with many bluddy wounde.
 There was no good day nor no saluyng.
 But strokes felle that men harden ryng.
 On ballenettes the fieldes rounde about.
 So cruelly that the fyre sprange oute,
 Amonge the tustes brode bypyght and shene.
 Of foyle of golde & fethers whyte and grene.
 Eke in brestes perced many shelde,
 And coursers fledde abode in the fpylde.
 And many layde in that mortal stounde,
 Full deadly pale lowe vpon the grounde.
 With face gruf and bluddy streames wynde,
 And aldermost vpon the grekes fynde,
 The slaughter was and the discomfyture,
 So mightly the Trojans dyd endure.

Till at the laste for they were so fetwe,
 With multitude the grekes on the hewe,
 For mo then forty were against one,
 Of verp force abacke they muste gone,
 Nothyng for lacke of manhode dare I sepe.
 But for so many haue them ouer layne.
 They no longer may in fpylde so iourne,
 But to their Castell home agayne retourne,
 In full great haste suche as myght escape,
 Away aliue, and some of them for rape.

And

And dede of death toke them to flyght.
 On hosle backe to Trope towne full ryght.
 No wonder was though they haste faste,
 For to the gates the chace of grekes laste.
 So cruelly after they pursuwe.
 And some of them that myght not remewe,
 On Trope fyde forwerped of the fyght,
 The grekes slewe with all their full myght,
 Now here now there who they might atteme,
 There may no raunsom nor no mercy gayne.
 Of none estate without excepciowne.
 And after that vnto Tenedowne,
 The grekes went and it be sette aboute.
 That Trojan none myght escape out.
 And when þ they the bulwerkes had pwoonne
 To skale the walles after they begonne.
 And made a saute manfully and ofte,
 And eke Trojans as they stode a losse,
 Dyne them of that enter they ne myght.
 With caste of stone and with quarelles bryght,
 With bowe turkeys and thote of Arbalisters.
 And their gonners standyng at corners.
 With this also and caste of wynde fyre,
 Of rous hate full hote in their desyre.
 Lyke manly men them selfe they do desfende.
 And aye the grekes as they vp ascende,
 Cruelly they dyruen to the stounde.
 Tyll they without an ordynance haue foude,
 What with gynnes deuyld for the nones,
 And gonnes great for to caste stons,
 Sent to the toures ryght as any lyne,
 And large sowes lowe for to myne,
 And some of them vpon the walles gone,
 That were so thyrke made of lyne and stone.
 And in to entre they many wayes seke.
 Sette their bastyles and their hurdeys eke.
 Rounde aboute to the harde walles,
 And shalpyng ladders for sawtes marcpall.
 They gan vp caste with hokes for to holde,
 And by ascende the sturdy grekes bolde.
 Tyll the Trojans from the crestes caste,
 The great stons whyle as they woude laste.
 And rollers eke grekes to oppresse.
 And wonder manly dyd their busynesse,
 In their desfence and made plonge them lowe,
 With caste of quarell and with thote of bowe.
 Thoughe dyettes that of necessitye.
 They put them of it may none other be.
 And broke their neckes & their shulder bones,

As they fell downe with the square stons.
 And lye dead pyteous pale of hewe.
 But grekes aye gan the saute reuene,
 With multitude Trojans to assaile,
 That to withstande they gynnen to sayle.
 And were feble for rescuse came their none,
 And so of force the grekes be in gone.
 Through þ walles when they haue the broke,
 And on Trojans so cruelly be wroke,
 That fynally they lesse none alpye.
 But slea and kille and after that as blyue,
 On the walles their baners they haue sette.
 And ponge and olde it myght be no bette,
 All goth to wacke vpon Trope fyde.
 And after that they wyll no longer byde,
 But treasour golde & what so they may fynde,
 They caste on heape and together bynde.
 And make spoyle of all that was within,
 And then in haste the walles they begyn,
 Dynacle, toures, and also the dungeowne,
 To brene and hewe and to bete downe.
 And with the soyle they made euen & playne.
 And with great pray anone they went againe
 To their thyppes glad and lyght of chere.
 When the fyre with the flawmes clere,
 The castell had consumed and ybrent.
 And after that auple and ryght prident,
 The manly man the worthy Agamenon,
 Let make anone a conuocation,
 Of the grekes and bad they shulden byng,
 Golde and treasour without more taryng,
 With all the pray they wanne at Tenedowne,
 To his presence for this conclusiowne.
 That he may make distribucion,
 Amonges them without exception,
 Lyke their desert vnto poze and ryche.
 He departeth to euery man a lyche.
 But mozte to suche as dyd it best deserue,
 For to hym selfe him lyst nothyng referue,
 For he hath leuer their hertes then the good.
 Of suche as had spente their owne bloud,
 So manfully the castell for to wyne.
 For who that can with largesse fyrst begyn,
 He sayleth not after well to spede.
 Through helpe of men whē that he hath nede
 For loue foloweth fredome comenly.

Hote

Howe Agamenon assembled a counsaile of the nobles of Grece, and determyned, & sente Ulysses and Dromede in ambassade to kynge Pryam. Capi. xix.

After this the kyng let make a crie, That al the kinges & lordes of his ostie, Dukes and Erles come from euery coste, The next morowe afore him to appere. The nyght ppassed Phebus gan to clere, Their hemyspere after the larke songe. When y the king amonge the grekes stronge, Upon the playne in his see ropall, And faste by moste chife and princypall, Of his lordes were set in their degree. And when the king sawe oportunitie, And that there was made scilence euery where, His lyesges standynge enuyzon here & there. The kyng of chere sad and not forounde, As he that was of speche full fauourde, Began his tale with sobze countenance, The effect of whiche was this in substance.

Syes quod he full worthy of degree, Of verie ryght and of necessitye, We be compelled both the hygh and lowe, With all our myght lyke as ye well knowe, To redresse a thyng that is amys. For through the worlde as it reported is, We be of force of power and of myght, Of worthynesse in euery wyghtes syght, Most renowned and most worthypable, And ydempt and iudged for moste able, Of all people and lykelyst to stonde, For to perfourme what we haue take on hand Who that euer grutcheth or sayth nay, Yet me semeth if it be your paye, Thylke power moste is acceptable, Vnto goddes and longest stondest stable, That is deuoyde of surquidry and pryde. For it is kouth vpon euery lyde, In eche lande both of one and all, How many harmes and greues haue befall, Through rancour onely pryde & wyllfulnesse. So importable as I coude expresse, Through pryde there as is done offence, The hygh goddes maken resistence, To all tho that be surquydous. Whiche is a vyce so contraryous,

That it ne may in no place abyde. And in good sayth manhode is no pryde, For who that hath any acquyntaunce, Outher by frendshyp or by alpaunce, With a proude man to be confederate, With him in herte of hyghe or lowe estate. He nedes must what euer that he be, To many other of necessitye, Be lothlorest enemy and contrayze. For nothyng may a man so moche appayze, As pryde in soth in hyghe or lowe degree. Wherefore I rede playnely how that wee, This foule vyce out of our herte arrace. That our quarell may haue the more grace. And specially that our dedesfall, Conueyed be howe euer that it fall, By ryghtwysenesse more than voluntee. For if trouthe our sothfast guyde be, Us to directe by his rightfull lyne, Than shall our quarell aye in honour shyne, And continue in full felicitye. And ferthermore this knowen all ye, How we are come for to done vengeance, With our frendshyppe and our alpaunce. Upon Pryam for wronges done of olde. By hym and his as I haue ofte tolde. And hereupon we haue his grounder take, And some of his maked to a wake. With manful hande and his castelles stronge, I beate downe that stonde haue so longe. And take there the rycheffe that we founde, And slewe his men with many bluddy wounde. And harmes mo done in his countre, That I wote well if their enemye, Was vnto vs great and moche afore. I dare saye now it is in double more, That yf that they auenged myght be, On vs echone anone ye shulde see. Their great Ire so cruell and so huge, Be execute without more refuge. And yet in soth I wote they haue espyed, Our beynge here though we be not aspyed. Of them as yet I dare saye vnterly, They are well ware that we are faste by. And ouermore this wote I well also, Of the harmes that we haue to them do, The whiche as yet be but freshe and grene, If they were stronge and mighty to lusteyne, I werte on vs anone they wolde it gume.

And

And yet the Citie in whiche that they be in, Is walled stronge and toured rounde about, That they wenen fully out of doute, With the meyne that they haue gathzed in, Of theyr allyes that we shall not wyn, Of them but smale in werre nor in styfe. For he in soth hath a prerogatyfe, And aduantage that in his countre, hym selfe defendeth namely if that he, Be stuffed stronge of frendes hym besyde. And of alpes where he doth abyde. Lyke as the Rauens with his fether blacke, Within his nest will often tyme make, Agayne the fawkon gentyl of nature, full harde diffence whyles hy may endure. Or that he be vanquysht and outtrayed. And yet some whyle the fawkon is delayed, Whyles the Rauens besyde his nest doth flee, Within his courte at his lyberte. As euery foule is frowarde to areste, For to be daunted in his owne neste.

And yet to you these wordes I ne saye, In any wyle to putten in a fraye, Your knyghtly hertes so manly and so stable. For that to you it shulde be doutable, But we the Troyans fully shall confounde. And their Citie in which they now habounde, Plainly destroye albe that it be stronge. And they and all that now be them amonge, Shall fynally consumpt be with death. Chorowe grekes sworde yelden by the byeth. But the cause without any drede, Why I saye thus is that ye take hede, For any pryde or presumption, To aduerte in your discrecion, So prudently that reason in this nede, For any haste may our byrdell lede. And so ordeyne or we hense wende, That laude and praye after in the ende, May be reported as I haue deuysed. For many man that hath not be aduised, In his pursuite for lacke of prouidence, Toke tofore in his aduertence, What shuld be fall to deeth it hath the brought. Suche wyllfull hast were good to be thought, Of us by fore examynacion, And well discusst by reuolucion. Of thynkynge ofte that we not repente,

And fyrst remembre how that Pryam sent, To us but late only for Erpon. That yet is holde of kynge Thelamon. Whiche was of us without aduiselement, Undiscretely denyed by assent. Whiche hath to us be none aduantage. But grounde and rote of full great damage. For if that we through wyle purueyauce, Of her had made the deluyeraunce, The harmes great had be then eschewed, That after were of Parys so pursuued. In the temple of faire Cythera, That buylded is besyde Citrea, The treasour great also that he had, And Jewelles thense that he with him ladde. Than to Troie and the great rycheffe, The slaughte of men and the heaumesse, That yet is made for the quene Heleyn. Throughout Grece and the great payne, Of Menelays all had ben nowe vnwrought, If so we had forcelene this in our thought. Wylly tofore and restored Erpon, Than had not the harmes ne of them one, Enlewed on us in very sothfastnesse. For spent our labour so in ydelnesse. Treasour nor good wasted so in bayne, For come so ferre for to fetch agayne, The quene Heleyn with costes inportable. Withouten harmes now in eschewable.

And for all this yet ne wote we, Whether to iove or to aduersitye, The thyng shall tourne that we be about. Syth ofte syth dependent and in doute, Is fatall thyng vnshyer and vnstable. And fro the gynnynge often varyable. The ende is sene fortune can transmette, Her gery course and therfore to eschewe, The harmes possyble lykely for to fall, My counsaile is here amonge you al, Upon arryuaile traauyle to eschewe, In this matter are we further lewe, To Pryamus without any more, To sende fyrst agayne for to restore, The quene Heleyn as ryght and reason is, And other harmes done eke by Parys. After his trespasse and offence. Justely to maken restitution. Than may we all in worthyp and honour, Returne

Retourne home without moze labour.
If they assente to do as we requere.
And our arynge if they lyfte not here,
But folgly of their wyfulnesse,
Refusen it than this our woorthynesse,
Is double assured on a spker grounde.
By iuste tyle Trojans to confounde.
By thynges two we shalbe vnder pyght,
Fyrst our power bozne by with our ryght,
Shall for vs fyght our quarell to dareyne.
In balaunce euen to weye atwoice vs twayne,
To fyne that we shalbe moze excused,
For they tofore haue wyfully refused,
Our iuste proffers made to them atore.
And we shalbe through the worlde therfoze,
Without spot of trespasse or of blame.
Of mystepozte in hyndrynge of our name.
Where they of folp shall pnoted be,
Of wyfull woodnesse playnly where that we,
Shall stande free our power for to vse.
And every man shall vs well excuse.
Though that we do exrecucion,
By takynge vengeance for their offencyon.
Of men and chyldre of eche secte and age.
That shall of death holden thir the pailage.
And by the sword without mercy pace,
One and other there is no better grace.

But yet tofore I counsaile taketh hede,
That ye to them with all measure bede,
This holde I beste and mozte spyckernesse.
And worke now by good auisenesse.
Amonge your selfe and no longer tarye,
To whiche counsaile some weren contrary.
And varyaunt to his opiryon.
Saue they that were of most discrecion,
Assented be playnly to this ende.
And cholen haue to Pryamus for to sende,
Amonges them the ambasshat to spede,
Ulysses wise and woorthy Pryomede.
The whiche anone gan them ready make,
And shope them forth and their waye take,
Cowarde Troye as any lyne ryght.
When the sonne shone full shene and bypghte.
Holdyng the course of his fyre sphere,
In mydday arke wonder bypght and clere.
And gylte eche byll bale playne & roche,
With his beames, when they dyd appoche,
To the walles and gates of the towne,

And in they go without noyse or towne.
Full well be sene and in their pozte them had,
Ryght manfully and the waye them ladde,
To the paleyes streyght as any lyne.
Them nederly not asyde to derlyne.
But into a court large wyde and square,
And ther full knightly for no wight wold spare
Unto the effecte manly to pzoede.
To do their charge without feare and drede,
For their comyng was not tho refused,
And in tho dayes peraunter was not bled,
To haue no conduite for embassaioze.
The custome was to no man to denye,
As I suppose entre noz passage,
If it so were he come as for message.
And in this court builded so royally,
When they come fyrst they meruapled greatly
The royall pyght of so huge a strength,
So well complete both in bredde and length,
For they ne had in their lyfe tofore,
Sene none so fayre & yet they wonder moze,
Into the paleyes as they together gone,
That paved was all of Jasper stone,
Of a tree that ampydes stode.
On which to loke they thought it did the good
Gyfyng where it were Artificiall,
Erecte or sette by magyke naturall,
Or by engyne of workemen curyous.
Through subtyll craftes superfluous.
Or other worke of Apyromancye,
Or pzoofounde castynge of Phylosophye,
By apparaunce or yllusion.
Outher by craft of incantacion.
Up and downe they casten in their mynde,
Out by reason if they myghten fynde,
Kote and grounde of this wonder worke.
But the trouthe was to them so derke,
That in their wytte though they longe tract,
The pzyuitee they can not compare,
To conceyue how it was possyble,
For to the eye as it was byspble,
In very soth without any fable,
To mannes hande so it was palpable.
Of whiche the stocke of Gydo as is tolde,
In sothfastnesse was of pure golde.
Whiche shone as bypght as the sonne.
To enlumpne thynges that weren donne.
And the body as a masse was ryght,
Pzozyoned most goodly to the pyght,

Substan

Substanciall and of huge strengthe,
And twelue cubytes the body was of length,
And the croppe rounde and large of bredde,
And in compasse gan flouriche so and sprede,
That all the playne aboute enuyzobne,
With the bowes was shadowed by & done.
The ryche braunches and the leues fayre,
Twayne and twayne ioynd as a payre,
One of golde another syluer shene,
And mynt among w stones whyte & grene,
Some rede and some sapher helwed,
And euery daye the blomes were renewed,
And the blossomes with many sundry slyte,
For stones Inde it bare in stede of fruite.
As sayth Guido I can no other tell.
And the Grekes will no longer dwell,
But holde they waye by many sondry wente,
For to parfoume the fyne of their entent.
Till they attayne the chamber pzyncypall,
Where Pryamus in his see royall,
Lyke his estate in full kyngly wyse,
Sat and aboute ful prudent and ful wyse,
His lordes all in settes hym besyde.
Whan the grekes surquedous of pryde,
With sterne cheare & frowarde countenance,
As they that had lytell remembraunce,
Of gentynesse noz of curtesye,
For as Gydo doth playnly specifye,
Enterpyng in they taken haue they place,
In thoppolyte of the kynges face.
And set theyn done without moze sermon,
Any obeysaunce or salutacyon,
Worshyp honour or any reuerence,
Done to the kyng for all his excellence,
In pzeiudye of all gentynesse.
And than anone Ulysses gan expresse,
Cause of they comyng to kyng Pryamus,
Without abode sayng euen thus.
Not forberpyng pzeience of the kyng.

Meruaile not noz haue no woundrynge,
Though we to the do no honour dewe,
In our comyng the for to salewe.
Syth it ne longeth in sothe as thinketh me,
Where rancoure is and hertye enemye,
Or deadly hate with salutacions,
Or with sayned false affections,
For to thewe where hertes ben a fyre,
For naturally no man shall desyre,

Of his enemye the helthe noz welfare.
And platly now me lyft not for to spare,
Shortly to thewe the fyne of our entent,
Lyke as we haue in commaundement,
In our message from Agamenowne.
The noble kyng most woorthy of renowne.
Whych vs hath sent there is no moze to sayne,
Now unto the for the quene Helepyne.
That was ranyshed out of grekes lande.
And brought to Troy by force of mighty had,
Agaynst ryght and by vyolence,
Wherfore shortly without moze offence,
We iustly are without moze demaunde,
That thou anone rightfully commaunde,
To Menelap that he be sent agayne.
And with all this we are not in wayne,
That thou do make restytucion,
Of wronges done in that regyon.
Of pylfres great slaught & robberye,
By Paris done of wyfull tyranye.
Whych is thy son and by the susteyned,
And in his errour wyonfully maynteyned.
Wherfore come of and fully condescende,
Without grutchyng this wronges to amende,
For so thou mayst best the goddes queme,
Lyke as thou mayst in thy reason deme.
As right requireth & worke as the wyse.
For it so be that thou now despyle,
To exerce that I haue the tolde here,
Truste me right well a lesson thou shalt lere,
Whych thou and thine shall hereafter rewe,
Without feynyng thou shalt it fynde trewe.
That but if thou a better ende make,
Cruell vengeance shall on the be take.
And fynally what shuld I to the sayne,
The force of death this quarell shall darayne.
Upon the and vpon all thy bloud,
Raunsonles other of golde or good.
And questionles repoze this of me,
That merces this riche stronge Cyte,
Shall downe be bete & playde ful lowe,
Walle and Toures also ouerthrowe.
This all and some beth now well aduysed,
That our arpyng of the be not despyled.
But wysely worke and do as I haue sayde.

Add todaynly king Pryamus abraide,
Of hasty pye he ne might abyde.
Of the grekes whan he sawe the pryde,

D.I. The

The great outrage and presumption,
Without abode or deliberation,
To wyres anone he gan out breake,
And vnto him euen thus to speake.
¶ I wonder greatly in myn aduertence,
Beyng astoned how in my presence,
So vngoodly ye dare make this demaunde.
Lyke as ye had power to commaunde.
And me constrainyng your bydding to obey,
And I for feare durst you not with saye,
For manner thinge that ye are here.
For contrayre what that ye requyre.
Wherof sothly in herte I am ameued,
And of your threttes inwardly agreued.
And astoned surely not a lyfe.
That ye so hardy are this to excepte,
And by laynously myn honour to prouoke.
On your wordes for to be a worke.
But for all this trusteth me right wel,
I wyll not passe my boundes neuer a dele,
For the rather thozty at an ende,
To your arying in ought to condescende.
¶ For to confyde the syne of your entente,
It were not sytting nor conuenient,
A kyng to graunte your aring though þ he,
Stode in myschefe and captiuite,
Without recure to vittraunce ybrought.
It were outrage playnly to be thought.
To are of hym that ye are of me,
And sothly yet I not beleue that ye,
Accomplyshing may so much auayle,
As ye haue sayd for platly ye shall sayle,
Of your purpose I saye and god toforne.
Gauger your might though ye had it swozn.
For your request in euery mans syght,
Wanteth a grounde both of trouthe & righte.
To are of me satisfiacion,
And were your selfe fyrst occasyon,
Whan ye slewe my father Lamedowne,
And his lyeges and bent eke the towne,
And many hartnes if they were out soughte,
On him and his causeles tho ye wrought.
That it were longe all for to reherse.
Whych daye by daye throug my herte perce.
My syster eke called Eriona,
Out of this regyon ye haue laddde away,
The whych is not vnto her woorthinesse,
Treated lyke nor after gentlinesse.
¶ And for all this ye would amendes haue.

Wrongly of me that whylom for to saue,
All thynges in peace and to stynt werre,
To pou haue sente into Grece ferre,
Onely to haue Eriona agayne.
Of whych sonde ye hadden but disdayne,
And cruelly in vngoodly wise.
My messenger ye gan as tho despyse.
That he vnneth ne might escape awaye,
From out of grece ye knowe it is no naye.
Of you he had so vngoodly cheate,
And in good sayth me lyst not now to heare,
Your request nor gyuen audience.
To your arying for your great offence.
For leuer I had thozty to depen here,
Than condescende to ought that ye requere,
For I wyl fully for conclaupon,
That it be knowen to Agamemon,
That we haue leuer this is doubtles,
Synally his werre than his peace.
Syn ye to me haue done to great trespase,
And by my trouthe in this selfe place,
Cruelly anone ye shulden dye.
But for the offyce of embassadrye,
Agaynst death is fully your diffence.
That be so bolde withouten reuerence,
In my presence so to thret or speake.
Truste me right wel it shuld anone be toke,
Wherfore in haste without wordes mo,
My counsaile is that ye be ago.
Out of my sight and boyde this my Cyte,
For thus it standeth that whyles I you se,
In my herte may entre no gladnesse.
The fret of yre so holdeth me in distresse.
That in good sayth I may it not sustene,
So Inportune is the rage and tene,
That inwardly bindeth me for the whyle.

¶ And Diomedes tho began to smyle,
And sayd anone thus vnto the kyng.
If it be so that thou of our cominge,
In thine herte hast so mykle payne,
As to beholde now that be but twayne,
And art therwith so inly set a fyre,
Than shalt thou neuer be withouten yre,
In all thy life nor deuoyde of woo.
Syn thou hast so many cruell fo,
Of grekes now entred in thy lande.
An hundred thousand almost at thyn hande.
Agayne whose might þ mayst þ not assure.

To

To rest playnly nor endure,
Consider well how that they be stronge,
As thou shalt wyf perauiter or be longe.
So manly men and so well arayed,
Expert in armes and of olde assayed.
That no diffence may agayne thein bayle,
And wyte eke well that thou mayst not sayle,
By death of swoorde of theyr hande to deye,
And all thynge there is no moze to seye.
Though it so be prouably that thou speake,
And with thy tunge onely to be wreake,
Aferest moze than thou mayst achue,
Better it were such bostyng wordes leue,
And to wyle counsaile taketh better hede.

¶ But than in haste agayne this Diomedes,
Surquidous and inly full of pryde,
There rose vp some by the kynges syde,
With swozdes & drawe on him wold haue fal,
And al to heten him there among thein all,
Of hasty yre brenning as the glede,
Tyll Pyramus gan to taken hede.
And rose him by seying this diseafe,
And manfully this rage gan appeale.
Thein diffending vpon death and lyfe,
That none of them be hardy in this stryfe,
The embassadours to harne or to greue,
For though a sole his folly will not leue,
To presume to speake vnconningly,
A wyle man must suffer pacyently.
And though that he happe to do offence,
Throug folthe speche for lacke of sapyence,
A wyle man ne ought sothe to sayne,
To taken hede or to speake agayne,
For to a sole as it is pertynent,
To the wyle sothly with suffraunce,
Is to the wyle for to haue tolleraunce.
In all his porte to belongeth kindly,
Without adurpse to speake folly.
Undiscretly his mening to fulfyll.
Where as a wyle man heare can and be styll,
Tyll he se tyme and haue patience,
And dissimile in his aduertence,
The rage of foles that last but a thzowe,
For by his tunge a sole is oft knowe.
And leuer I had I do you wel assure,
In my persone damage to endure,
Then to suffer any messengere,

In my court of you that be here,
To haue a wronge other great or life.
The swerde of rancoure may not alway bite.
For oft it falleth that a wronge is wrought,
For lytel excelle foloweth great represe.
And haste is aye medled wyth myschefe.
Wherfore I byd that ye sytce adowne,
And in no wise of presumptione,
Attempteth not in no maner wyle,
By lygue or woorde moze for to despyse,
The embassadours from the Grekes sente.
But let them frely declare theyr entente,
And ye there whyles kepe your lippes close,

¶ And sodaynly then Eneas rose,
Whych next the kyng helde then his see,
So inwardly with rancour fret was he,
That he ne myght him selfe not refrayne,
And sayd for so ye not disdayne,
That I shall saye me semeth that it is,
Wel accordyng when one hath sayd amys,
And rekly spoken vnadvised,
Of his folly that he be chastyed.
That other maye example by him take.
To be wel ware such noyse and crye to make.
And specially in open audience.
So to offende your royall excellence.
And sothly yet I wote well that I myght,
So me gouerne playnly in your syght,
Of hastinesse without auisement,
That I shulde by your commaundement,
The death deserue for my great offence.
And trewly yet ne were for your presence,
Of this twayne that haue so yspoke,
Without abode I shuld anone be toke.
For it were woathy and ryght well sytting,
Whan that a sole in presence of a kyng,
Is bolde or hardy of presumption,
To take on him of indiscretion,
Thynge to reherse concluding in sentence,
Preiudice of his magnificence,
That he were taught better to gouerne,
His large tunge to konne bet and diserne,
Whan he shal speake or whan be in pease,
To suffer him to renne out of leise.
As doth he this that spoke hath so large.
Wherfore in haste I counsaile him & charge,
Without abode or any woorde mo,

¶ ii.

Out

Out of your syghte anone he be ago.
For it is best to do as I him rede.

To whom anone ful prouidly Diomedes,
Not astoned but with a stern loke,
To Eneas that for yre quoke,
Answered agayne but with wordes fetwe,
And sayd for thy wordes doth well shewe,
What so thou be that thou art ryght wise.
Well is that king that doth by thyne aduise.
For hath the nye of counsaile for to be,
For he ne may erre in no degre.
That art so rightful in thy iudgement.
Of wyllfullnesse without aduylment,
To cause a lord his bondes for to pare,
So would god in some other place,
That I myght by fauoure of fortune,
Mete with the at leysure oportune.
Lyke my desyre that canst so well endite.
In olde fables thy labour for to quyte.
And the to thanke for thy gentyll chere,
Which so knightly thou hast vs shewed here,
Truste well therto and haue therof no drede.

And tho Ulyres of this Diomedes,
Can interrupte his wordes prudently,
And to him sayde full aduysely,
That it was best to stynt and be still.
And now we know fully all thy will,
Quod Ulyres full manly to the kynge,
We will go hense without more tarynge.
Out of thy sight to Agamenon,
And make to him playne relation,
Of thy aunswere in ordre by and by.
And to houle they wenten sodaynly,
And in thorte time so hast them in their way.
That they be come there is no more to saye,
Where the kinge satte in his tentozpe,
And worde by worde as came to memozye,
They reherse the substance euery dele,
Wherof the grekes like nothing woele.
Conceyuing full there was no remedye,
As by repozte of the embassadye,
Saue onely this utterly procede,
How they theim shall gouerne in this nede,
Agayne Troians of necessitye.
For they well wote it may none other be.
And assented both in worl and dede.
To purney theim fast they theim spede.

In this stozpe as ye shall after fynde.

But fyrst of therof maken mynde,
I must a whylle of Eneas endyte,
As myne Auctour lyst of hym to wyte.
The whych sothly as bokes saye he was,
This manly Troian this woorthy Eneas,
Anchises sone of great woorthinesse,
Whylom gete of Venus the goddesse.
Conqueroure of many regyon.
Whan Troie was brought to destruction,
He wente his waye by the large see,
Called Cyrene and saylyng forth goth he,
By many cosse and many streyght passage,
Many daunger tyll into Cartage,
He ryued us and thense gan to sayle,
To the conquest of the great Ytale.
And so to Rome he hath the waye take,
Of whose spring as auctours mencion make,
Came Augustus Cesar the Emperour.
That was whilom so noble a conquerour.
That his renoune to this daye doth shine,
And of Enee the Emperour Justyne,
In his bokes called Autentykes,
Full playnly wyrt therein the rubrykes,
That after Cesar so as Celares,
Be named yet ryght to Eneades.
After Enee they name shoulde beare.
Whych fro Troie comen was so fere.
Unto Ytale and of this Eneas,
As I haue tolde Cesar descended was.
Downe lyne ryght ful manly and royall.
That fyrst in Rome by sceptre imperyall,
Maugre they myght had the gouernaunce,
And of wysedome set the ordynaunce,
Of common thynges touchyng the Cytee.
And to procede further of Enee,
Whooly his lyfe and knyghthod by and by,
If that ye lyst to reade ceryously,
Ye may se all ful autentyke of style,
In Eneydos compyled of Virgyle.
Albe it so that this noble clerke.
Was graue afore of cōplete was his werke.
As bokes olde maken mencion.

How Agamenon sent Achilles and Thelephus into the Ylande of Messa for vytayles,
and how they slewe the king and after ordey-
ned Thelephus the kynge there. Ca.xx.

But

But nowe agayne to Agamenon,
Without more I wyll my style retourne.
The whych kynge will no more sojourne,
In this matter delays for to make,
But in all haste he hath his counsaile take.
Of his lordes beyng there present.
And such as were not he hath after sent,
For one and al, Carles, Dukes, and kinges.
And sayd spyes amonge other thynges,
To our Journey that be necessarye,
My counsaile is no longer that we tarpe,
But fyrst of all to make ordynaunce,
By one assent with prudent purueaunce,
That alder fyrst we shap vs for vytayle.
Without whych none hooft may anayle.
To parfourme a iourney thysfely.
Wherfore I reade here but fast by,
If it to you be lykynge and plesaunce,
Into an yle ful of habundaunce,
Called Messa that we sende anone.
And at one worde assented euery chone,
They chosen haue woorthy Achilles,
And Thelephus the sone of Hercules,
To execute this purpose synally,
With many woorthy in theyr company.
Y chosen out throught the hooft anone,
With Achilles are to Messa gone.
In whych lande ryche and plenteous,
Reygned a kynge woorthy and famous,
That Centraun hyght whych in tranquylste,
Without werre of aduersyte,
Had holde his Sceptre and his royall sete,
In this yle so plesaunte and so mete.
Albe that some saye that this lytell yle,
To the kyngedome longeth of Cecyle.
And hath his name gauen of plente,
After Messane an huge great cite.
Full plenteous both on se and lande,
The whych kyngdome as I vnderstande,
Is sayde Messena of Messes in latin,
Throught habundaunce of fruyt corne & wyne.
At the aryaule on the playnes large,
Where they are wont for to stufte & charge,
Merchaunt shippes of straunge fer countre.
That thither sayle by the large sea.
To fetch vitayle aye from yere to yere.
fro many cosse of landes farre and nere,
Onely by eschaunge of merchaundise,
And eke also as bokes can deuise.

And as Guido full playnly telleth vs,
That of a kynge called Messanus,
This countrey first of Messa toke the name,
That in his tyme was of great fame,
Passyng ryche and wonder plenteous.
But of all this wares frygryus,
In his boke maketh no mencion.
But thortly telleth in conclusyon,
How Achilles and Thelephus also.
To Messena be together go.
With thre thousande of grekes chosen out.
Most manly men amonges all theyr route.
The whych as fast as they gan to londe,
And the kynge gan to vnderstonde,
Of theyr comyng he is descended downe.
With all the woorthy of his regiotone,
On horse and foote in stele armed byght,
Agaynst Grekes manfully to fyght,
Thenn to deuoyde playnly yf they can,
And sodaynly thus the skermyshe gan,
Attwice Grekes and other mortall sone.
On other parte there was many one,
Slayne and hurte & to the death ywounded,
Neuer lykly therof to be sounde.
If for other treate was theim not atwene,
But sword, tharpe and spere square & hene.
Now here now there that they go to ground,
For euery man his foo for to confounde,
His labour dyd and his busynesse.
And though grek throught they woorthinesse
Had on theyr foen much londe ywon,
Yet to retyre after they begon,
And meruayle none bycause that theyr sone,
Had alwaye thre in nomber agaynst one.
For the time it may none other be,
Till Achilles gan beholde and se,
Ther mortall slaughter vpon grekes syde.
Cournyng y backe to woundes large & wide.
Of hasty rancour chaungen gan his bloode,
And for yre farious and woode,
Whan he behelde his men lese theyr lande,
He to the sword whiche he helde in his hande,
Made waye kyled and bare downe,
And in the felde like a fierse yowone,
He faced in sothe when y his men were slawe,
Makynghis foen backwarde to withdraue.
And his grekes so manly recomforte,
That maugre theim he made them to resorte.
And who that euer in his waye stode,
And who that euer in his waye stode,

Without mercy he kylleth in his mode.
 There gayneth nought in his crueltee,
 For doubtles he had his manhod be,
 His passing renoune and his worthynesse,
 His knightthod eke and his high prowesse,
 The Grekes had that daye fynallye,
 Vanquished be without remedye.
 But through his helpe they recure all,
 For Achilles sturdy as a wall,
 Can serche sheltrouns & theyr rages brake,
 To fore whose face his fomen go to wrake.
 And alderlast whan he gan espye,
 Centran the kyng through his chyualtre,
 Defende him selfe lyke a worthy knyght,
 And as a Lyon bare him in his fyght,
 Now here now there grekes so oppresse.
 This Achilles of cruell hardynesse,
 He would cease in his purslewynge,
 Through the warde tyll he came to the king.
 Of manly force stoute and full of pryde,
 Makynge a waye rounde on euery syde,
 Agayne whole might nothyng might auayle.
 And of Centran fyrst the auentayle,
 He raced hath and rent the male afonder,
 And al to hewe that it was a wonder,
 To confydre that daye his cruelte.
 And after that al to broke hath he,
 His bassenet with many cruell wounde.
 And by his myght synr the kyng to grounde.
 And in all haste he maketh hath no let,
 From of his head to reade his bassenet.
 And merciles for to do vengeance,
 His harme he gan on he gyht to auance,
 Fully in purpose that he shulde be dead,
 And raunsonles gan amyn at his heade,
 With bloody swerde and despytous herte,
 Castynge playnly he shulde not asterte,
 In his fete he was so furpous.
 But of fortune it befell ryght thus.
 Chelephus the ponge lusty knyght,
 Casuelly therof had a fyght,
 And of Achilles the maner ful behelde,
 The stroke anone he bare vp with his shelde,
 And gan Achilles mekely for to pryde,
 To haue pyttee so to do him deye.
 Syth he laye wounded almost to the deathe.
 Brought to the poynt to helyden by þe breathe,
 Besekynge him for his benyngnyte,
 Of manly routh and eke knightly pyte,

Withdawe his hande and to do him grace,
 And graunt him life for a lytell space.
 Syth euery knyght shoulde of gentyl nesse,
 His enemy spare whan he is in distresse.
 To vtraunce brought and speccally whē he,
 Mercy requireth of humble voluntee.
 To whom Achilles feruent in his pryde,
 As he that was of rancoure set a fyre,
 Answered agayne what lyst the so to pryde,
 For him that nolde of pryde our wyll obeye.
 But gyn a werre where as was no nede.
 Of highe disoayne and indignacion,
 Haurynge a truste of presumption,
 In his manhod which myght him not auaille.
 Agaynst grekes to holden a battayle.
 As it is preyed playnly in the ende,
 All otherwyse shortly than he wende.
 For in the dyche iustly he is falle,
 Which he hath made of malys for vs all.
 Where two of wyll nor entencion,
 Gawe vnto hym none occasyon,
 Upon no syde platly fer nor nere,
 Nor ministred to hym no such matere,
 Nor to his lande menten no damage.
 But he hym selfe grounde of all this rage,
 Without offence done to hym of vs.
 And este agayne this ronge Chelephus,
 Humbly required hath of hym Achilles,
 Of knyghtly routh his arying to fulfyll.
 And to haue mercy on hym in this case.
 For with my father this kynge whylom was.
 Quod Chelephus by bonde confederate,
 Whiche lyeth nowe here all disconsolate.
 Expectant only with a deadly face,
 Upon the houre whan his goste shall pace,
 Through gyte alas in many mortal wounde.
 And for by cause that I haue in him found,
 Afore this tyme assured great kyndenesse,
 For of manhode and of gentyl nesse,
 In the boundes of his regiowne,
 He vnto me through his highe renoune,
 Whylom as I casually gan ryde,
 Shewed in soth vpon euery syde,
 Full royall chere and great humanite.
 That I am bounde as of very dutee,
 To remembre and to haue in mynde.
 And doubtles elles me semeth I were unkind
 Which after wolde my name foule a wynde,
 And for that I in parte wolde hym acquite.

I you beseeche of respyte of his lyfe.
 And Achilles withouten any stryfe,
 Delivered hath the stozz telleth thus,
 Centran feely vnto Chelephus.
 Whether hym lyst to sauen or to spylle.
 And when that he had hym at his wyll,
 He hath considered by his woundes grene,
 That were so mortall sothly and so kene,
 Of very nede that he must dye.
 There was no gayne nor no remedye.
 Nor auayle maye no medecyne.
 The houre whē þe westward gan decline
 And the battayle brought was to an ende,
 Whyle the grekes to their shypes wende,
 The meane whyle Centran for the payne,
 Of his woundes gan more & more complain.
 Without staunche so pyteously they blede,
 His offycers faste gan them spede,
 In a lytter made tho full royall,
 Toward his paleys & dougeowne princypall,
 To cary hym softe and easly.
 And at his prayer full benygly,
 Chelephus and also Achilles,
 Conueyed hym among all the prese,
 Tyll he was brought there as hym lyst to be.
 And they receyued lyke to their degree.
 Full royally the kyng aye languysshynge,
 As he that dreme toward his endynge,
 And might not longer drawen forth a length,
 His woofull lyfe so weke was he of strengthe,
 That his spirite must algates wende,
 And he in haste caused for to sende,
 For Achilles and for Chelephus,
 And whan they came he sayd vnto them thus.
 Sythes quod he full worthy of degree,
 Helth and honour with longe prosperitee,
 Be vnto you and goodly aduenture,
 All the whyle that your lyfe may dure.
 And speccally of the Oh Chelephus,
 Whiche haste to me be so gracious,
 Of gentyl nesse in my paynes stronge,
 Quely of grace my lyfe for to prolonge.
 But death alas I may not now eschewe.
 Nor his sworde on no parte remewe.
 Without recure knytte in bytter bondes,
 Upon the bryncke fall of fatys bondes,
 And of my lyfe all fully in dyspyre,
 Whiche of my body neuer myght haue heire,
 After my daye by successyon.

As to gouerne this lyttell regyon.
 Whiche lykely is to stande disconsolate,
 Of gouernance and fully desolate.
 Which erst I wan with full great trauayle,
 And to this day with werre & stronge bataile
 I haue it kept as ye well knowe erhone.
 And it defended from all maner sone,
 Withouten losse yeres heretoforne.
 But recurreles of yore I had it lozne,
 He had I had helpe and eke socour,
 Of Hercules the great conquerour.
 That whylom was father to Chelephus.
 So stronge so mighty and so chyualtrous.
 By whose manhode and whose hardynesse,
 By his knyghthode and great worthynesse,
 Whiche daye by day is new of memozye,
 Of all my foen I had the vycrozye.
 He daunted them and made them to a ferde,
 Only by rygoure of his sharpe swerde,
 That fynally through his manlyhede,
 He caused me this reygne to possede.
 Augre their myght in peace and quyet.
 With septre and crowne and my royall seate.
 That none of them tyll that he was dead,
 Hardy was to lyfte by the head,
 Agaynst me to speake but wordes fetwe,
 Wherby I may fully declare and thewe,
 By eydence that this litle yle,
 Is pertepnent and longeth to Ceryle.
 Where Hercules for a memozyall,
 Sette pillers in his conquest royall.
 When he had ryde and gon tho so ferre,
 And of Columpna yet the name they beare,
 After hym called Herculea.
 Though some saye they hyght Herracula.
 The name chaungynge by corrupcion.
 The whiche lande was whylom mansyon,
 To the people of wyld Barbarye.
 The whiche kyngdome for to magnifye,
 Frederyke sothly the secounde,
 Of golde and good passynghly habounde,
 That cholen was to be Emperour,
 Of Rome towne and mighty gouernour,
 And whylom eke kyng was of Ceryle,
 Whiche made reyle in that large yle,
 A myghty toure hyghe and thycke of wall,
 As sayth Gyudo for a memozyall,
 To put his name longe in remembraunce,
 And for the tople was to his pleasaunce,

The second boke.

With floures freshe of many sondry betwe,
In some boke the lande was named newe,
And ycalled as I vnderstande,
For his fayrenesse the lusty newe lande.
But Centran aye lyng in his payne,
As he that faste gan the houre attayne,
Of cruell death afoze his lordes all,
He made in haste Chelephus to call,
To his pzelesce and with a mortall there,
Sayde openly that all men myghten here.
My sonne quod he syth nedely I must pace,
Out of this woelde for gayne may no grace,
My lyfe to saue through no mannes myghte.
But for bycause of equitye and ryght,
I am compelled iustly in sentence,
To declare clerely my consyence,
Tofoze my death herynge all this pzele,
This to sape thy father Hercules,
The wyse worthy and that knyghtly man,
Whylom this lond through his conquest wan:
The whiche onely of his godlyhead,
As he that was the stocke of manlyhead,
Toke vnto me by comysynon,
The gouernaunce of this regyon:
Of his free wyll with hole the regally.
And nolde him selfe the countrey occuppe.
And sooly yet his ryght was not the lasse,
For loue of whom syth that I shall passe,
With full entent of my laste wyll,
To the I graunt as it is ryght and saylle,
As very heire iustly to succede.
Longe in honour therin thy lyfe to lede,
Makynge there a protestacion,
That in full token and confyrmacion,
This is the wyll synall of myne hearte.
Fro the whiche no man may me diuerte,
Upon no syde nor vtterly declyne.
For syth my wyll and dissent of lyne,
Be together combyne now in one.
Fro whiche thyng no man may do me gone,
For this desyre laste of my langour,
That thou playnly be my successour.
And synally thus I conclude and deme,
That vnto the Scepter and diademe,
Delivered be with euery circumstaunce,
But all his wyll for more assuraunce,
He made do write it in his testament.
The syne concludynge of his laste entent.
And after that he full piteously,

Befought Chelephus most herselfe,
Of manly routh and knyghtly gentillesse,
To do his deuer and his busynesse.
After his death like his estate royall,
To halowe and holde his feast funerall,
Solemply and the erequies do.
And sodeynly without woordes mo,
The kyng Centran yeldeth by the goste.
And went his waye I note to what coste.
I can not deme of suche mystyfyede.
And whan Hecras broken had the threde,
On the rocke and he was forth his waye,
Then Chelephus out of marbell graue,
Curiously a tombe made do carue.
The dead corpes therin to conserue,
Full ryche and aboue the graue.
An Epithaph anone he dyd do graue.
In his honour playnly to expresse,
His knighthode both and his worthynesse.
And howe his goste and he were deuozed,
With letters ryche of golde aboue embored.
Rounde aboute wonder curiours.
On his tombe that layden playnly thus.
Here lyeth Centran the kyng doubtles,
Whylom slayne of cruell Achilles.
That his scepter and the regallye,
Hooly gaue whiche no man may denpe,
To Chelephus the sonne of Hercules.
Whiche in his tombe resteth now in peace.
Whan this perfourmed was in euery thyng,
And Chelephus of Hessa crowned kyng,
And hygge and loue all by one assent,
Had solempnely in open parlement,
Made sayth to hym and ydone homage,
Lyke their degrees as they were of age,
And with hole herte in all their best entent,
By othe assured and by sacrament,
As trewe lyes receyued him for kyng.
Whan Achilles without more tarynge,
Whan all was sette in peace and gouernaunce,
Without grutchynge or any varyaunce,
To their thynges anone he made carpe,
Euery thyng that was necessarye,
To the grekes, corne, fruite, or vitayle.
Flethe or, fyre, or what that might auayle.
To hosteynge or helpe them in their nede.
Downe to the sea he all this dyd lede,
Fully their vessell for to stiffe and lade.
And Chelephus after this he made,

Style

The seconde boke.

Style in boundes of his regyon,
For to abyde for this conclusion.
That through his helpe and his diligence,
Busynesse and discrete prouydence,
To apure all myscheyse and all scarspyre,
Whan they nede he myght their socour be.

Albe that he lyke as sayth Cupdo,
With Achilles full sayne wolde haue go,
But he abode sothly for the beste.
By bonde assured fully and behest.
In euery thyng grekes to releue,
And than in haste Achilles toke his leue.
Of Chelephus and gan anone to sayle,
All his thynges stuffed with vitayle,
Toward grekes as made is mencion.
And in shoote tyme he at Tenedowne,
Arryued is and taken hath the grounde.
With all his knyghtes likwile hole a sounde,
And after this to Agamenon,
He syth hath made full relacion,
Of his explot lyke as it was fall.
In the pzelesce of his lordes all.
Sittynge enuyron many worthy knyght.
And syth in Hessa he telleth of the fygth,
Whan they entred and of their welcomynge,
And cerryously he tolde eke of the kyng,
That Centran hyght and playnly also howe,
Achilles amydde the fyelde hym slowe.
And of his death howe he of hole entent,
Fully ordeyned in his testament,
Chelephus also to be his heire.
All this he tolde and eke of his repayre,
Vnto the sea and eke of the byttayle.
And Chelephus howe he wyll not sayle,
To sende them all that may them please.
Of whiche thyng the grekes in great ease,
Were brought of herte and lyke wonder well.
Whan Achilles had tolde them euerydell,
And greatly preyed his hygh prouydence.
His manhode both and his sapience.
In his out beyng that he bare him so,
And after this Achilles is ygo,
To his lodgynge a lyttle there besyde.
Where his knyghtes vpon hym abyde,
Myndproudes full glade of his comynge.
And hym receyued as longeth to a kyng.
Where he abode and rested hym a whyle.
But for Cupdo declyneth here his style,

From the grekes to them of Troye towne,
I must also make digressyowne,
Of myne auctour the steppes for to selwe.
Lyke as it is conuenient and deuwe,
To my matter syth he is my guyde.
And for a whyle grekes sette asyde.
I wyll reherse how Dares fryggyus,
In Troye booke declareth vnto vs,
And cerryously maketh mencion.
Of the lordes that came to Troye towne.
To helpen them manly in their defence,
Agaynst grekes to maken resystence.
With ordynaunce of many dyuers thynges,
There came to the, Ceres, Dukes, & kynges.
As in Dares playnly is made mynde,
Reade his boke and there ye may fynde.
And alder fyrst I reade how that he,
Specyally speaketh of kynges thre.
Full manly men and also of great fame.
All be that he reherseth not the name,
Of their kyndomes yet he wyrteth thus,
The fyrst of them was called Pandarus.
And as I reade Capoz the seconde,
The thirde Andrastus lyke as it is founde.
And as Cupdo lyst to specyfy,
Thre thousande knyghtes in their compaigne,
And manly men they were euerychone.
And from an yle called Colefon,
Lyke as Dares listeth to expresse,
There came also of excellent prowesse,
Kynges foure of whiche the fyrst was,
As he hath wyrtte pnamed Carras.
And the seconde hyghte Pmalpus.
Nestoz the thirde the iiii. Amphymarus.
And fyue thousande worthy knyghtes all,
There came with them manly for to fall,
Upon the grekes in helping of the towne.
And fro y prouince knowen of great renowne
Called Lycy came the kyng Glaucion,
And with him brought his sonne Sarpedon,
A noble knight in armes full famous,
And was allyed to kyng Pryamus.
And thre thousande pf I shall not sayne,
There came of knyghts to these lordes twaine.
And from Laryle a ryche lande also,
As I fynde there came kynges two,
And them to quite manly as they ought,
A thousand knyghts they to Troye brought.
And from a kyngdome named Pryaowne,
Euphemus

Euphemus a kyng of great renowne,
 Brought with hym as Dares doth wytnesse,
 A thousande knyghtes of great worthynesse.
 And syue hundred Dares telleth vs,
 Came with Hupon and with Epedus,
 As any knyghtes in plates of syluer byght,
 And with hym eke a kyng p Remus byght.
 Brought.iii. thousande to Trope many myle,
 From Tabaria his large myghty ple.
 And Dukes foure with all their chivalrye,
 And Erles. viii. came in his companye.
 Hauynge in armes great experyence.
 And all they bare without difference,
 Their men a they when they were in p fynde,
 The chiefe of golde eueryche in his shielde,
 Wherby the kyng and holy his nauy,
 Amonge them all knowne mighten be,
 Albe that other boze eke the same.
 Also fro Trace kynges Plexer by his name,
 Fro thylke Trace that is mooste excellent,
 Whiche in the plage of the Oxyent,
 Haueth his septe fro which this myghty kyng,
 A thousande knyghts brought at his comynge.
 As myne auctoz recordeth eke also,
 In hundred knyghtes be to Trope go,
 With Ichamus a worthy Duke famous.
 That came with Hiler Guydo wyrteth thus.
 Trojans to helpe in their great nede,
 And fro Hauonpe sofly as I reade,
 Came Pytemellus the noble werryour,
 Lozde of that lande kyng and gouernour.
 And duke Stuper with him also had,
 And of knyghtes a thousande that he ladde.
 Towarde Trope from his region.
 And as this stozre maketh mencyon,
 That prouince standeth most by wildernesse,
 And by woodes of plenteous thickenesse,
 Wherin growe full many diuers tree,
 And most is forest that men may there se.
 For they there buylde houses but a fewe.
 And in that lande full diuersly them thewe,
 Many lykenesse queynte and monstrous,
 Beastes vnkouth to syght merueylous.
 Soundmele as by apparence.
 By illusyon false in existence.
 Wonder gaffull playnly for to sene,
 For dyuers goddesses of the woodes grene,
 Apper there called Satyrpe,
 Bycognes eke fabry and Incubpe,

That cause often men to falle in rage.
 And of this lande the people full sauage.
 Hardy knyghtes furpous and woode,
 And desyrous aye to sheden bloude.
 Greatly Experte specially to thete,
 With darte and spere peryllous for to mete.
 For they caste euen as any lyne.
 And from an yle that named was Boctine,
 In great araye to Trope the Citee,
 Lyke as I fynde there came Dukes thre.
 The fyrst of all called Amphymus,
 Samas the secounde the thirde Forcius.
 And as sayth Dares which listeth not to lye,
 Twelue hundred knyghtes in their company.
 And fro Boctyne as made is remembrance,
 The riche lande that hath such habundaunce,
 Of spyes, gunmes, frutes, cozne, and wine,
 Polsome cotes, ryndes, ryche and fyne,
 Wonder vnkouth and pzeious also,
 Out of which there comen kinges two.
 Full knightly men in armes desyrous,
 Kynges Boetes and Epistius,
 And w them brought to Trope from ferre,
 A thousande knyghtes arayed for the werre.
 And fro the lande called Passagonye,
 Whiche seuered is from all companye,
 As bookes saye that be bystozfall.
 Under the plage that is Oxyentall,
 Sette so ferre as made is reherseye,
 That fewe or none to that lande trauallye,
 For there to come is nere impossyble.
 For whiche that lande is called inuisyble,
 Bycause onely of his remotion,
 And yet yt is a ryche regyon.
 Of golde and syluer also and of stones,
 And habundaunce of plente for the nones.
 It is so full of treasure and of good,
 And hath his septe on the ryche floude,
 Pnamed Tygre not fer from Eufrates,
 As sayth myne auctour that called is Dares.
 From whiche lande in stele armed clene,
 A thousand knyghtes came with pphloimene.
 The worthy kyng whose chyldes out of dzyde,
 Were of curibouye in Guydo as I read.
 With golde depainte a fret with stones ryche,
 That in this world I trow there was noe liche,
 Out of the floudes chosen by deuyse,
 Whiche haue their course out of Paradyse.
 The whiche kyng a Gyaunt of stature,

And

And of his makynge passyng all measure.
 Stronge and delpuer also as I fynde.
 And fro the lande p marcheth bypon Inde,
 Kyng Berles came with many knightly man,
 And he also that with his hande hym wan,
 So moche honour the noble kyng Menon,
 And eke his brother called Sygomon.
 Whiche from the lande of their subiectiowne,
 Of dukes, erles, and knyghtes of renowne,
 The thousande brought all in plates thene.
 With speres rounde whet ful square and kene
 From Cthypoe came this noble route.
 And from the kyngdome also out of doute,
 That Thereo of Dares called is,
 Came the kyng full prudent and full wyse,
 The manly man named Theseus,
 And eke his sonne that byght Archylogus.
 A thousande knyghtes in their company,
 And Theseus full ryghe was of all ye,
 To Pyramus by dissent of bloud.
 And kynges twayne passyng ryche of good,
 And renowned of knighthode as by fame,
 Albe that Guydo reherseleth not their name.
 Yet in this stozre he maketh mencion,
 That from Agresta the lytle regyon,
 A thousand knyghts they brought vnto Troy,
 The grekes pryde to daunte and to acore.
 For they were cholen and pyked for p nones.
 And from the land beyond the Amazones,
 Lysypa the kyng Epystrophus,
 So wyse, so worthy, and inly vertuous.
 Passyng of counsayle and discreciowne,
 And with all this full woorthy of renowne,
 He pzeued was also in speciall,
 And in the artes called lyberall,
 Helerned was and expert a ryght.
 Notwithstandyng he was a worthy knyght.
 In werre and peace manfull and ryghte sage,
 Albe that he was conne ferre in age.
 And as the stozre maketh reherseye,
 A thousande knyghts cladde in plate a mayle,
 To Trope towne I fynde that he ladde.
 And with hym Guydo sayth that he hadde,
 A wonder archer of syght meruaylous,
 Of fourme and shap in maner monstrous,
 For lyke myne auctour as I reherse can,
 Fro the nauell bywarde he was man,
 And lower downe lyke a horse shaped,
 And thilke parte that after man was made,

Of fainne was blacke and rough as any bere,
 Couered with here fro colde him for to were.
 Passyng foule and horrible of syght,
 Whose euen twain were sparkeling as bright,
 As is a furneis with his reade leuene.
 Or the lyghtnyng that falleth from p heauen,
 Dredfull of loke and reade as fyze of chere,
 And as I reade he was a good archer.
 And with his bowe both at euen a moztwe,
 Upon grekes he wrought moche sorowe.
 And gasted them with many hydous loke.
 So sterne he was that many of them quoke,
 Whan they hym sawe so ougly and hozyr pble,
 And moze lothsome than it is credible.
 That many one hath wounded to the death,
 And caused them to yelden by the breath.
 On grekes syde as ye shall after here.
 And in this wyse assembled byn pferre,
 Kynges, Dukes, and Erles of renowne,
 From sundry landes within Trope towne,
 That byn pgathred and come fro so ferre,
 As sayth Dares to helpe them in this werre.
 That were in numbze as he maketh mynde,
 Two and thirtie thousande as I fynde.
 Of worthy knyghtes and lordes of estate,
 That syth the woorld was fourmed a create,
 He was sene I trowe in one Citee.
 Together assembled of so hygh degree,
 For of knyghtes so great a multitude.
 And yet this Dares sofly to conclude,
 In his boke maketh of them no mynde.
 That came to Trope out of smaler Inde.
 Nouthur of them mooste famous of renowne,
 That were to Pyram pbozne of Troy towne.
 That fynally if it be trewly sought,
 Syth p houre that this woorld was wrought,
 I dare affyrme vnder phebys sphere,
 So many worthy were not metie pferre.
 Of many men flouryng in lustynesse,
 So freshe, so ponge, and as by lyklynesse,
 In euery poynt of shap and of arraye,
 For to do well, for sofly this is no naye,
 Who lyt consyder bypon outhur syde,
 For thzough the woorld where men go or ryde,
 The floure of knighthode and of worthynesse,
 Of chynalrye and of hyghe prowesse,
 Assembled was without and within,
 Fully assented the werre so to begyn.
 Wherfore ye lyfiers taketh now good hyde,
 That

That pou delyte in this booke to reade.
 ffirst for how lyttle that this werre began,
 How light the cause for which so many a man,
 Hath losse his lyfe in myschyfe ppteously.
 And yet no man can beware therby.
 Almost for nought was this stryfe begonne.
 And who lyste loke they haue hereby nought
 But only deeth alas the hard sound. (woonne,
 So many knight caught his derthes wounde,
 Without recure or any remedye.
 And for a woman if I shall not lye,
 Can all this stryfe it was the moze pytie.
 That so great myschyfe or aduersyte,
 Of moztall slaughter euer shulde betyde.
 Better had be to haue sette asyde,
 Suche quarrelles all dere ynough a myte,
 And let the passe or y the vengeaunce byte.
 For wyledome were to caste afoze and se,
 If suche sklaunders myght eschewed be,
 Or the benyn gyneth for to rype.
 For though y men with hornes blowe & rype,
 Whan the house is fyrd in his hete,
 Of the sparke to late is then to treate,
 That caused all wherfoze at the gynnyng,
 The remedye is put of euery thyng.
 As euery wyght may deme in his reason.
 And while that grekes lay at Tenedon,
 Them to refrete and to reste in peace,
 The worthy kyng that hyght Ballampdes,
 With thyrtye shyppes out of grekes lande,
 Stuffed w knight ful worthy of their hande,
 The beste choyse of all his regyon,
 Arryued is vp at Tenedon.
 Wherof the grekes whan they had a syght,
 Reioysynge them were ryght glad and lyght,
 Hauynge regarde vnto his worthynesse.
 Where they afoze had made heynesse,
 For his absence that he was so longe.
 And some of them grutched at hym stronge,
 For he ne kepte his moulter at Athene.
 But for to thewe that he was all clene,
 Of any spotte in his consyence,
 Full manfully in open audyence,
 Lyke a knyght he gan hym selfe excuse,
 Stoppyng all tho that theron lyste to muse.
 Of his absence thewyng the cause why,
 That for sykenesse and lodeyne malady,
 He was constrained his pzenesse to withdraue
 And for they sawe that sykenesse hath no law,

They helde excused fully his absence.
 And for he was of most reuerence,
 Amonge grekes to no wight the secounde.
 And was also full wyse and eke habounde,
 Of golde and good awyse and prudent,
 That what to euer he sette on his entent,
 Knyghtly & wisely he wolde aye well achieue.
 And what soeuer he gan he nolde it leue,
 Haugre his foer in no maner wyse.
 Tyll that he sawe a fyne of his empyse.
 And for he was most of opinion,
 Amonge grekes and repufacion.
 They him besought that he wolde be,
 Of their counsaile awyse to forle,
 What wereto do in euery maner thyng.
 And he assenteth vnto their arynge.
 Benynngly of his great gentyllesse.
 And grekes than dyd theyz busynesse,
 To procede withouten moze delaye,
 Them to enhaile in all that euer they maye,
 To gyn a syge and differre it nought.
 And sundry waies they serched haue & sought
 In their wyttles how from Tenedowne,
 They may remeue towarde Troye towne,
 From the hauen where their shippes be.
 And some thought mozte commoditee,
 For best exloyt by nyght ppyuely,
 Toward Troye towne that stode but fast by,
 Doubtly to sayle with their shyppes all.
 And some sayde great peryll might be fall,
 Towarde night for take the sea,
 Lest with derkenesse they enlosed bee.
 In their passage knowynge not the waye.
 Wherof great harme after fall maye.
 And thus diuers of oppynon,
 Proceedynge not to no conclusyon,
 For in effecte their purpose not ne helde,
 But styl abyden lodged in the fyele.
 Lyke as they had entryked be with dzed.
 Tyll on a daye the worthy Dyomedes,
 Of the grekes seynge the cowardyse,
 Euen thus he his counsaile gan deuise.
 Syres quod he that be here now pzenent,
 If that he lyste all by one assent,
 Goodly consyder aduertynge prudently,
 What I shall saye tofoze you openly,
 Whiche of knighthode haue so noble name,
 Sothly me semeth we oughte haue gret shame,
 Whiche holde our selfe so mighty & so stronge,
 And

And in this lande sojourned haue so longe,
 Rygh all this yeare and dursten in no wyse,
 Remoue hense for very cowardise.
 What haue we do nought elles certaynly,
 But to our foer graunted folly.
 Euen at their lust space and liberte,
 To makethem stronge and opostunite,
 Us to withstande playnly at the hande,
 And so they will ye may well vnderstande.
 For daye by daye to our confusidone,
 They sought waies full wisely by a doone,
 To get them helpe in the meane space,
 And them enforced aboute in euery place,
 Their large Cite with barres & with palis,
 Their walles mased and agayn our skalis,
 Trusteth theron made great ordinaunce.
 And with all this of our gounernaunce,
 They haue espyd seynge that for dzed,
 We haue no herte manly to procede,
 In our purpose to hold with them the werre.
 And aye the moze they se that we differre,
 The moze they will catchen hardynesse.
 Us to resyste with al their busynesse.
 Also I se and trust it verily,
 That if we had afoze hand manfully,
 As we began knightly forth contynued,
 Our Journey had better be fortunued.
 If todaynly with stronge and mighty hande,
 They bnaupled we had into their lande,
 Without abode afoze this time arriued.
 Of which a while we must be depprived.
 And delayed where fyrst the victoize,
 To our honour with palme of high gloze,
 We might sothly ne had be our slouth,
 Our will complyed this the playne fronth.
 Where maugre vs or we to lande ariue.
 With stronge defeece they will agayne vs striue.
 And put vs of or we the stronge may win,
 For aye the moze we tarye to begin,
 The moze in sothe for me list not lye,
 We put our selfe echone in Jeopardye,
 What should I sayne or sage from y fronth.
 For our taryng and our cowardye slouth,
 Are likely after to tourne vs to great sorowe,
 Wherfoze betimes on the next morowe,
 My counsaile is our ankers by to pulle.
 In this matter no longer that we dulle.
 But to enarme our shippes for the werre,
 And at the vprile of the morowe sterre,

Let vs ordayne with knightly apparayle,
 Out of thys hauen with the wynde to sayle.
 Of manly herte and lusty fresche courage.
 Our couete holdynge and our right passage,
 Towarde Troye and landen openly.
 What euer fall for truste spherlye,
 Without scarmishe we may not ariue.
 For they of Troye descende will as bliue,
 Like manly men to mete vs in the berde.
 But for all that let vs not be aferde,
 But drede a bozde and manhod set afoze,
 That cowardise ne entre at no boze.
 For to adaunt the manhode of your herte.
 And with that woerde grekes gan aduerte,
 The manly counsaile of this Dyomedes,
 And in effect to procede in dede,
 Vnto the poynt and for nothyng wyll spare,
 And in what wyse anone I will declare.

How the grekes laded tofoze Troy, where
 they were stoutly fought with all. Ca. xxi.

The next morowe wonderly betime,
 Or Phobus rose longe or it was prime,
 Whan it began full merily to dawne.
 The grekes hoost to shipward ginnen draue,
 With manly herte fully deuoyde of drede,
 Onely through comfote of this Dyomedes,
 But alder first anone as they awake,
 The lordes wisely gan their counsaile take,
 And concluded amonge them euerichone,
 Which of their shippes shulde y fornest gone,
 And on the sea how they shoulde them guye.
 So to ariue that no man them aspye.
 This was deuised at a certayne marke.
 The night past at singynge of the lark.
 Grekes ben shipped without moze taryng.
 Both high and lowe rathe in the dawning.
 And first tofoze an hydred shippes of toure
 Stuffed with many worthy werrour,
 Gan proudly sayle as they had in charge,
 And theyz baners brode bright and large,
 Were displayed out on euery side,
 As they departe the fomy waues wyde.
 That to sight whetmen by so grene.
 And next to them for werre enarmed clene,
 Another hondred folowed fast by.
 Which bare their sayles passing proudly.
 In which there was ful many worthy knight
 Armed

Armed in mayle and in plates bryght.
 And after foloweth hooly their nauye,
 That as I trowe such a companie,
 Of worthy knightes and lordes of degree,
 Was neuer afore sene upon the see.
 And Colus was to them fortunate,
 And eke Neptune made thom none debate,
 Whynde noz trouble amoge þe sterne waves,
 The attempte boether ful mery to the daves.
 That in a tide as they sayled right,
 Of Trope to bome they caught anone a sighte.
 Wherof in herte full glad and light they be.
 But whan Troians first their shippes se,
 So proudly sayle a litell from the stronde,
 And sawe how they cast them for to londe,
 They bode no moze but arme them hastily,
 In plate and mayle and Jackes richly.
 With Trous herte and that was done anone,
 And toke their hoxe & forth in hast they gone
 Out at the gates and made no tarpyng,
 For they ne bide prince duke noz kinge.
 For other lozde to guyde them oz gouerne,
 But hast them forth so many & so perne,
 Through out the felde so great a multitude,
 Amonges whom were no folkes rude,
 But manly men thurstely be sayne.
 So clenly armed on the large playne.
 That when þe grekes gan them first beholde,
 The great nomber made their hertes cold.
 For there was none so manly them amonge,
 So yonge so freshe so hardy noz so stronge.
 Of high estate noz of low degree,
 That he ne was assoned for to se,
 The hardy Troians so proudly down descend.
 To let Grekes that they not assende.
 That well they wist and seme utterly,
 There was none other meane tarye by,
 But onely death oz manly for to fight,
 Or cowardly take them to the flight.
 For other conduyte playnly none there was.
 But sharpe sworde and speres in this case.
 Tyll sodaynly the hardy fierse kinge,
 Protheslaus which in his gouerninge,
 For most of all an hundred shippes ladde,
 Gan hast him for Tre that he hadde,
 To win the lande first if it would be.
 To mete with them so great desyre had he.
 But such a winde gan in the sayle bryne,
 Of his shippes whan he shope to arrie,

That he vnwarely sines upon the londe.
 On the gettys and the dype sonde,
 That his shippes shuiered all asonder,
 And some dreynt to broke herte and pont er.
 And deuoured of the waywyse,
 That it was routhe and pyte for to se.
 For greater parte as tho gone to wake,
 And whyles some were busy for to take.
 The dype lande with filth and mudde plade,
 Troians of them ful cruell slaughter made.
 Maugre their might grekes so constrayned,
 That in their blud the walues were stayned
 So mortally that lothly to beholde,
 Amonge the sonde pale dead and colde,
 The grekes lye with woundes freshe & grene.
 And all the eyre with the shote of arrowes keue,
 Shadowed was þe hebes beames bryght,
 Upon the soyle was berked of his light.
 And newe assay Troians them assaile,
 That to grekes playnly this rynaile,
 So mortall was and so infortunate,
 So vnwelfull and disconsolate,
 So bndisposed throughe infelicitie,
 That I trowe neuer erst out of see,
 He came none hoost more harder to the londe.
 But for all that grekes ne wolde wounde,
 For lyfe noz death manly to aryue.
 And so befelle of aduenture as blyue,
 Of the hundred shippes þe next after seue,
 Adysedly and in a tyne deue,
 Be entred and in haste not to faste.
 And stryke sayle and their ankers caste.
 For they were there strongly enbatapled,
 In their londyng lest they were assayled,
 And wisely fyrst they sette their Arbalasters,
 And their gonners and their best archers.
 With paypers for to go afore,
 Knightly to land though troians hadde sworn,
 The contrary proudly them to lette,
 Pet for all that sperely by they sette,
 The grekische shote made them to withdrawe.
 And many of them on the lande laye slawe.
 That maugre them the ströde they recure.
 And suche as myght moste manfully endure,
 Was sette afore tyll they the lande hane tabe.
 And all atones suche assaute they make,
 Upon Troians and tho began the fyght.
 When Protheslaus þe noble worthy knight,
 Wonder lyfely and ryght passyng stronge,

With

With the grekes that entred in amonge.
 The hardy troians & euery where the sought
 For he of armes meruayles on the wrought,
 Chylke dape throughe his worthynesse,
 That many Troian he brought in distresse,
 Where as he went they felt full vnsofte.
 Throughe whose manhod grekes were alofte,
 For thylke dape ne had his knighthod be,
 The grekes had in great aduersite,
 Be vanquished by fatall purueyaunce,
 And finally brought vnto vttraunce.
 Vnto abacke playnly this no lye,
 Vnto what auayleth all his chynalre.
 His worthynesse oz his fierse courage,
 What might it helpe oz do auantage.
 Syth, but thousand grekes had add
 With an hundred thousand Troians tho.
 Inmeruayle was how they might endure,
 In any wise the stronde to recure.
 Or so fewe for to holde a felde,
 But in them selfe one thinge they behelde,
 Full prudently whych tho gaue them herte,
 That they sawe they nughten not alterte,
 To scape with life if they woulden fle.
 For at their backe was nothing but the see.
 And then to fore an hoost so great and huge,
 And other waye was there no refuge,
 But dye atones oz fight manfully.
 Wherefore they cast and shope them knightly,
 Like manly men their liues rather leoparte,
 Than cowardly from their foen departe.
 To lese their grounde and drenchen in the see.
 And thus as longe as it would be,
 Grekes defende them fer aboue their might,
 Albe that many killed were in this fight.
 That the streames of their red bloud,
 Ran in the sonde large as any fode.
 So cruelly Troians on them set.
 With spere & swerd ful sharpe ground & whet,
 That routhe was and pyte for to thinke,
 Till they almost dzone them to the brinke.
 Where the grekes in mischiese and distresse,
 In great anguthe and passyng werynesse,
 Them selfe defende mate and full pwerp.
 Where they shoulde hane perished bitterly,
 Secureles in sothe for ewermoze,
 He had Archelaus and worthy Prothesnoz,
 From their shippes aryued vnto lande.
 Of todayne happe with them for to stande.

And yet they had full great aduersyte,
 For to arrie throughe the cruelte,
 Of the Troians but yet the lande they win,
 And grekes than cruelly begin,
 Agayne their foen to standen at defence,
 With manly force and with great violence.
 Tho gan encrease the bloody werre newe,
 That all þe soyle depynted was in the dewe.
 That first was grene tourned into red,
 On erthe side so many one lay deade.
 Upon the grounde of his life depyued.
 But duke Nestor all sodaynly aryued,
 With his knightes fell and full Trous,
 And of herte right melancolious,
 With his speres and archers out aside,
 He entred in sterne and full of prude.
 With sworde & are grounde sharpe and kene,
 They ran yfere and met upon the grene,
 And hoked arowes alway flewe amonge,
 And chaftes shuer brast and tourne wronge.
 And with their toles steled and well whet,
 The longe dape they haue together met.
 And the slaughter newe alwaye began,
 On euery halfe of many worthy man.
 With woundes large and despytous,
 For Prothesnoz and king Archelaus,
 With swerdes stiffe among the reinges kerue,
 That many Troian made for to sterue.
 They were that dape so passyngly Trous,
 And them tauenge inly despytous,
 Neuer leasing in their purselwing,
 And to releue them Agagus the kinge,
 Plonded is and eke king Atalus,
 Which on Troians were full enuious.
 Brenning of ire as the fierse glede,
 And vpon them of very olde hatrede,
 With their knightes sodaynly be fall,
 And in their ire bitterer than gall,
 Cruelly there they their foen oppresse,
 And of assent did their busynesse,
 Maugre them backwarde to resozte,
 Amide the felde as I can reporte,
 There was no choyse so they were costreyned
 Of very force and of manhode payned,
 To withdrawe to their confusioone.
 But than in hast downe from Trope to bome,
 Of worthy knightes freschly armed newe,
 With deuyces of many sondry betwe,
 Without abode thortly to conclude,

The seconde boke.

There came downe so great a multitude,
 Che his armes depaynte vpon the shyld,
 That in their comming glittereth al the felde,
 Ot their armure as the sonne byght.
 And whan that they were entred in to fight,
 Grekes metynge felly by enuye,
 They sette vpon feet with melancolye.
 With such a will of herte and of courage,
 With such furpe in their mortall rage,
 That to accorde was none other mene.
 But slaught and death theym to go betwene.
 Thzugh stroke of axe of dagger and of spere.
 That of force compelled the grekes were,
 Theim retourne backwarde to the stronde.
 To whose rescuse anone there came to londe,
 The king Ulires with his hole nauye.
 And full knightly woth his chivalrye,
 Towardes Troians enhasteth him anone.
 And of one herte the grekes with him goue.
 And they courage hooly they resume,
 And gan their foen felly to confume.
 Unto the death their damage to reuenge.
 That no wight may wistly them chalenge.
 Of manhode so well they haue them bozne.
 To arquite again their harmes done befozne
 At which time like a fierle Lyowne,
 Amonge Troians ranging vp and downe,
 Ulires wente with his swerde in honde.
 He killeth sleeth and knightly gan to fonde,
 Chylke dare like a man be fonde.
 And here & there woth many mortall wounde,
 Upon Troians he wrought all this wacke.
 The bering downe on fote & on hofse backe.
 In his ire his strokes were so kene.
 At which time worthy Philomene,
 Lorde and king of Passagonye,
 Whan he behelde with his companye,
 So many Troian of Ulires slawe,
 Towardes him anone he gan him draue,
 On hofse backe and with a spere rounde,
 Out of his sadyll bare him to the grounde,
 But Ulires rose vp anone right,
 Taking his hofse lyke a manly knight,
 The which anone as Philomene hath sayne,
 Toke eft a spere and rode to him agayne.
 So mightely and with such violence,
 That fynally there gayneth no diffence,
 But that he smote him even through p shelde,
 The which flewe afonder in the felde,

And through his plates without any fayle,
 The spere head and rested in the maple.
 That fogged was of stele ful shene & bright,
 Which to perce the spere head hath no might.
 So trewly made was the haberiowne.
 But w that stroke Ulires was boze downe,
 Yet este agayne he hasteth vp anone.
 Pe of this stroke herme felt he none.
 And raught a spere sharpe whet & ygrounde,
 And Philomene he gaue such a wounde,
 With all the myght of his armes twayne,
 Of yzous herte with so great a payne,
 That through his sheld both p plate & maile,
 He smote him vp through his attentayle,
 Into the gorge that the stocke ganglyde,
 That from his hofse he fell downe alyse,
 Full peryllously pyght vpon his head.
 His knightes wenyng sothly he were dead.
 Which toke him vp and layde him on a shelde,
 And bare him home in hast out of the felde.
 With great daunger oz they might him wry,
 Thzough the grekes with their lord to twyn.
 And for Troians suppoled lykely,
 That Philomene withouten remedye,
 Had be dead they were astoned all.
 That if this case that dape ne had befall,
 Of Philomene grekes on the stronde,
 Had be outrayed arming vp to londe.
 Thzough the knightthod this is doubtles.
 Of Philomene whom that Ulires,
 Unhofsed hath with a mortall wounde,
 In knightly wofse Troians to confounde,
 Wherof they were astoned euerychon.
 But Thoas than and Agamenon,
 Of Grekes hofse lorde and emperour,
 Arpued is vnto theyr socoure.
 With all his knightes and Menelaus,
 And eke the worthy Chelamionis.
 Called Apat is to lande come.
 And they at leysure haue theyr hofse nome,
 While other grekes Troians occuppe,
 Soze fighting and they gan fast hpe,
 Towardes them making no delay,
 All in a frasse in all the hast they may,
 They ran yfere and their speres bzacke,
 With herte enuyous vpon hofse backe.
 There myght men the worthy knyghtes se,
 On their stedes eche at other flee.
 With byffe swozdes shaftes great & rounde.

With

The secounde boke.

With hedes square the pointes kene grounde.
 There myght men se in their furpous tene,
 So many knightes dead vpon the grene.
 But most the slaughter and confusowne,
 Fell thilke time of them of the towne.
 The grekes were so myghty and so stronge.
 And in the felde this contynueh longe,
 Til Prothesplay the stronge mighty king.
 Which all the dape in skarmiche and fighting.
 Full lyke a knyght had occupped be,
 Againe Troians in his cruelte,
 Of manhode onely and of worthinesse,
 Of aduenture in his werpnesse,
 Hun to refrefhe and to taken eyre,
 And to abrete him making his reseyre,
 To the stronde where he did arpye,
 Where as he thought his herte gan to ryue,
 Of cruel pyre and also of pyte,
 That he hath caught onely for to se,
 His men slayne endlonge on the stronde.
 And some of them comping vp to londe,
 Deynt in the sea amonge the flodes depe.
 For whych thynge he gan anone to wepe,
 Full pteously all were it not aspyed,
 Whofe wofull epen might not tho be dyed,
 For the constreynt which sat so pygh his hert.
 Till at the last amonge his paynes sinterre,
 So cruell pyre gan his herte enbzace,
 That todaynly with a despytous face,
 Without abode thought how that he,
 Upon theyr death would auenged be,
 Of finally attones with them deye.
 And on his stede he toke the right weye,
 Towarde his foen ful yzous in his rage,
 And line right he holdeth his passage,
 Swift as grayhounde p renneth out of lese,
 And where he saue that greatest was p pzele,
 He pzereh thzough amidde of the felde,
 And with the swozde p in his hande he helde,
 That grounde was to kerue and to byte,
 Full mortally aboute him gan he symte.
 That these Troians might him not asterte,
 That he ne ryueth some vnto the herte.
 And some he woundeth sothly to the death,
 And some he made pelden vp the bzeath,
 And some also unhofseth cruelly.
 And whom he met that dape bitterly,
 From his hofse he made him to alight.
 For where he rode they fled out of his sighte,

And his presence as the death eschewe,
 But still in one he gan them after sewe.
 In his chafe lyke as a wood lyon,
 For thus he playeth with them of the towne.

Till Perseus of Theoppe kinge,
 Came from the Cyte todaynly riding,
 With many a knyght and many lyuely man,
 At whose coming of newe there began,
 A freshe skarmiche furpous and wood.
 That many greke that dape lost his blod.
 So fell assaute Troians on them make,
 Amonge them the Ethiopes blake.
 To manly bare the fighting here and there,
 That where the Troians were afore in fere,
 Remounted be and of newe assured,
 p thzough their helpe they haue p feld recured
 And made them lese also much agayne,
 As they tofoze wonnen on the playne.
 For they so hole and so mightely,
 Kept them togyther and so awysely,
 Gouerned them with glaue spere and shelde,
 That grekes were compelled in the felde,
 Haugre who grutche of necessitye,
 To the stronde backwarde for to flee,
 Almost dyspayred mate and comfortles.
 But in that while kinge Ballamides,
 To theyr rescous came to arpyale,
 All lussy freshe entreteth into battaile,
 With his knightes and his hole maynee.
 Taking their hofse tho fast by the sec,
 And proudly thense embuthed all at ones,
 With spere & swerde yground for the nones,
 By wise gouernement in their doinge.
 Haue so oppressed at their in coming,
 The manly Troians that it was a wonder,
 To se them lyke slayne here and yonder.
 And this continueth til amonge the pzele,
 Of auenture that Ballamides,
 Benning aye in his furious herte,
 Amid the felde happeth for to mete,
 A worthy knight called Sygamon,
 Which brother was to the kynge Menon.
 Newe also as Guido doth reherse,
 This manly man to the kinge Perce.
 Which Grekes had that dape fore oppressed,
 By his knightthod as it is expessed,
 For he the grekes to his worthinesse,
 Had oft sithes brought in great distresse.

R.iii.

The

The same daye to his great encrease.

But of fortune alas Pallamydes,
As I you to lde hath in the fælde him mette.
And with a spere square and sharpe whette.
Whan he of knightlyhod was most in his prde,
He rode at hym and smote him through þe side,
And with that last deadly fatal wounde,
From his stede he bare hym to the grounde.
And on the playne of his bloud all red,
Pallamydes lefte him pale and dead,
Amonges them that of Trope were.
And forth he rode a bare downe here & there,
All that euer in his waye stode.
He was on them so furpous and wood.
Gaugre Troians tofore him on the playne,
Gade resorte to the walle agayne,
His manly knyghtes alway fast by,
On him awapting ful ententifely.
Redy to hond: at every great emprise,
But tho began the noye to aryse,
The wofull clamour and the pyteous crye,
Of them of Trope the which utterly,
Agayne grekes mighten not sustene.
The mortall swerde was so sharpe and kene,
Of the noble worthy famous knyght,
Pallamydes that with his great myght,
The longe daye hath yborne him so,
Agayne his foen and so knightly do,
In his persone through his high renobone,
That chased hath almost to the towne,
Troians echone and manly made them flee.
The noyse of whom is entred the cite,
The hydous crye and the mortall shoute.
Wherof amended Hector yslieth oute,
Furpously in all the hast he can,
The son of Mars this knyght this maly mā,
Of all worthy yet the worthiest.
That euer was and the hardiest.
For as Phebus with his beames cleare,
Amonge the sterres right so did he appeare,
Excelling all in stele armed byght,
On whom it was a very heavenly syght.
For it was he that both nyght and ferre,
Of worthinesse was the lode sterre.
The which whan he entred into fælde,
Like as I reade bare that daye a shelde,
The fælde of which was of pure golde,
With thre Lions in stoye as is tolde.
Of whose coloure is made no mencion,

But as I fynde by discription,
They were passant if I repute a ryght,
Bozne on the brest of this Troian knyght.
That was þe ground & rote of high prowesse,
And floure accompted of all worthinesse.
The which so manly without moze abode.
Amonge his knyghtes to the grekes rode,
So lyke a man that they in his cominge,
Astoned were as he gan in thynge.
Amonges the which killeth downe & slethe,
And whom he met there was not but death,
Afoze his swerd grekes go to wzaake.
And their wardes of knightly force he brake,
Gaugre theyr head & seuered the a sonder,
And bare all downe ridyng here and yonder,
And casually he meteth in his waye,
Prothesylaus whych all the longe daye,
Had soze fought agaynst them of Trope.
And slewe all tho that comen in his waye.
This hardy knyght this worthy fierse kinge,
Whych on Troians was euer purslewynge,
He had to them so hertely great enuye.
The whych thynge whan Hector gan espye,
And of his knyghthod gan to taken hede,
Towardes him tho turneth he his stede,
And line right of hasty Tre he rode,
And with his swerde disteyned al with blode,
He clove his head through his basenet.
With such a might that his stroke nas let,
By force of mayle noz of thicke plate,
But fynally as was his mortall fate,
The swerd of Hector thyngh nerue bone & bain
This worthy kynge parted hath on twayne.
For bitterly there gayneth none armure,
Agayne the stroke of Hector to endure.
But that this kynge so full of worthinesse,
Stronge mighty and of great hardinesse,
Receyved hath his last fatal wounde.
And lyeth now dead parted on the grounde.
And Hector forth amonge the grekes rideth,
And whosoever his stroke so abydeh,
Refute was none noz diffence but death.
And many greke thus that daye he slepyh,
For whych of them tho in his waye stode,
His sharpe swerde he batheth in his blode.
That also ferre as they might him se,
As the death from his swerde they fle.
So mortal vengeance vpo the he wrought,
And many a greke at his felowe fought,

And

And gan enquire what he might be,
For all their lyfe they coude neuer se,
None so knightly haue him in battayle,
And playnly dempte as by supposayle,
It was Hector the noble warryour.
Whiche of knightthode bare away the floure,
Amonge all that euer yet were bozne.
For there nas greke that him may stad afozne
Of all that day he gan them to enchare,
To the stronde euen afoze his face.
For they ne durste his mortall stroke abyde,
And when he had this on every syde,
The grekes chased to the waty sea,
Wounded and mate in great adueritye,
Then him to rest this Troian knight anone,
Lyke Mars himselfe home to Trope is gone.

A whole partyngre grekes este presume,
Agayne agayne their hertes to resume.
And of newe their fomen to assaile.
And to inparte if it wolde auayle,
Lyfe and death to sette at outraunce,
On fortunes lyst if the wold auauce,
Their parte agayne in recure of the fælde.
And the enforce with might of spere & shielde,
None forthwith and maken no delay,
To wyne agayne on Troians if they maye.
For viii. tymes sythen they begonne,
The fælde they haue that day lost and wonne.
Lyke as fortune lyst to do their cure,
Up or downe for to tourne her cure.
For as her whcle went about rounde,
Right so that day they wan & lost their ground.
But specially they weren most desmayde.
Wher Hector came which hath the so outraide,
Thyngh his knightthod made their hert ryue,
And to resorte where they dyd aryue.
And thus continued mager all their myght,
While in the fælde was this Troian knyght.
Cyll Phebus there gan to westre downe,
That he repayed is into the towne,
Whiche had grekes wzought afoze full yll.
But now the hardy cruell spere Achyll,
Aryued is with his knyghtes all,
Grynndones whom men are mounte to calle.
Whiche from the sea taken haue the playne,
At whose comynge grekes haue agayne,
The fælde recured and put them selfe in prese
Only thyngh helpe of worthy Achylles,

Whiche is so felly Troians fall vpon.
That he of them hath slayne full many one.
For thre thousande in stele armed byght,
With hym he brought redy for to fyght.
Knyghtes echone full worthy of renobone.
Whiche with Achylles grekes champyowne,
Haue mercilesse in their crueltie,
Slayne many Troian out of the Citie.
They were so fernent in their mortall Tre.
So enuyous of hate to desyre,
Fewe and newe for to thede their bloud.
For Achylles thought it dyd him good.
With his sworde þe Troians bloud to thede,
And on the soyle to se them lye and blede.
Rowthlesse in his melancolpe.
For he to them hath so hote enuye,
Without their deth that it may not quenche.
And he his sworde ful depe hath made drent,
Thynghout the day in the Troians bloud.
And batheth it as it were in a floude.
Whiche forged was and whette so knene,
That many ryuer sothly on the grene,
Ran here and there of the hurtes soze.
And with his knyghtes alway moze & moze,
Pursued them afoze hym as they flee.
Harde to the walles of Trope the cytec.
Where dolefully they made a pyteous crye,
And in this whyle I fynde in the stoye,
The grekes hooft hooly is aryued,
Lyke in Guydo as it is descryued.
Of men of armes suche a myltitude,
And of knyghtes shortly to conlude,
That from their hyppes of newe landed be,
That they of Trope astoned were to se,
And abashed gan to wexen all,
For todaynly there gynneth on them fall,
On every halfe passynghly great prese.
And euer in one this hardy Achilles,
With his sworde made their sydes red,
For here and there laye the bodies dead,
He wounded some at entre of the gate,
And knightly there with them he gan debate.
And furpously this fell cruell knyght,
The chyldren slewe in their fathers syght,
That to beholde it was great pyte,
And yet the slaughter tho greater had be,
Fumbzelesse of them of the towne,
Perpetually to their confusowne,
Lykely for euer to haue be ouercome,

Of the first battaile wherin

Hector shewed hym selfe in valyaunce tofoze all other. Capitulo. xxii.

¶ If Troilus ne had to rescue come.
Penge, frethe, lusty, and myl desyrous,
With whom come Paris and Deiphobus,
And many worthy their partye to socoure,
So that the grekes tho ne myght endure,
Agaynst them to standen at defence.
For all their pryde noz maken resistence.
Worthy Troilus so well þ tune hym quytte.
For this in soth what greke that he hytte,
Outher he maymeth oz he made hym derye.
Wherfoze as deth they fled out of his weye.
And yperse Achilles with his companye,
For it was nyght homewarde gan hym hye.
Towarde grekes with gloze and honoure,
And they receyue hym lyke a conquerour.
Whiche at that tyme so happily were mette.
¶ And they of Troie haue their gates shet.
And made the strong throughout al þ towne.
¶ And in this tyme kyng Agamenowne,
Perched hath a place couenable,
Which to him was thought most agreable,
Bylikphod and most conuenient.
For euery lozde to pyt:hen there his tente.
And in a fylde that was full large of space,
Most competent as for lodgyng place,
In dewe septe sette for the Cite,
Eche lozde was signed where as he shulde be.
¶ And gan anone ozdeyne mansions,
Pyched their tentes and pauplyons,
And such as there might no Tentoyes haue,
From stonne and rayne them selfe for to saue,
They deuyded other habytacles.
Figures and smalle receptacles,
To shroude them in and all the night also,
From their shypes they hadden moche ado.
Or they might well haue their hoise to lande,
And to ozdeyne where they shulden stande,
And they also busye for to carye,
Other thynges that weren necessarye,
And nedefully vnto a spege longe.
And eke they made tye their shypes stronge,
For in the porze their ankers hane they caste.
And of assent they busyed them full faste,
For to confyne of one entencione,
To let a spege tofoze Troie the towne,
And therupon a bounde assured faste,
For to abyde whyle their lyfe many laste.
Fynally without repentaunce,
And prudently they made their ozdynaunce,

As they best coude all the longe nyght,
They bete their fyres which brennen wonder
And at a space deuyded fro the fyres, (light,
They sette vp lyke to these barriers,
And rounde about where their lodgyng was,
They paled them all the fylde compase.
And to achene the fyne of their purpose,
They slyly wzought a kept the selfe aye close,
¶ And the kyng that no treason fall,
Let make watche without his tentes all.
Offache as had rested them afoze.
And his mynstrelles he made ouermoze,
As sayth Gydo all the longe nyght,
To kepe their tydes tofoze the fyres byght.
Deryly to towe their Instrumentes,
And them he made reste in their tentes,
That had afoze wery be of tyghte.
And in the sea were saynted of their might,
And others eke he made in their armure,
Awaye wpsely agayne all aduenture.
That no deceite were founde vpon no fyde.
¶ And thus this kyng knightly can proude
In his aduise that nothyng hym escape.
And at the night I fynde how he dyd wake,
¶ Till on the moztowe that the rowes red,
Of Phobus chare gonne for to sprede,
And thus eche thyng disposed as it ought,
I wyl procede to tellen how they wzought,
Ceryously without and eke within,
With your suppozt the thirde boke begyn.

Thus endeth the seconde boke.

When Auroza with het pale lyght,
Under þ mantel of the murke night,
And the curtyn of her bewes fade,
Whzouded was in the derke shade,
Abashed rud dy as I can desyne,
Only as she that is femynne,
For aghamed durste not tho be seyne,
Bycause she had so longe a bedde leyne,
With frethe Phobus her owne chosen knight.
For whiche she hydde her sothly out of syght.
Till his stede that called is flegonte,
Enhasted hym aboue oure Dyzonte.
And Appollo with his beames clere,
Hath recomforted her oppressed chere.
This to saue after the dawnynge.
When Tytan was vp in East rylrge,
Of his h:te atempze and ryght so te,
Their hemisphare for to glade a losse.
¶ The same hoire the Troian champiowne,
Gouernour of werres of the towne,
Worthy Hector whiche in the Cite,
Arte Dyan had of all the souereyntee,
The towne to guyde by knightly excellence,
For his manhode and his sapprnce.
Of Troian knyghtes lozde a eke cheuetaine,
Whiche hath cominaunded in a large playne,
To hyge he and lowe he exceptynge none,
Kynge, prynces, and lozdes euerychone,
The same moztowe for to mete pferre,
In their araye to mustre and appeere.
Lyke as they were of name and of estate.
Besyde a temple whylom consecrate,
To the goddesse that called is Dyane,
Moste honoured in this riche phane.
There to array them in all the haste they can,
Lyke the deupe of this knyghtly man.
¶ And in this playne passynge saye to se,
Was sette amptde of Troie the Cite.
Smooth a right faire a full of frethe floures,
Where all the worthy noble werryours,
Of Troie towne togyther assembled be,
And many other to beholde and se,
The famous knyghtes arme them in þ place.

And some of them gan full strepte lace,
Their doublettes made of lynnne clothe.
A certayne folde that aboute hym goth,
And some also dempte moste sureste,
To arme them for batayle of areste,
And dyd on fyst after their desyres,
Sabatons greues cussues with bopders,
A payze breech alder fyst of mayle,
And some there were eke that ne wolde sayle,
To haue of mayle a payze bzale.
And therwithall as the custome was,
A payze gullettes on a pety coote,
Garnished with golde by vnto the thzote.
A paunce of plate whiche of the selfe bchpnde,
Was hot and close and theron as I fynde,
Enuyzon was abozdure of smalle mayle,
And some chose of the newe entayle,
For to be surmyd of all their foes,
And hole bzale plate with arere dozse,
Behynde shet oz elles on the fyde,
And on his arines rynged not to wyde,
There were bopders fretted in the mayle.
With cordes rounde and of frethe entayle,
Wairbras with wynges and rerebras therto,
And theron sette were belagays also,
Upon the head a basenet of stele,
That within was locked wonder wele,
A craftye syght wzought in the viser,
And some wolde haue of plate a baur,
That on the bzest fastned be afozne,
The canell pece more easy to be bozne.
Gloues of plate of stele forged byght,
And some for they wold armed be moze light,
In thicke Jackes couered with fatyne.
A some wolde haue of mayle wzought ful fine,
An hawberion of late wzought cassade,
That with weight he be not ouer lade.
Hym selfe to welde lyke a lylly man,
And some wyl haue of chose gescran,
On his boulet but an hawberyon.
And some only but a sure gepon,
Ouer his poirpynges reching to the knee,
And that the sleues eke so longe be,

That

That his harnys may be cured net.
 A pyckynge palst of plate the couer.
 And some wyll haue also no byter.
 To saue his face but onely an aler.
 And some wyll haue a payre of plates syghte.
 To welde hym well whan that he shall fyght.
 And some wyll haue a target or a spere.
 And some a pauade his body for to were.
 And some a targe made stronge to laste.
 And some wyll haue dartes for to caste.
 Some a poilax headed of fyne stele.
 And pycked square for to laste wele.
 And some a swerde his enemye for to mete.
 And some wyll haue a bowe for to shete.
 Some an arblast to standen out a syde.
 And some on foote and some for to ryde.
 Array them selfe their fomen for to sleie.
 And many one was busye for to nyle.
 His felowes harnys for to make it stronge.
 And to dreffe it that it sette not wong.
 With popytes fasthyes a other maner thinge.
 That in suche case longeth to armyng.
 I haue no conynge euery thyng to telle.
 And unto you were to longe to dwelle.
 Where I sayle ye mot haue me excused.
 For in suche craft I am but litle bled.
 And ignoraunce doth my penne lette.
 In order delwe my termes for to sette.
 And ofte chaugeth suche harnys and deuys.
 And ye that be thyn expert and wyse.
 Wyldeyne not that I speake in this place.
 Of their armyng for all is in your grace.
 Right at your lyt correcte it euerydell.
 And when Hector sawe that al was well.
 And euery man armed and arrayed.
 This worthy knight no longer hath delayed.
 Aduysedly his wardes for to make.
 And prudently hadde they shulden take.
 Their grounde in haste to put all in certayne.
 And stande in order endlonge on the playne.
 So that no man founde were recheles.
 And the gate called Wardanydes.
 Without abode Hector made bristte.
 And after bad that men shulde do sette.
 To his presence that it were done in haste.
 And Cynynaboz his brother bozne in baste.
 And unto hym first of euerychon.
 And to a lord that named was Glaucon.
 The kynges sonne of Lyrpe and his heire.

With many baner aduncked in the eyre.
 To these two Hector gaue the garde.
 And gouernaunce of the fyrst warde.
 In which he hath a thousande knyghtes sette.
 With spers rounde and swordes kene whette.
 And on their brest full many ryche thyelde.
 And they were chosen out in all the felde.
 Amonge the beste that endure myght.
 Agayne grekes manly for to fyght.
 And unto them Hector had anone.
 In goddes name that they shulden gone.
 Out at the gate sothly as I rede.
 And lest they fell in mischefe or in nede.
 He assigned in the selfe place.
 With manly chere to the kyng of Trace.
 Whely on hym to be awaityng.
 A thousande knyghtes to haue at his ledyng.
 In a wyng knyghtly to abyde.
 To wayte on hym upon euery syde.
 And with hym his sonne Archylogus.
 Of his age a man ryght vertuous.
 To fulfyll that longeth to a knyght.
 For both he had herte and also myght.
 And next to them Hector gan deuys.
 The next warde to the kyng of Fryse.
 That in his tyme called was zantipus.
 And unto hym stronge and desyrous.
 He assigned to wayte on his banere.
 Thre thousand knyghts armed byght a clere.
 With whiche warde kyng Alcanus also.
 Of Hector was commaunded for to go.
 And to his byddyng he mekely dyd obeye.
 And full knyghtly taken haue their waye.
 Out at the gate passyngly arrayed.
 Towarde grekes with baners all displayed.
 And their penons vnrolled euerychone.
 And Hector then assigned hath anone.
 To the noble yonge luffe fre and free.
 His brother Troylus so goodly on to se.
 Whiche in knyghthode had all suffisaunce.
 The thirde warde to haue in gouernaunce.
 With thre thousand knyghtes yonge of age.
 Flouryng in force hardy of courage.
 Suche as he was of custome wont to lede.
 To whom Hector of very brotherhead.
 Full goodly spake and sayd at his partyng.
 Brother quod he my herte is so lounge.
 Towarde the of very kynnesse.
 That though I haue in party gret gladnesse.

Of

Of thy manhode that so ferre is kouth.
 And the knyghthode of thy grene pouth.
 Yet doubtlesse I in my fantasie.
 Ful ofte a daye stande in iupardye.
 Of pensyfehead and in busy drede.
 Whan I remembre vpon thy manhead.
 Lest thy courage be to vyolent.
 Of thy lyfe to be neglygent.
 Thy selfe to put to ferre in aduenture.
 Of surquidye so moche to assure.
 In thy force knightly to a sterre.
 Euery peryll in thy manfull herte.
 Hauynge regarde in suche moztall strepe.
 Of wyfulnesse nouth to death nor lyfe.
 For aduertence to thy sauacyone.
 But as fortune turneth by and doone.
 Her whele meuable hye and after lowe.
 In Martes Tre as the wynde doth blowe.
 Whiche causeth me ful ofte syghe and thinke.
 And to wake whan that I shulde wyke.
 Reuolunge aye thy hasty wyfulnesse.
 But gently brother for any hardynesse.
 Thus yke dape vpon euery syde.
 I praye the so wyfely to proude.
 For hate or yre thy fous pursynge.
 Not to excede moze than is settyng.
 But let prudence kepe the in a mene.
 And wyldome eke holde agayne the reyne.
 Of thy herte and thy fyre courage.
 That fyred haue thy grene tendre age.
 Deuoyde of drede eche peryll to endure.
 That our ennemyes of thy mysauenture.
 Reioyce not myne owne brother dere.
 And myghty Mars I praye of herte entere.
 Thus euery day on the Trojans grounde.
 From their handes the to kepe sounde.
 Lyke as I wolde that he dyd do me.
 To whom anone with all humilite.
 In manly wyse this yonge luffe knight.
 This worthy Troylus in herte frethe a light.
 Answerd agayn and sayd with glad cheare.
 Mine owne lorde and my brother deare.
 And god tofore I fully shall obeye.
 And all fullfyll what you lyst to seye.
 Now unto me of your gentleness.
 And not decline through none recklesnesse.
 In any poynt from your commaundement.
 But with hole herte in all my best entente.
 I shall take hede and playnly do none other.

Than ye haue sayd mine owne lord a bother.
 So lothe me were offende you or greue.
 And in this wyse he lowly toke his leue.
 And forth he rode so lyke a manly knyght.
 That to beholde it was a noble syght.
 Amonge his men he haueth hym so wele.
 Thre thousande knyghtes armed all in stele.
 Enuyron rode with Troylus into fyelde.
 And as that day he beareth in his thyelde.
 Passant of golde thre Lyons ryche.
 The champe of asure wrought full craftly.
 And by the gate he yssued out anone.
 And with hym ladde his knyghtes euerychon.
 To the grekes holdyng the next waye.
 And Hector halseth all that euer he may.
 Prudently his wardes to ordeyne.
 And to the noble worthy brotherne twayne.
 To kyng Hupon and Andelius.
 Assigned he the stozz telleth thus.
 The fourth warde to guye and to wyse.
 And in the lande that called was Larysse.
 The brethern two there had reigned longe.
 And this Hupon was passyngly stronge.
 And of stature lyke a chaumppobone.
 And saue Hector in all Trope to bone.
 Was none to hym egall as of myght.
 More delyuer nor a better knight.
 And on his foen passyng despytous.
 Whiche with his brother Andelyus.
 Foure thousande knyghtes hadde for to lede.
 And seuen thousande sothly as I rede.
 And to them lyke as wyte Guydo.
 Worthy Hector assigned hath also.
 One of his brotheren called Dimarchus.
 A noble knight in armes ryght famous.
 And had in manhode passyng excellence.
 And of Hector they taken haue lycence.
 And rode their waye amonge all the prece.
 Through the gate of Wardanides.
 The fyfte warde to haue at his ledyng.
 Was by Hector commytted to the kyng.
 That of Celopne lorde and pryce was.
 And to his brother called Pollidamas.
 These Cyloones were of hye stature.
 And might in armes passyngly endure.
 Upon whom full many man behelde.
 And their kyng bare nothyng in his thyelde.
 But a fyelde of Gules as I fynde.
 Of other sygne Guydo maketh no minde.

And

And forth he rode a full sterne pale,
 This noble kynge and Pollydamas,
 Whan they had of Hector leue take.
 Whiche euer in one full busye was to make,
 The fyrth warde with all his diligence,
 And to the kyng called Paretensis,
 That was full worthy both in werre & peace,
 And to a duke that hyght Sterepes,
 Whiche was also full worthy of his honde,
 He toke the folke of Boenye lande.
 Them to gouerne in the fælde that day.
 The whiche people hath in custome aye,
 Without plate haboberion or mayle,
 On swyfte horse their fomen for to assaile.
 With mighty bowes & arrowes sharpe grouid.
 Through an harneys mortally to wounde.
 And with this folke of Hector eke also,
 Dephobus assygned was to go.
 In the fælde to guyde them and to lede.
 And on their waye they faste gan theim spede.
 But or they passe by Dardanydes.
 Full discretely Hector for them chese,
 Pauniers cladde in mayle and plate.
 Them commaundyng at pssyng of the gate,
 And with the archers in to fælde to gone.
 And many worthy well armed euerychone,
 To awayte on them that they were not loze.
 For this folke that I of spake tofore,
 Of Boenye hadden none armure.
 But prudent Hector for to make them sure,
 Out of Agrest the myghty regowne,
 Hath chosen out full worthy of renowne,
 The best knightes of them euerychon.
 And with the kynges Eneas and Phylon,
 Assygned them for to taken hede.
 To the fotemen when that they haue nede.
 The whiche Phylon ordeyned full rychely,
 Rode in a chere all of Pyery.
 Of whiche the woibes wrought full curious,
 Were of a tree ycalled Hebanus,
 The whiche tree groweth ferre in Inde.
 Blacke of hewe and also as I fynde,
 When it is korne this tree wyll were anone,
 Of his nature harde as any stone.
 Whan it is graue eyther rounde or square,
 And of pure golde roued was this chare.
 Fret with perle and many ryche stones.
 That suche an other I trowe now there none
 In all this worlde if I shall not sayne, (is.

And it was ladde of mighty knightes twaine,
 Men of armes within eke and without,
 Armed in stele rydyng rounde aboute.
 These worthy kynges Eneas and Phylon,
 And Hector hath called to hym anone.
 One of his bzyethern what so that be falle,
 To be guyde and leder of them all.
 The name of whom was Pytagoras,
 And to the great Troyn Eneas,
 Of whom tofore made is mencion,
 Hector by good deliberation,
 The seuenty warde assygned hath to kepe.
 And vpon stedes lyny for to lepe,
 Of suche as were bled moche to ryde,
 Full manly knightes to haue by his syde.
 Whiche with Eupheny vnto Trope towne,
 Come so ferre from their regowne.
 To succour them and that for Hector's sake,
 And when they had of hym leue take,
 They rode full proudey forth with Eneas.
 Out at the gate a wonder knightly pale,
 The brode fælde tyll they haue atteyned.
 And in this boyle Hector hath ordeyned,
 Lyke myne auctour as I can reherse,
 The eyght warde of the folke of Perce.
 Worthy knightes manly and ryght wyse,
 The whiche were committed to Daryle.
 On hun that day tabayte busyly.
 To whom Hector tho full beningly,
 Spake and laide thus at his departyng.
 Oh brother myne in all maner thyng,
 Whan thou arte passed by Dardanydes,
 This dape to ferre put the not in pyse.
 Amonge grekes nor in iupardye.
 Lett thy toen in mischpyse the espye,
 To whom they haue of olde and netwe date,
 In their hertes full freche and mortall hate.
 The fyre of which their brest hath so enbrased
 That it were harde out to be araced.
 Wherfore brother loke that thou euer be,
 In any wise not to ferre fro me.
 But kepe the nye that no misauenture,
 Fall vpon the so that I may succoure,
 This dape to the mine owne brother deare.
 To whom Darys with full humble cheare,
 Answered and sayd that in euery thinge,
 He would obeye vnto his bidding.
 And rode his waye anone with his meyne,
 Into the fælde out of the Cite.

And

The ninth warde in ordre for to dresse,
 Whych he thought hym selfe for to lede,
 In whych he put sothly as I rede,
 Fyue thousand knight bozne of Trope towne.
 The worthiest and greatest of renowne.
 And passyngly famous in knighthode.
 Bozne by descient on the Troians bloud.
 And of his bzyethern taketh to hym ten,
 Suche as he knewe the most manly men.
 That were forayne from stocke of regallye,
 Out of the lync bozne in bastardy.
 Whom Hector had in great chyerte,
 For the knyghthod he could in them se.
 And whan he had by knightly puruauce,
 All his wardes set in gouernaunce,
 Lyke Mars him selfe fast gan him spede,
 Without abode for to take his stede,
 Whych was in bokes called Gallatye.
 Of all horse hauyng the soueraynte.
 As ferre as men ryde in any colte,
 Of whom Mars maketh so great a bolte,
 Of shape of heygth and also of faynesse,
 Of strengthe of loke and of great swyftnesse,
 So lyke an horse perfourmed out and oute,
 And to a wyer men might him tourne about.
 Lyke as Mars maketh mencione,
 Of who Hector rydeth through trope towne.
 Armed at all that came him wonder well.
 From foote to head full rychely euerydele,
 That shone as bright as son on somers dape.
 And to Pyram he helde the ryght wape,
 And whan that he was come to the kinge,
 He reherseth in ordre euery thyng.
 How he hath done and all his ordynaunce,
 And lowly sayd so it be plesauce,
 To your noble royall excellence,
 I haue chosen with busy dyspygence,
 A thousand knightes full of suffysaunce,
 With fyue hundred to haue attendaunce,
 On your persone alway where ye be,
 With all footmen that be in the Cite,
 That shall awayte on you euer in one.
 Wherfore my lord as fast as we are gone,
 Lowly I praye to your worthynesse,
 To seue vs by good aduysenisse.
 Out at the towne alwaye ke that ye,
 Togther kepe your knightes and meyne.
 This I beseeche with all my full myght,
 Within the boundes where as we shall fight.

That ye suffer none of them passe,
 But kepe ye hole in the selfe place,
 Atwoye vs and this stronge Cite,
 If we haue nede that ye maye aye se,
 As to releue keepyng you asyde,
 And specially there for to abyde,
 Where most is lykly our partye to sustene,
 For euer amonge there shal men go betwene,
 Of our exployt the trouthe to repute.
 For which parte Mars lyst the fælde to sorte.
 Of his power this ilke dape fatall,
 For ye shal be our castell and our wall,
 And our refuge to saue vs from all inerte,
 And specially one thyng I ye aduerte,
 That no decept fraude nor treafowne,
 Compasled be behynde to the towne,
 Of our foen through our recklesnesse,
 Whyles that we don hooly our busynesse,
 Agaynst them in the fælde to fight.
 In all wise therto haue a syght.
 That nothyng tourne vnto our domage,
 Through their engine but woike as I sage,
 With victoie that we maye conclude,
 So that grekes with fraude vs not delude,
 By no engyne of vntowre violence.
 Hoppyng alway that it is none offence,
 To your highnes that I haue here sayde.
 And with that worde Pyramus abrayde,
 Beningely of cheare and countenaunce,
 And sayde Hector my sothfast suffysaunce,
 My fynall truste and suppoztacion,
 In thy discreat disposicion,
 Hooly I put as thou list ordaine,
 For next god if I shall not sayne,
 My sayth my hope and all my sikernesse,
 And my welfare in very sothfastnesse,
 Committed be hole into thy hande.
 And gouernaunce playnly of my lande,
 As thou ordaynest it must nedes be,
 And this prayer I make now for the,
 To the goddes aboue celestyall,
 The to preferue in partye and in all,
 From eche myschiefe and aduersyte,
 That thou mayst home ayene to this Cite,
 Repaire in honour with laude and victoie,
 So that the praise renowne and memoire,
 Of thy name be put in remembzaunce,
 Perpetually thine honour to auance,
 And fare now well mine owne sonne deare.

D.i. And

And Hector tho with full humble cheare,
His leue toke and forth he rode anone,
Amonge his lordes & knyghtes everychone,
As he that was the roote of noblesse.
Of knyghthode groud of strengthe & hardy-
The very stocke and iheritour invincible, (nesse
For as muche as it was possible.
That nature myght to him graunt oz kynde,
Touchyng manhode in bokes as I fynde,
He hadde in him foueraygne excellence,
And gouvernaunce medled with prudence.
That nought aſterte he was so wyſe & ware,
And in his ſhelde I fynde that he bare,
Upon his brest this Troian champion,
The chyefe of golde of gowlys a yon,
Deperit therein and in his baner bete,
The ſelfe ſame and ſo amydd the ſtete,
He toke the waye to Dardanides,
That to beholde huge was the preſe,
Aple of trumpettes and of claryons,
Baners bntolled and longe freſche penons,
Of red and whyte grene blew and blacke,
And in this wyſe Hector hath ytake,
The ſelde wythout w' herte and hole entente,
As Mars him ſelfe had tho be preſente.
And they that he as Guydo maketh mynde,
Rode with in warde that leſte was behynde,
Of his manhode he would not abyde,
But ſnote his ſtede ſharply in the ſyde,
Of fell courage he hath his hoſle ſo payned,
The fyrſte warde that he hath atayned.
By bale and hyle tofore in the frounteres,
Not aſtoned of the fell cheares,
Of the grekes noz playſly not aſerde,
But lyke a knyght euen afore theyr berde,
He gan preaſe in as theyr foo moztail.
And in this wyſe vpon Troie wall,
In ſondry places on the hygh toures,
As freſche beſene as May is with his floures,
The ladyes be aſcended of the towne.
So fayre ſo yonge ſtandinge enuyzotone,
The queene Heleyne paſſyng fayre to ſene,
The kinges daughters & goodly Polycene,
And many other whych of womanheade,
In herte weren full of buſy dreade,
Jyly agatte and of feare aſrayde,
Whan they behelde in the ſpyde diſplayde,
The brode baners that ſome of tendernesſe,
Some of loue and ſome of kyndneſſe.

Pale and dreadfull for theyr lordes were.
And ſome theyr faces by den eke for feare,
That were not bolde to lyfte vp theyr ſpyghte,
For to beholde the armure cleare and bryght,
So gyltteryng are agayne the ſonne ſhene,
Theyr hertes tender myght not ſuſtene,
And in theyr dreade thus I lette them dwel.

Add of grekes forth I ſhall you tell.
Yf ſo be ye liſt abyde but a whyle,
For now muſt I my ſordulled ſtyle,
Agayne dyrect to Agamenon.
Well maye I make an exclamacion,
On ignoraunce that ſtaunt ſo in my lyght.
Which cauſeth me with a full cloudy ſpyght,
In my makynge to ſpeken of the werre.
For lacke of tearmes I muſt nedely erre,
Conningly my wardes for ſette,
Cruell Alecto is buſy me to lette,
The nyghtes doughter blynded by deckneſſe,
By craſte of armes the trouth to expreſſe.
In ordre dewe a ſelde to deſcryue.
And Chauncer nowe alas is not aloue.
He to reſourne oz to be my rede,
For lacke of whom ſlower is my ſpede,
The noble Rethoz that all did excell,
For in making he drank ſo of the welle,
Under Bernaſo that the mules kepe,
On which hylle I neuer yet might ſlepe,
Unneth ſlombze for whych alas I playne.
But for all this there is no moze to ſayne,
Though my wede be not pollymyte,
As of coloures forth I wyll endyte,
As it cometh euen to my thought,
Playnly to wyte how þe kinge hath wrought,
The manly knight the great Agamenon.
Lyke as the latyn maketh mencion.
What trowen ye that he in his entente,
Was founde ſlowe other neclygente,
On grekes halfe his wardes for to make,
Nay nay not ſo for him lyſt to wake,
That tyme moze ſothly than to ſlepe,
For lyke a kinge that dave the ſelde to kepe,
No neclygence myght his herte fade,
For in that dave I fynde that he made,
Syre and twenty wardes by and by,
So well deuyed and ſo prudently,
That no man might amende his ordynance,
And of the fyrſt he gaue gouvernaunce.

To the manfull noble Patroclus,
That to him ladde myn auctour telleth thus,
Myndones ſo myghty and ſo ſtronge,
With all the folke that to Achilles longe.
Beſyde thylke that were of his meyne,
Whych that he brought out of his countre,
At his cominge to the ſiege of Troie,
And he rode forth with them on his waye.
Into the ſpyde and made no delaye.
Now ſell it ſo on the ſame dave,
That Achilles kept him in his tente,
And for ſyckneſſe that dave out ne wente,
For his lecheſſe made him to abſtene,
That he caught on the dave tofore,
Whych for to heale of theyr akyng ſore,
He by counſayle kept him ſelfe cloſe,
And from his bedde that dave not ne roſe.
In hope onely the better to endure,
Whan that he was reſtozed vnto cure,
But all his men he toke to Patroclus,
Which was in armes paſſyngly famous.
And by diſcent come of great kynde.
And was alſo of hym as I reade,
Hoboundaunt of golde and of rycheſſe.
And ferre comended for his gentilneſſe,
And had a name of lych dylcrecion,
Now were they aye of ſuche affection,
Stentyze loue trouthe and faythfulneſſe,
So great deſyre and inwarde kyndenneſſe,
Buſy thynkyng and ſo great feruence,
So much frendſhip to thoughtful aduertene,
So huge brennyng ſo paſſyng amorous,
Betwyt Achilles and this Patroclus,
That theyr hertes were locked in a cheyne,
And what ſouer if I ſhall not ſayne,
The tone hath wrought as brother vnto bro-
In herte it was conſermed of the other. (ther,
For wyll and goodes weren both commune,
And to the death they euer ſo conſtune,
Without chaunge theyr lone ſo abode.
And Patroclus forth anone rode,
Into the ſpyde with Myndones,
And in his tente abyde Achilles.
The ſecounde warde to kinge Menon,
Aſſygned was by Agamenon.
And to the worthy kinge Podamee,
And to a Duke called Menelaus,
Thre thouſand knyghtes in ſtele armed clene,

With all the folke that comen from Athene,
Aſſygned were wyth them for to go.
The thyrde warde to kinge Menelaus.
And to his ſone that byght þe bylomee,
With the knyghtes that came from Cumane,
The fourth warde without moze leſſyng,
To Archelaus the noble worthy kyng,
To Prothenoz and to Seruerdan,
Whych in his dayes was ſo ſtronge a man,
Aſſygned was holly to theſe thre,
And all the knyghtes with them for to be,
Of Boece the myghty laude famous.
The fyfth warde to kinge Menelaus,
With all the folke of the regyowne,
Called Spertence of full high renowne,
And of ples that were adiacent,
All theſe with the baner wente,
Of Menelaus freſche and couragous,
The vi. warde to kyng Eppitrophus,
Was aſſygned and to the kinge Gelyde,
With many worthy rydyng by his ſyde,
Of the prouynce and the famous yle,
That called is in Guydo ſordeſyle.
The ſeuenth warde to Chelamonius,
Called Myar the great kyng famous,
Was aſſygned ſhortly to termynne,
With the folkes that from Salomynne,
He with him brought and many another mo,
And foure Carles with hym went alſo,
Theſeus and eke Amphymacus,
And the thyrde that called was Dorus,
And the fourth named Polyratze.
The viii. warde if I ſhall not tarre,
By good aduyl that dave aſſygned was,
Vnto the kinge that called was Thoas,
Myar Cileus the ix. warde tho ladde,
And the tenth king Philoctetes hadde,
And to the kinge the xi. he did aſſigne,
That ſothly was both of byrth and lyne,
So renowned and of ſo great encreaſe,
The mighty kyng called Ballamides,
King Paulus ſon of high bozne of blade,
And Duke Meſtor full famous in knyghthod,
The xii. warde ladde on grekes ſyde,
Melancolyke and ſurquedous of pryde,
And kinge Honur ſon of one Habette,
Into the ſpyde by hym ſelfe aparte,
In ordre hadde of wardes the thyrte,
Proudly muſteryng endlonge on the grene.
Agayne

Agayne Troians redy for to fyght.
 And eke the kinge that Wylyres hight,
 Ladde with him the fourtene as I rede,
 And eke Humelius the kinge did lede,
 The fifteenth mine auctour writeth thus.
 And a Duke called Curibulus,
 The sixteenth had in governaunce that daye,
 In which the knightes of king Protheslay,
 Assigned were by great ordinaunce,
 To enforce them to do vengeance,
 Upon the death of their worthy kinge.
 By Hector slayne at grekes arivinge.
 And kinge Rodus ladde the seuentene,
 And he that was the kinge of Oecymene.
 The eyghteenth warde had at his ledinge,
 He zantipus that was of Lyde kinge.
 Had to kepe committed to his garde,
 On grekes syde the xix. warde.
 And the twenty mine auctour lerneth vs,
 Had the kinge called Amphimachus.
 Like a kinge to guyde them and to wyse.
 And Philoctetes that kinge was of Larysse,
 The one and twenty ladde eke as I rede,
 The two & twenty hadde kinge Diomedes.
 And Eneus kinge of Cyparpe,
 That was whylom so noble and so worthy,
 The thre and twenty had in governayle.
 And the Troians prouidly for assaile,
 The xxiii. with swerde spere and shelde,
 King Protheslaus lad into the felde.
 And Carpenoz of Carpedye the kinge,
 In werre expert and right wise in workyng,
 The fyve and twenty riche and well besayne,
 On grekes syde brought into the playne.
 The fyve and twenty sothly and the laste,
 As he that could se afoze and caste,
 Everie thinge by good inspection,
 The wise kinge the great Agamenon,
 Had with him this prudent werriour,
 As he that was ordayned Emperour,
 Of grekes hoost as wyfest of echone.
 And in this wise forth the grekes gone,
 In the felde with pompe full royall,
 With thenignes and tokens marcyall.
 Haue take their grounde passingly araid,
 And on theyr standerdes richly the displayed.
 Brode baners and many freshe penowone,
 Againe the winde þ made an hydous sowne.
 And right dreadfull playnly for to heare,

And there men sawe many cristes cleare,
 And many tustes of golde and syluer sheene,
 Merynt with fethers red, whyte, and greene.
 And deuises wonder meruaylous,
 And such of folkes as weren amerous.
 The tokens bozne to shewe openly,
 How they in loue bent inwardly.
 Some high empyrse that daye to fulfille,
 And there were herde the loude noises thryle,
 Ferre in the felde and the dreadfull sownes,
 Both of trumpettes and of claryownes,
 That kalendes bin of sheding out of blode,
 And with the noise alinoste for rage wood,
 The somp bzidelles and the mouthes blede.
 And furions neryng of many bastarde stede.
 Craunsyng of hore vpon eyther syde,
 With the ensynges that might be of pryde.
 On grekes partye and on Troye also,
 In knightly wise for to haue ado.
 Euery warde standing in his place.
 The first asunder but a lytell space,
 Began to appoche with all their ful entent,
 And Hector tho ful vnpatient,
 Forrest of all on the syde of Troye,
 The yre of whom no man might accope.
 But lyke a Lion in his hungry rage,
 Issued out furpous of bysage,
 Towarde grekes on his mighty stede,
 That with his spoztes made his sides blede.
 His knightly herte lo inly was toforne,
 Of moztall yre and as he rode forne,
 Brenning full hote in his melancolpe,
 The whych thinge whan grekes gan espye,
 Patroclus then withouten moze abode,
 Of surquedrye afoze the wardes rode.
 Out all toforne in both hooftes syght.
 For to encountre playnly if he might,
 With worthy Hector whan he him sawe a fer,
 And as lyne right as is Drameterre,
 Rode vnto him in his hatefull tene,
 And with a spere sharpe grounde and kene,
 Throughtout his shelde tho of enypous rage,
 He smote Hector without moze damage.
 Ercept onely that the head of stele,
 That was afoze whet and forged wele.
 Throught plate & mayle mightly gan to glaze
 But to the skinne for nothing might it race.
 Albe it came to passing violence,
 Yet to Hector it done hath none offence,

Out

Out of his saddell ones him to flytte,
 For though that he sturdely him hitte,
 He might not backward bed or bow his chine
 For on no partye make him to encline.
 But fatallly to his confusyon,
 This mighty man this Troian champion,
 In his ire aye brenning moze and moze,
 Upon him the hate aye fret to soze,
 Left his spere mine auctour wyrteth thus,
 And with a sworde rode to Patroclus,
 Auyled fully that he shall be dead,
 And furiously gan apmen at his head,
 And roue him downe there was no maner let
 Into the brest throught his basteret.
 As sayth Gyudo with so great a payne,
 That with his stroke he parted him twayne
 His moztall swerde whetted was so kene.
 That Patroclus myght not sustene,
 Upon his hore but fell downe to grounde,
 As he that caught his last fatall wounde.
 Bepng present his knyghtes euerychon,
 And delpyerly vpon him anone,
 Worthy Hector from his stede adowne,
 Descended is like a wood Apowone,
 Of hatefull yre brenning as the fyre,
 Hauing in hert inly great desyre,
 To spoyle him of his armure there anone.
 In which there was full many riche stone,
 Both of rubies and of Saphyres pryde,
 For that dayes playnly as I finde,
 Kunges lordes and knightes this no naye,
 To battayle went in their best araye.
 And sothly Hector whan he first gan se,
 The multitude of stones and perre,
 On Patroclus so ozpent and cheyne,
 Upon his arme he henge his hore reyne,
 The meane while while he of hole entente,
 To cathe his praye was so diligent.
 Ofrouetise in theyr alder syghtes.
 Cyl king Heno w thre thousad knyghts,
 Armed in stele rounde about him all,
 Is sodaynly vpon Hector fall,
 The dead corps of Patroclus to saue.
 That his purpose Hector may not haue.
 At lyberte the riche kinge to spoyle,
 Which caused hym in anger for to boyle,
 To whom the king that called is Heno,
 Trous and wood sayde amonge echon,
 Oh gredey Liowne Oh wolfe most rauinous,

Oh hatefull Tygre passing enypous,
 Of auerpye Oh beast insaturable,
 And of desyre sothly vnstanchable.
 Upon this praye thou shalt not now þ fede.
 So elles where to seuen for thy mede.
 For trusteth well in conclusyon,
 Fyfty thousande to thy destruction,
 Of one entent playnly will not fayle,
 Thine hatefull pryde attones for to assaile.
 And sodaynly with spores sharpe whet,
 On euery halfe they gan him besette.
 Augre his force his might & his manhode,
 Enforyng them to reue him of his stede.
 That sothfastly of great violence,
 He was constrained for all his strong desce,
 As sayth Gyudo to fall vpon his kne.
 But though his might and magnanymite,
 He of manhode hath his hore recured,
 And maugre grekes is so ferre assured,
 In his strengthe and in his great might,
 That he recured like a moztly knight,
 His stede agayne amidde of all his foen,
 And right as lyne he rode to kinge Heno,
 Full despyous on him auenged be.
 In his furye of hasty cruele.
 For therupon was set his hole despye,
 That in his moztall cruell appetite,
 In very sothe he had him slayne anone,
 Saue that the kinge that called was Glaco,
 Came him to rescue with kinge Theseus.
 And his sone that hight Archilogus.
 As I haue tolde Heno to reskeue.
 And thre thousande knightes gan him sewe,
 Full assented attones in battayle,
 For life or death Hector to assaile.
 In awayte vnware on him to set.
 But al this whyle with who that euer he met,
 With his sworde he killed and bare downe.
 That fynally there gayneth no raunfowne,
 For any greke that durste with him mete,
 But or he went he felt it full vnswete.
 He made a waye aboute him euery where,
 That they him fledde as the death for feare.
 For where he rode he made a patth ful plaue
 And as I rede to Patroclus agayne.
 He is reperyed to spoyle him if he might,
 Amid the felde in the grekes syght.
 As he that would his praye not lightly lete.
 Till I come the mighty king of Crete,

D.iii. With

With two thousande cladde in plate & mayle,
 Worthy knyghtes Hector to assaile,
 Whiles that he was so inly desyrous,
 As I haue tolde to spoyl Patroclus,
 And newe agayne to his confusion,
 Like as I finde came king Merion,
 And oꝝ Hector might of them take hede,
 They of force rest him of hys fiede.
 That sothly he there was none other boote,
 Compelled was for to fight on toote.
 And of knighthod his herte he resumeth,
 And w his swerde about him he consumeth,
 All that withstande both the horse and man,
 And furyously this Troian knight began,
 Armes legges and shoulders by the bone,
 To heve of amid his mortall bone.
 That grekes might afoze him not sustene,
 And as I reade that he flewe fittene,
 Of them that were busy him to take,
 And such a slaught he gan among the make,
 That they ne durst abyde afoze his face.
 And Merion in the selfe place,
 This meane while toke by Patroclus,
 With heuy cheare and face full piteous,
 And on his stede he layd it him befoze.
 And to his tente anone he hath it bozne.
 Alway grekes in their cruell mode,
 About Hector furyous and wode,
 Felly abode fygthing vpon fote,
 Of which some felt it full vnsofte.
 That presumed vpon him to presse,
 But of manhode they ne wouldeu cesse,
 Him to belet rounde on euery side.
 Hauing a trust in their great pryde,
 Fynally at mischiefe him to take.
 For they dempt he might not escape,
 Their handes thoꝝly by none aduenture,
 For his stede by lyklyhede recure,
 For of force they casten him to let.
 And all attones gan on him to set.
 And specially amonge them euerichone,
 I finde insothe how that there was one,
 A grekische knight of right worthy fame,
 And Carion playnly was his name,
 That him enforced Hector to oppresse,
 When he was most in mischiefe and distresse.
 Beset with grekes him enuyroming,
 Till of fortune aye on him awaytinge,
 The longe daye in that fell fight,

To his refuse there came a Troian knyghte,
 Whidde of grekes whan he was beset,
 And hent two dartes sharpe and kene whet,
 And furiously fyrst he hoke the toen,
 And through þ herte he smote this Carion,
 That the darte into the felde gan glide.
 By playte & mayle throughout outhet side,
 That fatally of that deadly wounde,
 This Carion glode anone to grounde.
 Amonge an hundred knyghtes of his ferys.
 Afoze conspyzed with their fell chearis.
 To haue slayne Hector by some maner waye.
 But est agayne this yonge knight of Troye,
 Full delyuer raughte another spere,
 And cast at one that he sawe fere,
 Auauce him selfe on Hector in the felde
 And through his plates playnly & his shelde,
 Aine right that he ne should aserte,
 Of very might roue him through the herte.
 And after that in all the hast he coude,
 Upon Troians he gan to crye aloude,
 To enhaile them knightly to succoure,
 Worthy Hector that stode in aduenture,
 Amonge grekes hauing no refuse,
 Sole he him selfe of helpe destitute.
 At whych crye on grekes all vnware,
 First of all came worthy Cincibare.
 That bothe was to Hector bozne in baste,
 Riding him selfe tofoze in all haste.
 And þ knyghtes of whom he tho was guyde,
 Wonder prouly pricking by his syde,
 Sodainly together one and all,
 In a frothe be on the grekes fall,
 That had Hector rounde beset aboute.
 And through manhode of this great route,
 That be enbusbed on them at the backe.
 Thre hondred knyghtes of which I spake,
 For atoned gan them to withdraue.
 But thurty first cruelly were slawe.
 And maugre them Hector of manhede,
 Amid the felde taken hath his stede,
 And entred is in amonge the prees,
 As he that daye of knighthode pteles.
 While he helde his bloody sworde in hande,
 All tho that there in felde agayne him stonde,
 There was no helpe playnly noꝝ no rede,
 But that he brake and karfe a two the threde,
 And the knotte of cruell Attropos.
 Quely for he was let of his purpose,

In his leyser to spolen Patroclus.
 Therfore in Ire wood and furious,
 Full cruelly grekes quytte he their mede.
 Whiche from his face faste gan them spede.
 Whose sharpe sworde bathed in theyr bloud,
 Was dyed red for it dyd hym good,
 Upon them tho auenged for to be.
 For that daye a Lyon played he,
 Upon grekes his manhode for to haunte.
 For he their pryde so mortally gan daunte,
 That they hym fledde where so that he rode,
 Making all hote the streintes of their bloud,
 Endlonge to ronne and thede vpon þ grene.
 Till the tyme the duke of great Athene,
 That called was whylom Menesteus,
 With thre thousande knyghes full famous,
 Of whom he was both lorde and guyde,
 The fpyde hath take vpon the leste syde.
 For a deceyte in full secreete wyse.
 Where Troilus was with þ folke of Frise.
 Whiche hath that daye who so lyst to seke,
 By his knighthode kyled many greke.
 Lyke a Tygre greedy on his praye.
 Troilus bare hym all the longe daye,
 Sleyng of grekes many worthy knyght,
 And whyle that he was busyest in fyght,
 Agayne his foen with kyng Antipus,
 And the kyng that hyght Alchanus,
 Upon grekes plyche freshe and newe,
 Making their sides all of bloody heue.
 By one assent these thre through their māhed,
 And specially vpon his bay stede,
 Where so euer that this Troilus rode,
 Every greke that his sworde abode,
 Sodainly he made for to sterue.
 Through their plates he gan so depe kerue.
 And this continued till duke Meneste,
 Of Troilus sawe the great cruelte.
 And the slaughter that he of grekes made,
 Of hasty pryde with face pale and fade,
 Went a spere and threwe it in the rest.
 And Troilus mytte euen amydde the brest,
 So sternely that maugre his renobone,
 To the earth anone he bare him downe.
 In the myddes of his mortall foen,
 That cruelly hym besette anone,
 And hym to treye layde out hoke and lase,
 Rounde about in maner of compase.
 With spere & darte and swordes forged bright

But he hym selfe descendeth lyke a knyght.
 With great manhode his honour to auauce,
 Albe his lyfe was hanged in balaunce.
 Where he stode and selfe full vnswete.
 In poynt of deth amonge the horse fete,
 With great awayte of duke Meneste,
 Howe this Troilus myght haue take be.
 Of mortall hate castinge in his thought,
 At myschiefe take that he escape nought.
 On euery halfe he was so besette,
 With swerde & spere kene grounde & whetste.
 Alone alas mortally besetste,
 They seled hym & forth they haue him ladde,
 Till Messers a worthy knight of Troye,
 Gan to crye as he stode in the waye,
 Soze abashed in ryght furyous wyse,
 Oh ye noble worthy men of frysle,
 Manly knyghtes aye preued in the fpyde,
 Moste renowned both with spere and shielde
 Consider now vnto your hyghe fame,
 And aduert the gloze of your name.
 How this dayethrough your necligence,
 By the power and myghty vyolence,
 Of the grekes Troilus is pake.
 Sool in the fpyde for ye haue hym forsake.
 That shall rebounde to your alder shame,
 For ye in soth greatly are to blame,
 If he that is of worthynesse the floure,
 Betake of grekes for lacke of your succoure.
 That but ye taken hastly wreche,
 Shameful repozte your honour shall apeche,
 Perpetually and saye therof amys,
 In your defeaute that Troilus taken is.
 Whiche named be so worthy and famous,
 And with that worde the kyng Alcamus,
 Of melancolye felte his herte ryne.
 And in his pryde hente a spere blyue,
 And pryckying after enhaileth what he myght,
 Till he of them playnly had a fyght.
 That busy were Troilus for to lide.
 And he full knyghtly sytting on his stede,
 Ran one though that he fell downe dead,
 And este agayne pale and nothyng redde,
 In his rancour no longer wolde he lette,
 But a greke the frysle that he mette,
 Through the body smet he with a spere.
 That men myght se therof the poynt a fere,
 By brest and plate through the shulder bone,
 That to the ground he fel downe dead anone.
 And

And tho forthwith the worthy fryles all,
Came flockinge downe and on the grekes fal,
So mightely that maugre their diffence,
They sette vpon with so great vyolence,
That Troilus is from all daunger free.
And through their knightly magnanymyte,
They made hym there to recure his stede.
And specially helping in this nede,
Was iantipus the stronge manly kyng.
Whiche of disdaine at his commyng,
On Meneste he gan his spere grate.
And though his shelde mayle & thicke plate,
So soze he smote that this Meneste,
Had be dead ne had his armour be.
Whiche for Tre gan tremble tho and shake,
That Troilus was from his handes take,
And escaped to be pylsoner.
Dispyte his berde and maugre his power,
Wherefore he gan of hasty hote enye,
On his knyghtes furiously to crye,
That were so mighty renowned and stronge,
To payne them for to venge his wzouge,
Upon Troians to mete them in the face.
And they in hast gan mightely enbrace,
Their sharpe speres grounde for to byte,
And felly foyned and together smytte.
For tho began the great mortall werre,
The fyre brast out thene as any sterre.
On basenettes and their plates byght,
That through þe fildes flaumeth þe ferful light
To lyfe nor death they toke tho no hede.
And downe the plaine both in length & bredth
The wardes gan prouly to auale.
And with lokes ryght empyouly pale,
They approche and assemble yfere.
In hate breynnyng that no man may stere.
And gan hurte with spere swoorde and darte,
And mortally vpon euery parte,
The slaughter gan greatly for to rewe,
And plyche alwaye newe and newe,
Hertof grekes through his worthynesse,
Where he rode manly dyd oppresse,
And mercyleffe slowe them and barz done,
Now here now there without exceptiowne,
So furiously that tounthe was to see.
And then of newe duke Meneste,
Repaired is with full enuyous herte,
From his handes that Troilus so a sterre,
And for the slaughter eke of his niepne,

That where he rode busy was to see.
The troian people whan he myght them met,
For him tauenge for nothyng wolde he lete.
Tyll casually amonges all the prese,
A knight he mette that hyght Myseres.
Whiche in dyspyte of this Meneste,
Had at the refuse of worthy Troilus be.
And maugre hym put hym from his prape,
And so befell on the selfe daye,
As they mete agayne of aduenture,
That Meneste by his cote armure,
Marked hym by armes that he bare.
And so deynly oz that he was ware.
And oz that he might taken any hede,
Furiously on his mightye stede,
And with a spere amyd the renges all,
Bare hym ouer and made hym for to fall.
Maugre his might to the earth adowne.
And than I fynde howe the kyng Hupon,
Descended is the storpe lyfte not lye,
Two thousande knyghtes in his companye,
Whiche on grekes felly gan to sette.
And in þe berde kyng Pothenor them mette.
And Archelaus the noble weerryour,
Of Boece the lord and gouernour.
With helpe onely of this Pothenor,
Lyke to a Cygre oz a wood Boze,
San Troians assapen to the deth.
And many one him selfe that daye he sleeth.
But kyng Hupon through his chyualtye,
Full fell that tyme in his melancolpe,
Full many greke gaue his dethes wounde.
And thus they gan eche other to confounde.
Such mortall hate amonges them there was
Tyll of fortune a knyght Polidamas,
On Troie syde some of Antenor,
With his knyghtes and hym selfe tofore,
Is on grekes right enuious of pryde,
Imyd their wardes fallen in a syde,
And gan them bzeke & knightly to disseuer,
Agayne whose sword they might not perseuer.
He was on them so inly furious.
And him to helpe came the kyng Remus,
With a wyng on that other parte,
Breakyng in with many spere and darte,
Agayne grekes with thre thousand knyghtes,
That to beholde how felly that he fyghtes,
It was in sothe vnto them of Troie,
A very luste and heauenly aiope.

C

To see how grekes brake there asondze,
That the noyse loude as any thonder,
In the feldes of strokes gan aryle.
And while Remus as ye haue herde deuise
Upon grekes was so enuyous,
Into the feldes came Menelays,
With his worthy knyghtes of Spartense,
Agayne Remus to maken respytence.
And full proudeply makyng no delaye,
This worthy Remus and kyng Menelays,
On horse backe with sharpe speres whette,
Imyd the fildes byn together mette.
And though their manly prowesse & renown,
From horsebacke eche bare other downe,
For none the stroke of other tho might shone.
And in that whyle of Antenor the sonne,
Polidamas lusty fresche and lyght,
As he that was in his delyuer myght,
And despyous to honour to attayne,
Mette in the fildes the neuewe of Heleyn,
The mighty duke called Hereus.
Flouringe in pouthe and ryght vertuous,
Fresche armed newe and lusty of courage,
And was in sothe but twenty yere of age.
Whiche of so ponge was a noble knight.
Right renowned bothe of herte and might.
But of fortune it befell alas,
The Troian knight Dan Polidamas,
With a spere through the shelde maile and plate,
Hytte hym so that by cruell fate,
Amonge grekes that he fallen is downe dead
Of whiche thyng whan Menelays toke hede,
And sawe hym lye slayne on the grene,
In his herte remembryng on the quene,
The quene Helene to whom he neuewe was,
For dole of which a full delyuer pas,
To Remus rode in his cruelte,
Also ferre as he might hun se.
And full knightly mette him in the berde,
And smytte at him with his sharpe swerde,
Upon the head in his hatefull sene,
That on his stede he might not sustene.
His wounde was so passyngly mortall,
That with the stroke and the perillous fall,
His knyghtes wende dead that he had be.
And hent him by and began to fle,
To Troie warde with him a great pafe.
But it befell that Polidamas,
The maner of them whan that he behelde,

Made them repayre knightly into selde,
Except that some as they in bidding hadde,
Worthy Remus home to Troie ladd.
Pale and dead with his woundes wide,
And tho came in on the grekes syde,
Celidys the lusty fresche kinge.
Of whom Dares layeth in his wyrtynge,
And for a sothe in his boke lyft tell,
How Celidys all other did excell,
Both in beaute and in semelphade.
Of shape of porte and of goodly heade,
Surmounting all as Dares list descriue.
As in fayneste all tho that tunc alyue,
All his limmes compact were so clene.
And as I rede the yonge fresche quene,
Of femyne which was of beaute flour,
Kinge Celidys loued as paramoure.
That vpon him was hooly her pleasure.
He was so prynced in her remembraunce.
For chiefe resorte sofly of her herte,
Was vpon him eche houre to aduerte.
For tynally he departed nought,
Day nor night nor houre from her thoughte.
For he was fully all her owne knight.
But of fortune he lusty fresche and light,
Smote his stede sharply in the syde,
Of surquedrye and prouly gan to ryde,
Of mortall hate a full furious pafe,
Right as lyne to Polidamas.
And with a spere made hun for to flytte,
From his sadell in which he tho did sytte,
He marked him with so great a might.
And eft ayene this noble troian knight,
Polidamas with a despitous face,
Oz Celidys departed fro the place,
With a swerde so smyt him on the heade,
From his stede that he fell downe deade,
Which to grekes was great confusion.
And all this tyme fierfer than a Lyon,
Hertof grekes knightly gan enchase,
And oft made them for to lese their place.
Where euer he rode of necessity.
Afore his swerde he made them for to fle,
Suche vengeance he hath on them take.
That they the feldes were fayne to forsake,
And to purswe would he neuer fyne,
Till amonge the people of Salomine,
Hertof met the worthy kinge famous,
That was their lord and hight Thelalus,
That

That many Troian that daye had ysawe.
 And as Hector towardes him gan drawe,
 Kyngge Center eke that was of grece also,
 A manly knight and prudent both two,
 Raught a spere in all the haste he can,
 And at unwarres he to Hector ran,
 And through his helde plate & mayle of stele,
 The speare head forged was so wele,
 So sharpe square and so kene ygrounde,
 That he to Hector gaue a perillous wounde.
 But as Hector tournen gan his stede,
 Proude Center to aquite his mede,
 He full wysely in all the haste he myght,
 Was ryght ferre seuered from his sight.
 Wherof Hector melancolous,
 And of herte wood and furuous,
 For the akynge of the wounde grene,
 In haste tauenge the constraynte of his tene,
 What greke after shortly that he mette,
 That was so holde his waye to with sette,
 Without mercy he was his death anone.
 And as I read he encountred one,
 Whiche of wyde his purpose woude diuerte
 Whom with his sworde he roue to the herte,
 Thzough his herneys of melanrolye.
 The whiche stroke whan grekes gan espye,
 They astoned of one entencioun,
 Peryllously belette hym enuyron,
 And such assaulte gan aboute hym make,
 Though their manhod if they might him take
 And of accorde with great multitude,
 Cruelly they gan him to include,
 By lykelyhode in that mortall stryfe.
 He myght not escapen with the lyfe,
 On hym they were so fell and enuyous.
 Tyll that a kyngge whiche hyght Theseus,
 On grekes lyde onely of gentylnesse,
 Suche routh caught vpon his dystresse,
 To se hym stande so nye vpon the wrake,
 Thus vnto hym of manly pety spake.

Of flour of knyghthode rote of hardynes,
 Welle of manhode stoke of worthynes,
 Why lyt ye not to haue none aduertence,
 Thy lyfe to saue of knyghtly prouidence.
 But wysfully where most is to drede,
 Thy lyfe Iupardest and take lyt no hede,
 In mortall peryll howe thou art belette,
 Amonge so many closed and yshette.

Alone alas deuoyde of all socoure,
 And to thy selfe wylte do no fauourc,
 But as fortune lyketh to ordayne,
 That euery wyght ought to complayne,
 To beholde that suche a worthy knyght,
 Whiche thzough the world cast so clere a light
 In worthynesse and wyl him not withdrawe,
 Recklesly this day thus to be slawe,
 So pyteously thy persone fo to lese,
 Withdrowe thy hande yet syth y mayst chese,
 Thy hygh prouesse compelleth me to preyre,
 At suche myschefe that thou not ne deye.
And whan Hector of hym gan take hede,
 He thanked hym of his goodly hede,
 And maugre sothly the power and the myght,
 He from the grekes lyke a worthy knight,
 Escaped is mydde of all his foen.
 And went his way thzough them euerichon,
 His bloody sworde alway in his honde,
 And in his waye Polydamas he fonde,
 Full lyke a man with all his busy payne,
 Defende him selfe agayne the kinges twaine,
 Menelay and Chelamonnys.
 Which vpon him were full furuous.
 And to a spere this greke this Chelamonne,
 Polydamas smote to the earthe adowne.
 Compellyng him there was none other bote,
 Agayne them two to fyght eu on his fote.
 Assented fully on him to be wroke.
 And fyrst they haue betwen and to broke,
 The mighty charnelle of his bassenet,
 And whan his byler after was of smet,
 And his face naked was and bare,
 They fell on hym in that mortall snare,
 And haue him take the stozpe can deuple,
 And sent him forth in full cruell wyse,
 Towarde grekes with many worthy knyght.
 But whan Hector therof had a sight,
 And sawe the myschefe of Polydamas,
 He caste fully to socoure in this case,
 And pycked after wooder than Lyon,
 And where he rode aboute hym enuyron,
 With his swerde he made a large space,
 Tyll that he came to the selfe place,
 Amonges grekes furuous and wood,
 Polydamas the selfe tyme stode,
 Socoures deuoyde of remedye,
 Till that he on Hector caste his eye,
 That grekes made hastily withdrowe,

And thirty fyrst of them hath he slawe.
 And seuered them maugre all their pryde,
 To fore his sworde they durste not abyde.
 Agaynst hym nor make none obstacle.
 But of knyghthode by very hygh myracle,
 Polydamas in myschefe fyrst awshaped,
 From grekes hande frely is escaped.
But freshly tho the kyngge Epytrophus,
 Menelay and Chelamonnys,
 With all their knyghtes togyther hole & close,
 Agayne Troians to gotten them alofe,
 Be of new entred in battayle.
 With great strength and passyng apparayle,
 That mightely Troians they compell,
 In their waye that they dare not dwelle.
 Not withstanding their great worthynesse.
 For of Hector the knyghtly hygh prouesse.
 That fought so manly that tyme as I read,
 But cowardly they haue slayne his stede,
 That he constrayned was to fyght on fote.
 That many greke felte full vnfote.
 For there was none that aboute hym stode,
 With his swerde that he ne shadde his bloud.
 Though he so thycke about was be layne.
 He boded them and made a space playne.
 In compasse rounde behynde and eke afoze,
 And on his fete so well he hath hym boze,
 That day that greke was none certayne,
 That hardy was hande on hym to layne.
 He was so stronge and sturdy as a wall.
 And whan his brothern called naturall,
 Sawe hym a fote amyd of all his foen,
 On a frushe they fell in euerychon,
 And founden hym the stozp maketh mynde,
 Defende him selfe as Tygre doth in Inde.
 And him to helpe thzough their high renown,
 They fallen fyrst on kyng Chelamonne.
 For he on Hector was so cruell founde.
 They gaue to hym many bloody wounde.
 Tyll one of them named Wyndazon,
 Hath to ferre amonge the renges gone,
 And boze hym so only of manhead,
 That he hath wonne a passyng myghty stede.
And brought to Hector sothly there he stode
 Amonge grekes all bathed in their bloud.
 The whiche in haste ful knightly he be stode,
 And the amonge lyke Mars himselfe he rode.
 Full many greke makyng for to sterue.
 And with this sworde whetted for to karue,

He daunted hath their enuious pryde.
 Tyll Deiphobus entred in a pryde,
 Into the fyeelde with a knightly chere,
 And with hym brought many good archer,
 Of Boeme whiche with their arrowes kene,
 And with fethers of Decock freche and shene,
 Upon grekes haue the fyeelde recured.
 In their thotte they were so muche assured.
 That thzough mayle and thicke plate of stele,
 They perced haue their harneys euery dele.
And Deiphobus full lyke a manly man,
 To kyngge Centran on horse backe tho ran.
 And furiously gan his swerde enbrace.
 And wounded hym euen amyd the face.
 Thzough the byler in his felle tene.
 On horse backe that he myght not sustene,
 And thus on grekes the Troians are prou,
 That they agayne hath the fyeelde prouonne.
 They were on them so prouous and so wood,
 But Theseus full knightly them withstode,
 With the knyghtes that he with him ladde,
And as I read Hector a brother hadde,
 The stozp sayth that hyght Quintilene,
 Ponge freche and lusty armed byght & shene,
 Whiche with the kinge called Modernus,
 Is proudeby falle vpon Theseus,
 And these twayne togyther of assent,
 Be falle on hym with great aduisement,
 That fynally to his unhapp chauce,
 With their knyghthode broughte hym to out,
 And cast shortly that he shalbe dead. (traunce,
 Of whose purpose as Hector gan take hede,
 He vnto them of very gentyry,
 With all his myght loude gan to crye,
 Selechyng them for nothyng that he deye.
 And lowely they his byddyng dyd obeye.
 And them withdrew for to do vengeaunce,
 For Hector had fully remembraunce,
 How Theseus the same daye tofore,
 Towarde hym to goodly had hym boze,
 Whan he hym sawe in myschefe and dystresse,
 And knightly thought quyte his gentylnesse.
 Lyke as it longeth to every gentylman.
And Theseus full lowly tho began,
 To thanke Hector that he was escaped.
But kyng Thoas tho hath faste praped,
 Into the fyeelde with other knyghtes many,
 And specially with them of Calydony,
Came Phylotetes the myghty kinge also,
 Agayne

Agayne the Trojans for to haue ado,
 And fyrst Thoas with a spere ran,
 Furroully to Calypbellan,
 One of the sonnes of kynge Pryamus.
 And gaue hym tho a wounde so greuous,
 Without recure that he fell downe dead.
 Of whiche stroke when Hector gan take hede
 In his herte gan his deeth complayne,
 And in all haste dyd his bulf payne,
 On his brother auenge him if he myght,
 And many one he made to a lyght.
 Through his knightthod from his hourse backe
 That sothfastly all went to wrake,
 On grekes syde what came in his waie.
 So worthely he bare hym all that daye.
 Cyll duke Nestor is entred in to fyght,
 With fyue thousande in stele armed byght,
 Agayne the Trojans grekes to socoure,
 And with hym mette of very auenture,
 The kynge Eneas so myghty and so bolde,
 And kynge Phylon in his chare of golde,
 With all the worthy noble chynalrye,
 That from Agrestia came with Iaconye,
 The kynges sonne of the same lande,
 Full renowned and worthy of his hande.
 And as they semble and together ran,
 The same tyme many worthy man,
 Hath losse his lyfe vpon eyther syde.
 And of the slaughter with large woundes wyde
 All the soyle of bodys that laye dead,
 Lyke a ryuer ran with streames red.
 With their cheres gryfely pale and fade,
 That in the bloud men might go and wade,
 To the ancle the slaughter was so huge.
 And kynge Phylon socour and refuge,
 Unto Trojans so bare hym in that strepe,
 That many greke he made lese his lyfe,
 The same day so well his sward was whette.
 But he bntwaryly was so soze besette,
 With myltitude of grekes rounde aboute,
 That of his lyfe he playnly stode in doubte.
 For lykely was he myght not escape,
 And of grekes he shulde anone be take,
 He had the helpe be of worthy Iaconye,
 That to Eneas loude gan to crye,
 Alas quod he of routhe and pyte,
 Worthy Phylon the kyng shall taken be,
 Amonge grekes through your negligence,
 But in all haste ye do your diligence,

For to rescue this noble worthy kynge.
 And all attones without more tarynge,
 Maugre all tho that maden respytence,
 From grekes swerde by myghty vyolence,
 They haue rescued the noble kyng Phylon.
 And at his large with them he is gone.
 Of his escape wonder gladd and lyght.
 And Hector than with many lusty knight,
 Retourned is and Deiphobus also,
 Polydamas and many an other mo,
 Of Trojan knyghtes that desyre newe,
 To causen grekes soze for to reue.
 For of assent they fully them purpose,
 In suche mischiefe grekes to enclose.
 That if they might fewe shulde escape.
 And therupon knightly they them shape,
 And them began freshly for to assaile,
 That in the felde grekes gan to faile,
 Of their power and to lese their lande.
 That fynally through the myghty hande,
 And the force of the Trojan knyghtes,
 The grekes had maugre all their mightes
 Be brought that day to confusyone.
 But Menelap and kyng Chelamobone,
 When they them sawe feble and aperyte,
 They of knyghthode made them to reseyte,
 And so lyke men they haue the selfe defended,
 Cyll Eneas from Troie is descended.
 With Cytrenus the duke the manly man,
 And with their knyghtes of netwe they began,
 Este agayne grekes to oppresse.
 And Hector aye through his worthynesse,
 Lyke a Lyon with a sterne face,
 Euer in one so gan them to enchace,
 That compelled of great necessitye,
 They were echone afoze his sward to fle.
 And constrained ryght of very nede.
 Of whiche thyng when Apat gan take hede,
 He had in herte great compassyon,
 To se the slaughter and confusyon,
 On grekes syde Guydo maketh mynde.
 And gan to loke at his backe behynde,
 And sawe where many warde stode abrode,
 And many baner and penowne that abode,
 Amonge the felde hole and not for broke,
 That redy were attones to be wroke,
 If nede were on them of Troie towne,
 In whiche wardes without exceptiowne,
 Was hole the floure of grekes chynalrye.

Ca

To whom anone Apat gan him hye,
 As he that was in herte soze agreued,
 And with his crye he hath the so commened,
 That they in haste them comen to reskuse,
 Amonges whom was there no reskuse,
 And as fast as they gan assemble,
 Of people of hourse the earthe gan to tremble,
 Furroully as they together flynge.
 There might men the strokes herten ringe,
 Of spers sharpe through the harneys bozne,
 And through sheldes wrought of stele a hozn
 Into the brest sturdy square and brode.
 And there I fynde how that Apat rode,
 To Eneas and he to him also,
 So great enuye was attyre them two,
 That not but death might their ire apase.
 For in herte nother might haue ease,
 Cyll with spers sharpe ground and whette,
 On hourse backe they togpyher mette,
 And at copping so soze haue they hytte,
 That eueryche other to the earth synitte,
 That to beholde was a knightly fyght.
 And after they bothe on foote fyght,
 By lylphead tho in theyr wood rage,
 Other to fall in full great damage,
 Amonge the hourse bycause that they stode,
 Upon the soyle all ouer spredde with blode.
 But Phylotetes is to Apat come,
 And hath him by amonge the hourse pnome,
 That knightly fought as made is memozye,
 For sothly elles Trojans with victozye,
 Had had the fvelde playnly for to sayne.
 Cyll Phylotetes with his wardes twayne,
 Euen in the face manly them withstode.
 And with a spere he fyrst to Hector rode.
 And vpon him the shafte I fynde he broke,
 But sothly he vpon his hourse bace,
 Kept him so well for all that fell stroke,
 Remeyninge not but sturdy as an oke,
 Sat in his sadell byrpyght with his chyne,
 And wpyth a spere ryght as any lyne,
 Into the body depe through the shrelde,
 Phylotetes he smote into the felde,
 That of his lyfe hys knyghtes were in doubt.
 But tho came in with so great a route,
 Kyng Humerus and Alizes eke,
 And with them brought many worthy greke.
 Ten thousand knyghtes manly men echone,
 That gan Trojans for to assaile anone.

And cruelly on euery halfe certayne,
 With myltitude they haue them so belayne,
 That dyspayred and disconsolate,
 And of longe fyght a waped and a mate,
 Gan withdrabwe fapnted in battayle,
 And eke theyr hourse sothly gan to fayle,
 That on theyr syde all went by so downe.
 But Parys tho with them of Troy towne,
 Is entred in in ful manly wyse,
 And fyrst he mette with the kynge of Fryse.
 That to Alizes nye was of allpe,
 Whom Parys smote with so great enuye,
 That he hym slewe wherof grekes were,
 Soze abashed and after wpyth a spere,
 Alizes rode to auenge him if he myght.
 And fyrst when he of Parys had a fyght,
 Into the brest he gan his spere thzowe,
 That fynally for he bare to lome,
 Fayling of Parys sothely as I reade,
 Under him he slewe his myghty stede.
 That maugre him he to grounde is gone.
 And he on him would haue fall anone,
 But Troilus tho mette him in the berde,
 And furpously with his sharpe swerde,
 He smote Alizes throughout his visere.
 That lyke a condyte or a small ryuer,
 Downe by his face of bloud the streames ran.
 But Alizes tho lyke a manly man,
 Of that stroke astoned not at all,
 But on his stede stiffe as any wall,
 With his swerde so mightely gan race,
 Through the vंबर into Troilus face.
 That he him gaue a large mortall wounde,
 Of which stroke passingly ioyrrounde,
 The grekes were supposing in theyr thought,
 How Trojans fynally were brought,
 Unto outtraunce and sothly so they hadde,
 Saue that Hector w knyghtes which he lad,
 And with him Parys and Deiphobus,
 And al his bzethern i knightthod most famous
 Troilus also for all his laste wounde,
 That was alway so noble knight pfounde,
 All at ones be ioynd into one,
 And vpon grekes sodaynly be gone.
 And worthy Hector alder fyrst began,
 Grekes to enchafe that afoze him ran,
 Like as beastes that fledde fro the death,
 And euer in one thus he killeth and slepyth,
 Whom he mette or durst his stroke abyde.

D. 1. And

And on his foen with freshe woundes wyde,
The slaught he made allway to renewe,
And thylke dape in bloody rosen hewe,
He hath theyr plates & their harnays steined,
And thought it had blood from heauē rained.
The soyle redder might not tho a ben,
And aye plyche as a swarme of been,
The grekes flockmele fledde out of his way.
And Guydo sayth that all that pke dape,
Hector had forment on the playne,
In the frounter of the grekes layne.
That behynde the knyghtes of his garde,
For lacke of hym were all out of warde.
Wherfore when he had fought full longe,
And grekes sawe of new weren stronge,
To his knyghtes he is agayne repeyred.
Whych in them selfe greatly were dyspayred,
For his absence. but tho when they him se,
Full inwardly recomforted they be,
And with glad hert haue theyr lord receiued.
And theyr gladnesse when he hath perceyued,
Spake vnto them full affectionally.
And lykelyste prayed them full beningly,
To remembre knyghtly in their herte,
And consyder wyfely and aduerte,
First the wronges that grekes haue them do.
Of yore ago and ouermore also,
If grekes had that dape the victoize,
Farewell for aye the honour and gloize,
Of Tropan bloud in conclusyone.
For fynally we and eke our towne,
Shall moztally tournen to ruyne.
And our honour that was wont to thyne,
Throughout the world and our worthinesse,
Eclipse shall and tournen to dercknesse.
But ye this dape lyke as men you quyte.
Wherfore I praye that no man ne atwyte,
Pour hygh renoune of any cowardise,
To sette vpon in full manly wyse,
And not to spare for dread of death I praye.
And they echone full lowly gan obeie,
To his desyre withouten longer tale.
And entryng in by a certayne vale,
Vpon grekes these worthy knyghtes all,
Following Hector todaynly be fall,
Full moztally or that they were ware.
And Hector tho no greke would spare,
But euery where to theyr confusyon,
He killed and slewe aboute him enuyzon.

And his knyghtes riding by his side,
Hade theyr foen maugre all their vyde,
To lese their lande & slawe out of their sighte.
Cyll that the kunge which y Thoas hight,
On grekes syde inwarde gan him dresse,
And of newe full knyghtly gan oppresse,
Them of Trope this knight this manly mā.
That had afore slayn Cassibellan,
One of the sonnes of king Pryamus.
But as he rode of fortune it fell thus,
That all the bryethen on a fruthe he mette,
Which of assent enuyzon him besette,
And from his sadell that many greke beheld,
Amonge the horse smyt him in to feld.
And of theyr reute first his basenct,
And cruelly they had his head of smet.
For he vnarmed all at myschief stode.
Sawe that the Duke furpous and wood,
Of Athenes riding tho a great pale,
Reskued him in this moztall case,
With his knyghtes that about him rode.
And him to helpe without moze abode,
With a spere sharpe whet and kene.
First of all he fell on Quintiline,
That busy was Thoas to haue slawe.
And the bryetherene made also withdraue,
Whan Quintiline of his horse was throue.
But Pryus the drew by his mighty bow,
And to this Duke let an arrowe glyde.
And through his plates hit him in the side,
Vpon a rybbe that made him sore to blede.
Of whych stroke he ne toke no hede,
Bycause onely that he so feruent was,
Amid his foen to helpe thus kunge Thoas,
Amonge the horse that was boze to grounde,
In poynt of death with many moztall wode.
Onely for he was naked on the head.
But this Duke fully deuoyde of dread,
Of his knyghthod in this perillous case,
Amid his foen hath holpe the king Thoas,
And with his lyfe made him scapen fre.
And Hector aye of cruell enmittee,
Fliche freshe for nothing would leue,
Vpon grekes his manhode for to preue.
Enforzng him to their destructiōne.
And as he rode amonge them by & down,
Kinge Humerus hath a bowe take,
And to thote gan him redy make.
And hatefully therin let an arrowe,

And

And to Hector he marked hath so narowe,
That he smote him euen amid the face.
But or he might any ferther pace,
Hector smyt him with so great a payne,
That in his swerd he roue his head atwayn.
The death of whō when the grekes know,
Gine auctour saith they haue an horn yblow
That vnwarely with that dreadfull sowne,
Scue thousand knight came at ones adowne
About Hector without moze abode.
But of force through them all he rode.
Gaugre theyr might that him tho withsette,
And slowe all tho that his way lette.
And would do synt playnly tyll he came,
To his father the worthy kunge Pryam.
With many worthy full famous of renoune,
That wyth his knyghtes fast by the towne,
Laye all the dape with men on horse & foote,
As he that was of knyghthod crop and roote,
And kept him close in full high prudence,
Till Hector came vnto his presence,
And him besought in this great nede,
With thre thousand that he would him spede,
Vpon grekes in theyr full rage,
To fall on them at most auantage.

And the in haste this worthy Pryamus,
With his knyghtes freshe & despyous,
Towarde grekes hath the waye plake,
And such a moztore gan vpon them make,
That many grekes laye dead on the playne.
For Pryamus hath them so sore belayne.
On euery halfe through his great might,
That they full fast fledde out of his syght.
So sore of netwe he vpon them sette.
And as I fynde they toghether mette,
Hector and Pryar of cruell auenture.
And on their stedes stronge and wonder sure,
The stoyre sayth in all the haste they konne,
Lyke wood Lyons they toghether ronne.
With so great might y were they lese or lothe,
Vpon the playne they were vnhorzled bothe.
And in this whyle Heneley the kunge,
Sodaynly as he camen ridinge,
He slewe of Trope a worthy admyrall.
And thus the slaughter passingly moztall,
Renewed aye for that Celidonas,
The newewe slewe of the kunge Thoas.
And Gada met mine auctour wyteth thus,

A greke the kinge called Cedeus.
Which in his swerde such a stroke him sette,
That through y vंबर out his eye he smette.
And Sardellus that was of Trope eke,
The same whyle slewe a worthy greke,
A lorde of name and of high prowesse.
Although Guido his name doth not expresse.
And then also came Margaryton,
On Trope side agayne Thelamon,
And both two inly set a fyre,
Of high dysdayne and of hatefull yre.
As they met on horse backe both yfere,
Kinge Thelamon sothly as I lere,
Gave vnto him a deadly wounde cruell.
But tho came in the Troian Phanuell,
And Prothenor smote downe of his stede,
And thus the sones playnly as I reade,
Of Pryamus nothing nat dysnarde,
The grekes haue on euery parte outtrayed.
And so knightly all the dape them boze,
That many greke fatally hath lozme,
His life in sothe of hate and enmye.
And kunge Anglas is fall on Meneste,
Of Athenes Duke and gouernoure,
And with a spere of yre and olde rancoure,
He ran and smet him tho amyd the shelde.
But for al that his sadell yet he helde.
And for that the Duke spere had none,
He with a swerde to Anglas rode anone,
And through y olumber roue of nigh his nase,
That he astoned stode as in a mase,
When that he sawe the condyte of his blode,
So streame out but for all that he rode,
Out asyde fully deuoyde of feare.
Vnto the time that he staunched were.
But Deamor his owne brother deare,
When he behelde his moztall bloody cheare,
Of high dysdayne he rode to Meneste,
And him vnhorzled but by anone sterte he,
And or he might fully by aryle,
Another brother in full cruell wyse,
Is fall on him so that of them thre,
Attones weten vpon Meneste,
Fully in purpose he shall lese his lyfe.
But he so knightly bare him in that stryfe,
Agaynst them that wonder was to se.
And vpon him most cruell of them thre,
Was one Thoas eldest of echone.
Which him to slepe was busy euer in one.

For all to broke they haue his basenet,
 But when that Center sawe him so beset,
 A grekishe kinge as made is mencion,
 Had in his herte great compassyon,
 And thought playnly of manhode him releue
 And if he might his fomen for to greue.
 But all for nought was his busy payne,
 For Hector tho fallen is on both twayne,
 Upon Center and on Meneste,
 And had them slayne he had Ajax be.
 Which vnto Hector faste gan him hve,
 A thousande knightes in his companye,
 Him to withstande and Meneste to saue.
 From his handes if he might him haue.
 But Darys tho and the king of Perce,
 With fure thousande as I can reherie,
 Of worthy knightes and many troian mo,
 Be vnto Hector all at ones ygo.
 In thys wyse ryding on a rowe,
 For Darys made a trumpet to be blowe,
 At which there came knightly enbattayled,
 Many Troian full well apparayled,
 Whych in the felde of Hector were conueyed.
 For of one herte they fully haue obeyed,
 Vnto the bydding of this Troian knight,
 All freshe and newe to begyn a fyght,
 Upon grekes as ferre forth as they can.
 Of whom was slayne many manly man.
 And aye the slaughter piteously renetweth,
 That many greke soze in herte reweth,
 They great losse and destructione,
 Brought vpon the by them of Troie towne.
 And specially of Hector as I finde.
 Whych on that day as Dares maketh minde,
 With his hande a thousande knightes slowe.
 That neuer were adawed of their slowe,
 For greke none dare in his waye dwell.
 For to his swerde he coude them so compell,
 To lese they grounde of necessitye,
 And lyke as thepe afore the wolfe to fle.
 And as I reade amidde this victorie,
 Hector hath met vnder a Centoree,
 Amonges grekes whereon the kinge.
 To whom he spake without more taryng.
 Oh thou traitoure thy houre approcheth faste,
 For thou art come sothy to thy laste,
 Thy fall daye hath his course proune,
 For truste well oz westrynge of the sonne,
 I caste platly to quytten the thy mede,

And with my swerd in haste thy bloud to shed,
 For thou so bolde were on me to daye,
 Me to disturben of my ryche praye,
 At the sporyng of kinge Patroclus.
 That for cause thou were presumptuous,
 Me to disturbe thou shalt anone be deade.
 And downe he sterte & smote of first his head.
 And him to spoyle also gan him haste.
 But Meneste came on him as faste,
 When he behelde trauesse at his backe,
 And to a spere in which was no lacke,
 Smote him in with so great violence,
 Without syght oz any aduertence,
 Of worthy Hector oz any takyng hede,
 The wound of whom soze gan to blede.
 But out he went and made it faste bynde.
 And Meneste stalle away behinde,
 Not in purpose sothyly if he maye,
 To mete Hector of all that pike daye.
 But when that he was ybounde soze,
 His wound to staunche that it blede no moze,
 Moze furpous than he was erst tofoze,
 Repeyed is with angre al to toze,
 So aye the yre on his herts fret.
 That he bare downe all that euer he met.
 Slapth and kylleth he was so mercyles,
 All tho that put them selfe in the pceale,
 Or hardy were woth hym for to mete.
 For in his boke lyke as wyrtte Dorete,
 For very sothe and in the soze sayth,
 If it be so that men may gyuen sayth,
 And full credence of possyblite,
 As in Gydo clearly ye may se,
 After that he caught his latter wounde,
 Fynally the grekes to confounde,
 So as it is affermed in certayne,
 A thousand knight to his hande were slayn,
 Without them tho that I spake of rathe.
 And newe alway he gan his swerde to bathe,
 In grekes bloud that sodaynly they be,
 So ouerlayne throught his crueltie,
 That greke was none of high nor lowe estate,
 That he ne was awhaped and amate,
 Of his knighthod and manly excellence.
 For there was none to maken resistence,
 Nor utterly that durste take on hande,
 Of all that daye Hector to wythstande.
 And as is made also mencion,
 Thylke daye kyng Agamemon,

As sayth Gydo came not into felde,
 For causes great his presence he withhelde,
 On grekes syde that al goeth vp so downe,
 Hector on them so playeth the wood Liowne.
 That to they tentes they fledde for socours,
 And they of Troie prouly as victours.
 Seved after them by traces of they bloud,
 And there they wan treasour and great good.
 And spoyled them in full great dystresse,
 Of their armure and of they richesse,
 And fell on them oz that they were ware,
 And home to Troie all that good they bare.
 For fynally that daye woth myschaunce,
 Grekes had be bryght vnto outtraunce,
 Without a cure in sothe for euer moze,
 On euery parte they were belayde so soze.
 Though the manhode of Hector & y mighte,
 With helpe of many other worthy knyght,
 That so felly agayne the grekes wrought,
 For to such mischief playnly they the brought,
 That ne had be they owne piteous slouth,
 Of pryde onely and of folye routh,
 They had of them at they volunte,
 That daye for euer had the soneraynte.
 And recured through they hygh renoune,
 Lordshyppe of them and dominacyowne,
 Whych shoulde haue laste and be continuall,
 Victoryous and perpetuall.
 Haue endured saue that cruell fate,
 Is redy aye with fortune to debate,
 Agayne thynges that gyne in wilfulnesse.
 To make them fine aye in wretchednesse.
 Through they enuyous disposicion,
 And sodayne chaunce and reuolucion,
 And vnware tournyng of her false whele,
 That wyll not hyde when a thinge is wele.
 Alas freyle deuoyde of lykernesse,
 The cause was dimmed so with dercknesse,
 That hath troians through false oppnyon,
 Pblinded so in they discrecion.
 And specially fordercked so the syght,
 Of worthy Hector the proude manly knyght,
 To se afore what shulde after sewe,
 By good aduylle the myschefe to eschewe.
 That folowed them at the backe behinde,
 Alas they were wilfully made blynde.
 The same daye when they syten softe,
 By victorie on the hill alofte.
 That they ne could of necligence not se,

The after fall of they felyste.
 So put abacke was they aduertence.
 For lacke of reason and of high prudence.
 For they their hap haue voided & they grace,
 That presently were set afore they face.
 For in a man it is not commendable,
 If fortune be to him fauorable,
 And blandeysing with a forthead cleare,
 To smyle on him with a plesaunt cheare,
 Onely of fauoure for to helpe him oute,
 When he in myschefe is beset aboute,
 If he refuse his hap of wyfulnesse,
 Fortune auoyding through unkindnesse,
 When the ministreth to him of her grace,
 Another tyme he shall not her embrace.
 When he hath nede to her helpe at all,
 To succour him oz he catche a fall.
 But rather then for his ingratitude,
 Forwardly with mowes him delude,
 When he best weneth to stande in likernesse,
 Fortune is aye so full of bryllnesse,
 Remouable and ready for to flytte.
 Her welfull houre y who lyst not admytte,
 With her fauour for to be allyed,
 Another tyme it shall be denied.
 When he wote leuest finde her fauorable,
 For in some houre sothyly this no fable,
 Vnto some man she graunteth his desyres,
 That will not after in a thousande yeares,
 Peraunter ones condescende,
 Vnto his will nor his lust him sende.
 As it hath fall this daye unhappely,
 To worthy Hector that so wilfully,
 Brought of head grekes for to spare,
 Fatally when they were in snare.
 For he of them lyke a conquerour,
 With victorie trumphe and honour,
 Might haue brought through his hye renom
 The palme of conquest into Troie towne,
 Which he that daye refused follype.
 For as he rode this Hector cruelly,
 Amonges grekes slowe and bare all downe,
 Casually he mette Thelamowne,
 I meane Ajax nygh of his allye,
 That of hate and cruel hote enuye,
 To Hector rode lyke as he were wood,
 Albe to him he was full nygh of bloud.
 Yet for all that this yonge lusty knight,

Byd his power and his full myght,
 Without fayning to haue bozne hym downe.
 Whose father hyght also Thelamowne,
 That hym begat the storie telleth vs,
 Of Erion syster to Pyramus.
 And this Pyar flouryng in yonge age,
 Freshe and delyuer and of great courage,
 Sette on Hector of knyghtly hygh prowesse.
 And as they met both in theyr woodnesse,
 On theyr stedes these manly champpons,
 Everyche on other lyke Tygres or Lions,
 Began to fall and proudly to assaile,
 And furiously seuer plate and mayle.
 First with spere longe large and rounde,
 And afterwarde with swerdes kene ygrounde.
 And fygthryng thus longe they do contune,
 Till it befell of case or of fortune,
 Token or sygne or some apparence,
 Or by nature kyndly influence,
 Whych into hertes doth full depe myne,
 Namely of theym that bozne be of one lyne.
 Whych cause was peraunter of these twane.
 Naturally theyr rancour to restrayne,
 And theyr yre for to modespe,
 Onely for they so nygh were of allye,
 Unwyt of other and therof vnfare,
 Till they were taught onely of nature.
 For naturally bloud wyll aye of kynde,
 Drawe vnto bloud where he may it fynde.
 Whych made Hector kyndely to aduerte,
 To be meued and stered in his herte,
 Both of knyghthod and of gentilnesse,
 When he of Pyar sawe the woorthynesse,
 Spake vnto him full beningnely.
 And sayd Cosyn I save the trewly,
 If thou lyst grekes here forlake,
 And come to Troie I dare the vndertake,
 To thyne allyes and to thy kynrede,
 Thou shalt be there withouten any drede,
 Full well receyued in partye and in all,
 Of them that be of the blode royall,
 Sothly decended and hyghest of degre.
 That it of ryght shall suffyse vnto the,
 And kyndely be to thy great pleasure,
 For to repayre vnto thyne allpauce,
 Of gentyll herte sythe nothyng is so good,
 As be confedered with his owne bloud.
 For I conceyue by thy woorthynesse,
 Whych nature doth kyndly in the impresse,

Of Troian bloud that thou art descended.
 Whych of grekes longe hath be offended.
 Wherefore I reade to leue them vterly,
 And he answered agayne full humbly,
 That sythen he of byrthe was a greke,
 And was of youthe among them fostred che,
 From the tyme of his natyuite,
 And taken had the ordze and degre,
 Of knyghthod eke amonges them afozre,
 And ouer this bounde was and swozne,
 To be trewe as to theyr nation.
 Making of bloud none excepcion,
 He swoze he would conserue his behest.
 And to Hector he made this requeste,
 That if that he of manfull gentilnesse,
 Would of knyghthod and of woorthynesse,
 Shewe vnto hym so great affectiowne,
 To make them that were of Troie towne,
 Onely withdrawe grekes to pursewe,
 And for theyr tentes make them to remewe,
 And resorte agayne vnto the towne.
 Of knyghthode routhe and compassyowne,
 Without assaillinge or anye moze affraye,
 Made on the grekes for that ilke day.
 Sythe vnto them ought ynoughe suffyse,
 That of the fiede in so knightly wyse,
 They were of manhead fully posselours,
 And of theyr fomen synally victours,
 Like as tofoze fully is defyned.
 To whose request Hector is enclyned.
 Alas the while of hasty wilfulnesse,
 And made anone without awpnesse,
 Amydde the fiede trumpet for to blowe,
 Whereby Troians fully mighten knowe,
 His wil was that they shulde the withdrawe,
 After custome playnely and the lawe,
 And the vfaunce both of nyghe and ferre.
 Amonges them that be experte in werre.
 When they were mosse feruent for to fyght,
 Upon grekes for to pzeue their myght.
 And had them chaced lowe to the stronde,
 That they were weake of power to withstode.
 For they of Troie all of one desyre,
 Can sette on with shotte of wynde fyre,
 To bzenne their thypyes of high mischaunce,
 Synally to put them at outtraunce.
 And so they had this the very trouth,
 As had Hector had vpon them routh,
 Making Troians repayre apene to towne,
 Angra-

vingraciously to their confusyowne.
 As the story shall after specyfe,
 For tho he put alas in iupardy,
 Lyfe & death whiche elles might haue be sure,
 And whiche agayne they shall neuer recure.

How the grekes thzough their suite optey-
 ned of kyng Pyram a trewece for eyght wekes
 and of their battayles after the trewece ended.
 Capitulo. xxiii.

They haue matter to complaynen soze,
 For fro that daye farewell for euer moze,
 Laude victozy and fro them of the towne,
 To them denyed by disposyowne,
 Of moztall fate whiche contraye,
 In this matter me lyfte no lenger tarpe.
 For they of Troie be entred their Citie,
 And het their gates for moze suretie,
 For of that daye lyke as made is mynde,
 Thus was the ende in Gypdo as I fynde,
 They wende haue done peraunter for the best.
 And when the sonne was ygo to rest,
 They toke their ease all that pike night,
 Shadde his beames on their hemispherpe.
 Making the daye for to shewe mercye.
 At whiche tyme Troians anone right,
 They that were hole and lusty for to fyght,
 Gan arme them in purpose full that daye,
 Their foen to mete platly if they maye.
 For that was hole their wyll & playne entent.
 And eke they had in commaundement,
 Tofoze of Hector redy them to make.
 Out of their slepe a mozowe whan they wake
 Of whiche thyng they were not necligent,
 But to Pyram the grekes haue ysent,
 There messengers the same day or pyzme,
 To take trewece onely for the tyme,
 Of eyght wekes the whiche Pyramus,
 With Hector's wyll the story telleth thus,
 Hath graunted them and by auctoutye,
 Of all the wyse that were in the Citie.
 In whiche tyme whyle they leyter haue,
 The grekes gan to burpe and to graue,
 The bodyes that afoze weren slawe,
 Lyke their rytes in their paynem lawe.
 With all their might and their busy cure,
 For some bzent and some by sepulture,

Enclosed were lyke their estate in all,
 And thus they helde the feast funerall,
 Fro day to day duryng aye the peace.
 In whiche space I fynde how Achilles,
 Of Patroclus the death hath soze playned.
 As he that was with teares all be rapned,
 So inwardly he loued hym in herte.
 That for the angurthe and the cruell smerte,
 He longe abode in lamentacion,
 And dyd make by great affection,
 A large tounbe for a remembzaunce,
 Byd the fiede as tho was the vfaunce,
 Amonge grekes with great reuerence.
 Lyke the honour and the excellence,
 Of royall buryng. In this Patroclus,
 Pgraued was and Botheselaus,
 In their tounbes hozue of marbyll graye.
 And nye together in a playne they laye.
 The werke about them ryche was wzought
 And to the earth they were together bzought.
 Solempnely lyke the obseruaunces,
 Of their rytes with the circumstaunces,
 Of grekes vied sothly in tho dapes.
 Fro poynt to poynt as longeth to their layes.
 Of suche as weren of estate royall,
 So holden was the feast funerall,
 Of these two whyles the trewece doth laste.
 And they of Troie busped them full faste,
 With all their might and their busy cure,
 The grene hurtes and woundes for to cure.
 By their aduys that were in surgerpe,
 Full well experte to shapen remedre,
 Their swolle sozes to soften of their payne.
 That in the space of these monthes twayne,
 They were restozed to helth in euery thyng.
 In whiche time Pyramus the kinge.
 Suche sorowe made for Cassybellan,
 In his herte that no wyght ne can,
 Hym recomfozte of his heuynesse.
 For day by day of inwarde tendernesse.
 Full pyteously he gan to sobbe and wepe.
 And the body he made for to kepe,
 Aboue the earth for a certayne space,
 Till he had cholen out some woorthy place,
 To his buryng and his sepulture,
 And as Gypdo vs fully doth assure,
 In Venus temple ryche as any thynge,
 He made his men a tounbe for to myne,
 In marbell grepe and metall ryche,

In whiche he put full solempnely,
The dead corpes of this Cassybellan.
Being present full many manly man.
In the phane of Cytherca.
The whiche thyng when that Cassandra,
Within her selfe considerd and behelde,
And sawe vp offered his helme & eke his shelde,
His sworde also and vnto Mars his stede,
Of inward wo she felte her herte bledde.
Heryng the noyse and the piteous crye,
The tender wepyng and sorowful biterly,
Of them of Troye and lamentaciowne,
Which for their frend throughout al þe towne,
They gan to make that were slawe afore.
With sodeyne rage her herte was all to fore.
So inwardely she might her not restrayne,
Furpoussly to crye and to complayne,
And sayde alas full ofte and welawaye.
O wofull wretches that ye be this dape,
Unhappy eke and graceles also,
Infortunate and inly wo bego.
How ye may suffre the great harmes here,
Whiche ye are lykely hereafter to sustene,
Duryng the syege in this towne belocke,
Seynge your soen redy to be wroke,
Aboute you beset on euery syde.
To be benged on your great pryde.
I wote ryght well ye may them not eschewe.
That they ne shall vnto the death purswe,
You euerychone besyged in this place.
Without mercy reuolt or any grace.
Alas alas why wyll ye besy be,
Ye wofull wretches that in this cite.
With the grekes for to seken peace,
O the sworde of vengeance mercesles.
On hygh and lowe do execuciowne,
And of this noble worthy royall towne,
Cuerfed be and ybrought to nought.
Why lyst ye not consider in your thought,
How the goddes with their children smale,
In stretes shall with face dead and pale.
Aye murdered there through grekes cruelte,
And ponge maydens in captiue,
Bewepe shall in myserye and wo.
Their seruitude and this towne also.
So famous ryche alas it is pyre.
With grekes fyre shall destroyed be.
In thorte tyme sothly this no were.
Heclyne of vs alas is bought to dere.

Syth for her sake we shall euerychone,
Dooze and ryche exceptyng neuer one,
In ende make wofull and pteous.
The pye of them shalbe so furious.
Upon vs all there is none other meane,
Saue onely death vs to go betwene.
This was the noyse and the pteous crye,
Of Cassandra that so dzedefully,
She gan to make aboute in euery strete.
Throug þe towne whom euer she might mete.
Lyke as she had be out of her mynde,
Tyll Diuinus faste made her bynde,
And thytte vp it as the more routh,
She was not harde albe she sayd trouth.
Forneyther wysedome nor discrecion,
Counsaile nor wyse prudence nor reason,
Trowth nor rede withouten any ipe,
Nor the spirite of trewe prophete.
Auayleth not nor all suche sapience,
In place where there is no audience.
For be a man inly neuer so wyse,
In counsaile oze in hyghe deuise,
In workyng outhere oze in eloquence,
Eche thyng to se in his aduertence,
Oze it be falle afore in his reason,
Amyd the eye of his discrecion.
Yet for all this it is the more dole.
For without fauour he holden is a sole.
For vnfauoured wisdom bayleth nought,
Neyther trouth how dere that it be bought.
As Cassandra for all her wyse rede,
Dispyled was and taken of no hede.
Of them of Troye to their confusyon,
But cruelly ythowen in pryson,
Where as a whyle I wyll lette her dwelle,
And of grekes forth I wyll you telle.

And fyrst of all how Pallampdes,
Can to grutche agaynst them þe ches,
He beyng ablent kyng Agamenon,
To haue lordshipp oze domynacion,
On them all namely syth that he,
Was not worthy to suche dignite,
For to gouerne so great a myghty hoste.
Throughout the world come from euery cost,
Of kynges, prynces, so worthy of renoune,
For he therof had indignaciowne.
And sayd hymselfe was of more pouster,
Amonge grekes and greater of degre.

Concludyng

Concludyng that by no maner weye,
To his power he ne wolde obeye.
In peace and werre as by subiection.
Syth he ne was at his election.
Platly assymyng how there were but thye,
Whan he was chose kynges of degre,
Where as thurty were that tyme ablent,
For whiche he swoze it was not his entent,
For accordyng with his oppynon.
In any wyse that Agamenon,
Of grekes shulde haue inche gouernaunce,
No what myschyeffe syth in barpaunce.
Amonge lordes whan they not accorde,
For to draue fully by one corde.
Enye is cause of suche dyspyson,
And couetyse of domynacion.
That eueryche wolde surmounten his felowe,
This curled byle often hath withdraue,
Hap and grace in many regyon.
For whan discorde and false discencion,
Allyed ben in hertes for to stryue,
Among lordes that kingdom may not thryue.
Tyll they reformed be agayne to peace.
Amonge them selfe playnely this no lease.
Of whyche thyng grekes token hede,
And thought not good farther to procede,
In the matter that Pallampdes,
Pmeued had amonges all the pze.
And throug their wyse they set all in quyet,
And made hym his rancour for to lete.
And to accorde fully in his herte.
But now we must I my style agayne dyuerse,
Vnto the werre and telle on the maner,
After the trewes how they mette yfeate.

Lyke as the story maketh mencion.
The worthy kyng the great Agamenon,
When the trewes were passed and ygone,
In all haste he gan ordeyne anone.
With all myght and waker dylygence,
Deuoyde of slouth and all necligence,
To sette his wardes full awyly.
And to Achille he full prudently,
The fyrste warde comyteth for to lede,
And the seconde vnto Diomed.
The thyzde also to kyng Menelay,
And the fourth on the same dape.
He had Meneste the duke of Athene,
At his lodyng in stele armed clene.

And other wardes folowyn by and by,
Agamenon the kyng full manfully,
Ordeyned hath how they shall procede,
As he that was in all his woze and dede,
Full circumspet both in werre and peace.
And worthy Hector was not reckles,
To sette his wardes of them of the towne.
In knightly wyse of discreciowne,
And to Troilus so ponge freshe and lyght,
The fyrst warde with many lusty knyght,
He hath assygned and other wardes set,
So prudently they ne myght be no bet.
And forth in hast hym lyste no longer byde,
With many worthy rydyng by his syde.
Out at the gates he went of the towne,
Toward grekes this Tropan champiotone.
And fyrst whan he sawe the fyete Achille,
He ne coule no lenger kepe hym still,
But smote his horse felly in the syde,
And toward hym cruelly gan ryde.
The whiche thyng with a dyspyteous eye,
Whan Achilles sothly gan espye,
Agayne Hector of manfull hardynesse,
With herte enuyous gan his stede dresse.
And in the fyelde together as they mette,
With rounde speres the poyntes here whette,
At the encounteryng of knightly excellence,
Eueryche other throug great violence,
By very force bare other vnto grounde.
As full ofte it happeth and is founde,
Whan stronge doth mete with his peregall,
There is no more but eueryche had a fall.
But Hector fyrst of strength most assured,
His stede agayne hath anone recured.
And leste Achille tho of gentylnesse,
And in great hast forth he gan hym dresse,
Amonge grekes and where so that he rode,
He kyllled and slewe all that hym with stode.
For in his sworde he made their woundes wide
And throug the brest & some throug the side,
He perced hath and waged them for euer,
And heltrous brake & made them to disseuer.
For in his herte him thought it did him good,
To bath his sworde in the grekes blood.
And this continued tyll that Achilles,
Caught his stede agayne amonge the pze.
And entred in amonges them of Troye,
And doth his swerde he made large weye,
Sleeth and bare downe whom þeuer he met,

The seconde boke.

For there was none hardy hym to lette.
 Tyll it befell in his melancolpe.
 ¶ Hector he mette rydyng sodainly.
 And when they sawe eche other come a ferre.
 Without abode eueryche caught a spere.
 And ran together there was no more a reste.
 ¶ But Hector fyrst smette hym in the brest.
 That his spere playnely this no tale.
 All to shpyered into peces smale.
 That Achilles of necessity.
 To grounde goth it wolde none other be.
 And unhorsed at the earth laye.
 And Hector then in all the haste he may.
 Enforced hym for to catche his stede.
 But many a greke in this great nede.
 Came to rescues of this Achilles.
 And for his loue put them selfe in pese.
 Though help of who his horse he doth attaine
 Enhastynge him with al his might & payne.
 To be auenged of his great iniurye.
 And sodeynly in his wood furie.
 With a sworde ful sharpe ground and whette.
 ¶ He smote Hector vpon the basenet.
 That from his sadell he made hym to remete
 The whiche stroke he might not eschewe.
 But for all that this noble woorthy knight.
 Of very force through his great myght.
 Augre his foci his sadell hath recured.
 As he that was in manhode most assured.
 And sodeynly in herte he wored so woorth.
 That in arage to Achilles he goth.
 And with his sworde so smyt him on the head.
 Through the basenet that the bloud all red.
 By his face gan to rennen downe.
 Lyke a ryuer his chekes enuyroune.
 But he hym selfe defendeth as a knyght.
 And tho of newe began the cruell fyght.
 Attwene them two to se that it was wonder.
 For euery stroke great as dent of thonder.
 Range in the eyre for none wolde other spare.
 And this the soth in their fyght they fare.
 Lyke wood Cygres or Bores in their rage.
 Or sterne Bulles whan they be sauage.
 That it semyd in very sothfastnesse.
 If these two so full of woorthynesse.
 Contune longe in fyghtynge and endure.
 The tone or both of cruell aduventure.
 Must haue be dead of necessity.
 The whiche thyng had great petye be.

Bycause they weren woorthy knyghtes bothe.
 But whyle that they in fyghtynge fell & woith.
 Most busy were the grekes tho begyn.
 With their wardes for to entre in.
 And they of Troye the storpe maketh mynde.
 On their partye leste not behynde.
 But in the fpyelde enhaste them euerychone.
 In knightly wyse to mete with their fone.
 That with the pzeale here and also ponder.
 The knyghtes two seuered were a sonder.
 ¶ And tho came in sterne Dyomedes.
 With the knyghtes whiche he there dyd lede.
 Full lusty and in the selue place.
 With whom hath mette prouly in the face.
 Woorthy Troilus on his horsebacke.
 That neuer had yet in manhode lacke.
 And as they countre the storpe doth vs lere.
 Eueryche unhorsed knightly hath his feare.
 ¶ But fyrst his horse recureth Dyomedes.
 And in all haste gan him for to spede.
 Tassayle Troilus stondynge vpon foote.
 And when he sawe there was none other bote
 And knightly yet as dyd erst any man.
 Agaynst hym to defende tho he began.
 But Dyomedes hote as any fyre.
 Wonder enuyous and hatefull of desyre.
 With his sworde of rancour for the nones.
 The ryche Cercle full of Inde stones.
 That was that tyme on Troilus basenet.
 Full cruelly hath rased of and smet.
 But Troilus nolde for that him wddabwe.
 For hym defendynge he hath the stede slawe.
 On whiche sat that tyme Dyomedes.
 That mauer him he must alyght nede.
 And whan they were on fote both twayne.
 They dyd their myght and their cruell payne.
 Eueryche of them other to assaile.
 With swordes sharpe so that plate and mayle.
 They gan to seuiere and a sonder race.
 As wood Lyons with mortall chere and face.
 Tyll the Grekes stronge stoute and felle.
 As myne auctour in his boke can telle.
 Haue through their might caused Dyomedes.
 All sodeynly to recure his stede.
 And Troyan knyghtes on the tother syde.
 Haue Troilus brought a stede for to ryde.
 ¶ And when they were horsed both two.
 Without more thep este togpyther go.
 With stronge fornes and pzeare ran.

Ethe

The thyrde boke.

Eche at other as felly as they can.
 Tyll at the laste cruell Dyomedes.
 Lyke as ye may in myne auctour rede.
 Were it by case hap or aduventure.
 In whiche no man fully may assure.
 Or by fortune with her false bysage.
 Had that tyme of Troilus abauntage.
 For he on hym was fallen at myschyfe.
 The whiche thyng to hym was no repese.
 Though he him toke amonge so great aroute
 On every halfe with grekes set aboute.
 Syth doubtous euer is the fyne of fyght.
 Now vp, now down, now derk, & after bryght.
 For no wyght may be aye byctozpous.
 In peace nor werre nor plyche eurous.
 Let euery man syth hap it sette in doute.
 Take his tourne as it cometh aboute.
 Though troilus now was take of Dyomedes.
 In other tyme he shall him quite his mede.
 For as the storpe telleth in this place.
 This Dyomedes but a lyttell space.
 Troilus ladde forth as prysoner.
 That to reskewes in stele armed clere.
 Many Troyan came pryckynge in this nede.
 That mauge all the myght of Dyomedes.
 They Troilus haue from his handes take.
 And tho began the slaughter for his sake.
 On euery halfe that wonder is to telle.
 Of the Trojans and the grekes felle.
 ¶ Than into fpyelde is entred Menelays.
 Whiche on Trojans all that ylike daye.
 Full busy was auenged for to be.
 To them he had so cruell enmyte.
 ¶ And whan Parys sawe hym in the fpyelde.
 Towardes hym the ryght waie he helde.
 And of purpose they their wardes sette.
 Eche on other tyll they together mette.
 And tho the skyrmyshe & the slaughter gan.
 On outher parte of many manly man.
 ¶ And all this whyle Hector ne wolde cease.
 Amonge grekes cruelly to pzeale.
 And new and new of hym as I read.
 Lyke freche the bloud of them to thede.
 For of his sworde the traces were plene.
 That the grekes ne myghten not sustene.
 To respite nor stande afore his face.
 But where he rode aye they gaue him place.
 ¶ Tyll that a knyght whiche Boetes hyghte.
 Ponge of age whan he had a fyght.

How Hector slewe the grekes mortally.
 On enery syde haunyng no mercy.
 He pzealed in to encrease his name.
 Perpetually to purchase him a fame.
 And furiously in herte not aferde.
 He caste platly to mete him in the berde.
 The whiche thyng when Hector gan aduert.
 So hygh rancour enbraced hath his herte.
 That with his sworde of indignaciowne.
 He rose hym euen to the nauell downe.
 Fro the crobone with so great a payne.
 That in the fpyelde he parted laye in twayne.
 And Hector tho assygned hath his stede.
 To a squyer and bad he shulde it lede.
 To Troye towne without more abode.
 And all this while furpously he rode.
 Amonge grekes and euer mercilesse.
 He slewe all tho that put them selfe in pze.
 And shedde their bloud of herte despitous.
 The whiche thyng when kynge Archyplogus.
 Rydyng besyde sawe and gan elpye.
 How Boetes his colyn and allye.
 So cruelly was of Hector slawe.
 Towardes him in hast he gan him dabwe.
 Upon his death auenged for to be.
 And rode at him with great cruelte.
 Fully in purpose Hector for to qupte.
 And sodeynly as he gan at hym smyte.
 Hector vnwarely hpt him on the head.
 So myghtly that he fell downe dead.
 Parted on two by cruell aduventure.
 Notwithstanding his mighty stronge armure.
 Agayne his stroke it was of no defence.
 For it was geuen with such violence.
 That it holpe hym in no maner thyng.
 ¶ And then anone Ptothenos the kynge.
 Of hatefull pze and sole hardynesse.
 Of surquedye and of hastynesse.
 Of melancolpe and indignacion.
 Caught in his herte a presumption.
 To assaile Hector of in warde folpthe pryde.
 And goth to him attrauerse on the syde.
 Furpously with a dispituous herte.
 That his commonge he might not aduerte.
 Onely for he came at his backe behynde.
 And vnwarely in Gypdo as I fynde.
 And Hector smote from his horse to grounde.
 In whom there was so muche manlyad foude
 That he anone with a knightly herte.

Without

Without abode into his sadell sterre,
 And ryght sperefly þothenoz purseweth,
 That fynally his hande he not elcheweth,
 For with his woerde he marked hym so wele,
 Through the basenet by his breste of stele,
 That into twayne without any fayle,
 He rone him downe into his paunce of maple,
 And he fell downe in full pyteous wise.
 Of which stroke the grekes soze agryle.
 And specially the hardy fierie Achille,
 When he behelde lyked it full yll.
 For þothenoz was nygh his cosyne,
 And descended of the same lyne,
 For death of whom he hath such heuynesse,
 So inward thought and so great distresse,
 In all this worlde he ne wist what to do.
 For him he had so much payne and wo.
 And for the death of him Archilogus,
 To be auenge he was full despyous.
 And in his herte many waye he caste,
 And in the wardes gan to seke faste,
 With many greke on Hector to haue fall.
 Conspyrred fully in sothe amonge them all,
 Of one entente Hector to assaile.
 But all for nought it would not auayle,
 He was that daye so cruell in his rage,
 They might of him haue none auauntage.
 And Troian knyghtes by fauour of fortune,
 Upon grekes so mightely confute,
 Through conueping of Hector and his might,
 That they anone haue put them to flyght.
 And to theyr tentes maugre who that stryue,
 In their pursuite forwooded they them dzyue.
 That here and there they laye as in a swoowe,
 And many a greke mercurles they slowe.
 The longe daye till it drew to nyght.
 And sofly then for very lacke of lyght,
 These troians knyghts ful worthy of renoune
 Aboute Hector repayren to the towne.
 And entre in with honour and with glozre,
 That daye of grekes hauing the victoize.
 And thus I leue them in their towne within,
 And forth of grekes to tel I will begyn.

Whan Hesperus the faire bright sterre,
 Agaynst eue hath caste his streames fer,
 And in the west ratherst gan appeare,
 Whan the twylight with a pale cheare,
 In maner mozneth thabscence of the sonne.

And night appocheith with his roopes dunne,
 The same time when Titan toke his leue,
 That clerkes call Crepusculum at eue,
 Whych is not elles but the meane lyght,
 Of Phobus absence and the dercke night.
 And twylight hatte for it is a meane,
 Of daye and night departing theim betwene.
 Fully nother but of both ymeynt,
 Of the heauen be clustered and depeynt,
 With byght sterres in the eueninge.

At whyche tyme Agamenon the kinge,
 For his lozdes sodaynly hath sente,
 To come echone anone into his tente.
 And when they were assembled all yfeare,
 Cryst and heuy with a ruthfull cheare,
 They gan þ slaughter of Hector to complayne.
 Affirming playnly they ne maye attayne,
 Unto victoize while he were alyue.
 Wherefore they gan to conspyre blyue,
 The death of him in many sondry weye.
 Echone concludynge while he were in Troy,
 It was not lykely grekes for to wyne.
 For he alone of them that were within,
 Was chiefe defence and protectiowne.
 And soueraynly upholder of the towne.
 Their mighty Castell and their stronge wall,
 And vnto grekes deadly foe mortall.
 For they ne myght his great force endure,
 For neuer arpyht agayn their foes be sure.
 He standynge hole they layde in no degre,
 For while he flouryth in felycite.
 Wherefore echone of one entencion,
 They condiscende to this conclusyon.
 That by some flyght of awayte lyngge,
 Whan he were moste busy in flyghtynge,
 Amonge them in myschylse or distresse,
 That Achilles do his busynesse,
 With all his might vnwarely hym to assaile.
 That hym to slea for nothyngge that he sayle.
 And grekes all gan their prayer make,
 To Achilles for to vndertake.
 Of this Empryse fynally the suite.
 Through his manhode that it be execute,
 The hasty deth of their mortall foe,
 And Achilles without woordes mo,
 Their request assenteth to perfourme.
 And to thyr luste gan hooly hym confourme.
 From that tyme lett hym beware I reade,

To

To be to hasty this iourney for to spede,
 Upon Hector his power for to kythe,
 Lest fortune amonge her face wythe,
 To loke on him wyth a frowarde cheate,
 Hun to bypunge vnto his handes nere.
 Through losse or hap of Hector folpye,
 To put his lyfe of death in Jeopardye.
 Lest vnto him it happe euen lyche,
 To fall him selfe in the same dyche,
 That he for Hector compassed hath a shape,
 For it is wonder if that he escape.
 Sith Hector had without any drede,
 As byennynge yre and as great hatrede,
 To Achilles his death for to puruey.
 If he hym founde or in any place to save,
 Conuenient for execution.
 I trowe there should gayne him no raunson,
 For other mede his herte to quete,
 But onely death when so that they mete.
 This the ende and fyne of my matiere,
 As in this boke after ye shall heare.
 And thus Grekes made haue an ende,
 Of theyr counsaile and anone they wende,
 Euerche of theim home to theyr lodgynge,
 And toke theyr resten till in the mozninge.

Howe the troians toke kinge Thoas pry-
 soner and led him captiue to Troie. Ca. xliii.

Whan Auroza the syluer droppes shene,
 Her teares shad vpon the freshe grene,
 Complayning aye in weeping & in sorow,
 Her chyldrens death euery somer mozowe,
 That is to saye when the dewe so soote.
 Enbawmed hath the floure and eke the roote
 With lusty lycoure in Aprill and in Maye,
 When that the larke messenger of daye,
 Of custome aye Auroza doth salue,
 With sundrye notys her sorow to transmeue.
 Of Phobus ryle with ioye and gladnesse,
 Through hermonye to leue her heuynesse,
 Taking her leue with fainct John to bozow,
 The same time Grekes by the mozowe,
 With lusty herte early did aryle,
 And armed theim in all theyr best wyse.
 For they theim caste that daye for to gone,
 Into the felde to mete with their fone.
 And Hector hath the same mozowe also,
 I cast him fully with Grekes haue ado.

And yssued is knightly out of Troie,
 In herte he hath so great desyre and ioye,
 The same daye with grekes for to fyght,
 And wyth him ladde many lusty knyght,
 Of such as were of the Cyle bozme,
 And forthe he rode him selfe all afozme,
 And Eneas with many a worthy,
 Followed after wonder fast by.
 And Paris the and next him Deiphobus,
 For it is wonder that was coragious,
 And syth Troilus that was coragious,
 With all the wardes made of Troie towne,
 In which as Dares maketh mencionne,
 Within his boke there were on Troie syde,
 Of fighting men þ went and that did ryde,
 In hundred thousande armed for to go,
 Into the felde and fifty thousande mo.
 Which haue theim cast that daye or at eue,
 Of one entent Grekes for to greue.
 And so they mette strongly on other syde,
 And gan assemble and together ryde,
 Full cruelly and with great hatrede.
 And with theim tho that Paris had to lede,
 He entred in full mighty stronge archeres,
 Of Perce lande with many Arbalasters,
 That with theyr arrowes filed sharp & roude,
 And to quarelles square whette and ground,
 Full many greke hath reued of his lyfe.
 And amiddes of this mortall stryfe,
 Agamenon into the felde is come.
 Towardes whom Hector hath cryome,
 The right way & threwe him from his stede,
 Amonge his knyghtes that he there did lede.
 He spared nought for all the great prefe.
 And therwithall anone came Achilles,
 That in awayte of Hector tho had layne,
 And sodaynly with all his might and payne,
 Hector he smote on the head so soze,
 That to þ stroke mine auctour sayth no moze
 His basenet was bowled and yccaled.
 Of which stroke Hector not amafed,
 On Achilles thuld anone yfall,
 He had Eneas with his knyghtes all,
 And worthy Troilus come and go betwene.
 The which twayne with theyr swerdes bene,
 Gan Achilles felly for to assaile.
 To helpe his playtes and to perle his mayle.
 And tho began the slaught on enery syde,
 Of men of foote and of theim that ryde.
 Like a condyte their woundes ga to blede,

A.1.

And

And in this whylle cruell Dyomedes,
 Were it by hap aduenture or case,
 So as he rode mette worth Encas,
 And right anone as he had him founde,
 He smet at hym and gaue him such a wound,
 That lykly was he should it not recure,
 But if therto be do the better cure.
 And therupon full despyteously,
 Thys Diomedes in his melancolpe,
 Repreued hath this Troian knight Enee,
 And sayd to him all hayle for thou art he,
 That whylome gaue to Pryamus the kinge,
 A fell counsaile hasty and bytyng,
 Me to haue slayne by sodayne violence,
 When I was last at Troye in his presence.
 That trust me wel and haue it well in minde,
 Amyd the fyerde if I the est fynde,
 Thou shalt thy counsaile mortallyly repente.
 If that fortune hereafter will assent,
 To bytyng the aryght vnto my hande,
 At good leyser here in thine owne londe,
 I am full sette thy labour for to quyte.
 A here my trouthe this swerde shal kerue a bite
 So kenely thy Troian bloud to shedde,
 That fynally death shall be thy mede.
 The which I beare atwene my hande twayne
 And w that word he might him not restrayne,
 This Diomedes but rode all sodaynly,
 Upon Enee and tho so furpouly,
 He smote at him this hardy cruell knight,
 With such a payne and so great a myght,
 That from his houle he made him for to fall.
 Maugre the myght of his knyghtes all,
 The which stroke he lyked but full yll.
 And in this while Hector hath Achylle,
 A slayd so that throughe his basenet,
 He perced hath and with his swerde him smet
 And hath so narowe brought him to þ poynt,
 Of hys mychefe and in such dyspoynt,
 Constrayned hym that of necessity,
 He had hym take ne had only be,
 Sodayne rescues of thys chyualrous.
 That called is the sonne of Pryamus,
 I meane the fell fyele Dyomedes.
 Which Achilles hath holpen in his nede.
 For he throughe force of his armes twayne,
 Smote Hector tho with so great a payne,
 That he him gaue a wounde full greuous.
 But he nothyng mine auctour wyrteth thus,

Aloned was this knight this manly man,
 But with his swerde in all the haste he ran,
 Smote Diomedes so furpous and wrothe,
 That from his houle to the earth he gothe.
 For all his pryde and his surquidrye.
 The which anone as Troilus did espye,
 Without abode downe of his steede alpyght,
 With Dyomedes a foote for to fyght.
 And ethe of them in sothfastnesse than,
 Aquyte him selfe lyke a manly man.
 That nother was in muche nor in lyte,
 In no degre of manhode for to wyte.
 And while they fought, Hector & Achilles,
 Togither mette agayne amonge the ptees.
 And ran pfeare fyrstly in theyr rage,
 As wood Lyons when they be tamage.
 Right so in sothe they faired in their fighting.
 And in that tyme Menelays the kinge,
 Full proulydly shope hym Troians for to mete,
 Alpyres eke and also Polymete,
 And after him came Neptolomys,
 Pallamides and eke Scelenus.
 Duke Menestes, Nestor and Thoas,
 Curryculus and Phylotreas.
 And Theseus as it is made mynde,
 With his knyghtes proulydly came behinde.
 And on the partye of them of the towne,
 Came all the knyghtes without exception,
 That were assembled into their defence,
 Agayne Grekes to maken resistance.
 Except the knyghtes which þ Hector ladde,
 And the wardes that he made hadde,
 The same daye as sayeth the Latin boke,
 In knightly wyle the fyerde when þ he toke,
 And tho began the fell mortall fyght,
 In which that daye ful many worthy knight,
 In fates handes fynally are fall.
 And of fortune amonge the wardes all.
 Agamenon the noble myghty kynge,
 All sodaynly as he came rydyng,
 Pantylplaus in his waye he mette,
 Agaynst whom anone his houle he sette,
 And he to him full knyghtly rode agayne.
 And as they mette there is no moze to sayne,
 On houle backe whyles they weren wrothe,
 Of violence they were vnhorsed bothe.
 And Menelays Parys mette of newe,
 The which two well togither knewe,
 Full despyous ethe other for to bere.

But

But Menelays caught fyrst a spere,
 And herte Parys with all his busy cure.
 But for surenesse of his stronge armure,
 And mighty plates his woide was but small.
 Which in effect greued not at all.
 But with that stroke vnto grounde he gothe.
 Of which fall Parys wered wrothe.
 Wonder confuse and also red for shame,
 Left the reposte in hinderpyng of his name,
 Came to the eares of queene Heclyne,
 How he that daye might not attayne,
 With Menelays to holde chaumpartye,
 Lykly to sowne vnto his bilange.
 The which at herte greued him full soze.
 And Adastus the kinge withouten moze,
 So as he rode the kinge Alpyres sonde,
 And knightly both they fought hode to hode,
 And as they fought downe to the earth lowe,
 From his houle Alpyres hath him throuwe,
 And ful proulydly in sygne of his victoize,
 He sente his houle home to his Centoize.
 And in that tyme amonges all the pree,
 Full sodaynly kynges Pallampdes,
 Is fall on vpon with his lockes hore,
 And in his yre wounden him so soze,
 That he fell dead and grouelyng to þ ground.
 His mortall swerde was so keue ygrounde.
 Besyde whom Neptolomys,
 A slayd hath kinge Archylogus,
 The which him selfe manly gan defende,
 But as they faught and many strokes spede,
 In their diffence it would be none other.
 Eueryche of them hath vnhorsed other.
 And tho came in riding on his steede,
 Polidamas and gan to taken hede,
 Amonge the renges a lytell him besyde,
 Where as the kinge Pallamides doth ryde.
 And fiercly tho full lyke a manly man.
 He smote his steede and to him he ran.
 And maugre his might and his worthinesse,
 As the fyerde playnly beareth wytnesse.
 Onely to venge the death of kinge Hypotone,
 From his steede he proulydly bare him downe.
 And in his rancoure and his cruell herte,
 Of that despyte gan him to rebete.
 And tho besyde the kynges Scelenus,
 Of deadly hate and herte full pyous,
 With kinge Carras by aduenture hath met,
 And furpouly from his steede hym smet.
 And then also the kinge Philomene,

Is on the Duke fall of Aethene.
 That maugre both his manhode & his might
 He hath his houle becraste him in this fyght,
 And lad with him proulydly by his fyde,
 Where as him lyst that it shoulde abyde.
 And Philoctetes the worthy kinge also,
 The selfe tyme with Remus had ado.
 And euery other sothly as I reade,
 His felowe made to viden from his steede.
 And Theseus the king that was so strong,
 Amid the fyerde so as he rode amonge,
 In great preele hath met Curpalus.
 The worthy king of knightthod most famous,
 And both two in armes wonder stronge,
 By them selfe fought at leyser longe,
 Til ethe other with woundes freshe & grene,
 His felowe threwe from houlback on þ grene.
 And afterwarde I fynde how they two,
 Upon foote knightly had ado.
 They were in armes so iuly despyous,
 And of manhode passyngly famous.
 And all this whylle the sonnes naturell,
 Of Pryamus bare them wonder well,
 Amonge Grekes by and downe ryding,
 And prudently together abydyng,
 Made a slaught of grekes full pyteous.
 Of kinges, dukes and lordes right famous.
 And as I reade how worthy Thelamowne,
 That tyme mette kynges Sarpedowne,
 And with theyr speres squared full sharply,
 Eueryche hath wounded other mortallyly,
 Throughe helde & plate & haberton of mayle.
 That as the fyerde maketh reherfayle,
 How their harneys wered of bloud red,
 And how they fell almost bothe dead.
 At great mychpese amonge the houle fete.
 Of whose bleding the soyle gan were wete,
 Throughe theyr harneys as it gan destylle
 Whyles kinge Thoas and the fyerle Achille,
 As they that were of kynne and allyd.
 Amyd the fyerde Hector haue espyed,
 Where as he faught beset amyd his foen,
 And vpon him of one accorde they gone,
 And mortallyly if that it would auayle,
 On euery halfe they gan him name assayle.
 And of hate in herte bozne of pyre,
 They haue beset this Troian knight so fyre.
 That they alas from his head hath smet,
 By violence his ryche basenet,

D.ii.

And

And wounded him felly on the head.
But for all that he ne toke none hede,
This worthy man floure of chualrye,
But him defending tho so myghtely,
Kynge Thoas smet him in the face so,
That wyth a stroke he raste his nose a two.
And thorsted it by the halfe dele.
To whych stroke the brother naturele,
Ofmanly Hector fast gan theym hye,
To succoure him when they first clype,
His great myschyfe and at theyr coming,
They so manly bare them in fightyng.
Agayne Grekes y Thoas they haue take,
And Belamon to they made a wake.
With newe assaute of sharpe woundes bene.
That he was take and leste vpon the grene.
And of his men borne home to his tente.
And kinge Thoas home to Trope is wet,
Haugre grekes which may hi helpe no moze
for Deiphobus and also Anthenoze,
Haue sent him forth to Trope the Cyte.
And Menelay tho began to se,
So as he rode Parys stande asyde,
And hope him thorly of hate & cruell pryde.
If it would fallon on his chaunce,
Sodainly to guen him milchaunce.
But he was ware & kept him self so narrow
That Menelay he marked with an arowe,
The head of which to benyn was enoint,
Intorcate at the square poynt,
That the king of that dreadfull wounde,
All dyspayred of his men was founde.
Whych in great haste bare him to his tent.
And he anone for surgens hath sente,
Which fyrst the head toke out of his wounde,
Albe it was pperced full pzoounde,
Through his harneys depe into the bone.
But cunningly they did theyr craft echone,
To drawe it out with their instrumentes,
And subtilly with certayne opntmentes.
They serched haue the wounde enupzon.
To make it cleane from coruption.
And prudently first they token hede,
That the venyn further nat procede.
Rounde in compasse clenct it aboute,
And after that bounde it sure without,
And defensyues made on euery syde.
And Menelay no longer would abyde,
And bad in haste to bynygen forth his stede,

In purpose full Parys to quite his mede,
If he him finde the selfe same dape,
Him lyst no longer put it in delaye,
What euer fall of his grene wounde.
And forth he rode tyll he hath him founde,
By aduenture vnamed in the felde,
Without swerde pollax spere oz helde,
Oz bowe in hande were it of recklynesse,
Oz to reftrehe him after werpnesse.
And Menelay a spere anone hath take,
And in his pre felly gan it shake,
Towarde Parys by great auylenesse.
And shoulde haue slayne him as bylykinesse,
He had Eneas whych all this thinge beheld,
Boze of the stocke with his stronge helde,
To defende him in this auenture,
Destitute and naked of armure.
Parys that tyme in su he peryll was,
Wherfore in haste hath this Eneas,
Oz dayned knightes armed bryght in stele,
Aboute Parys for to kepe him wele,
From all myschyfe and confusytone,
Hym to conueye vnto Trope towne,
Right in despyte of kinge Menelay,
Which in awayte so for Parys laye.
Whom Hector had ytaken sodaynly,
And vnto Trope ladde hym bttierly.
He had Grekes come in his defence,
Agaynst him to maken respytence.
Of which Hector as they came in his weye,
Full many Greke made for to deye.
And the remnaunt put vnto the flyght,
That throughe his mayhode y day & his might,
Troians made the Grekes for to fle,
Vnto their tentes of necessitye.
And them to sewe ne would neuer leue,
But flee and kill tyll it dzewe to eue.
That Phobus gan faste for to wette,
To drawe the home they thought for the best.
For Eptan was at his gopng downe,
Whan they gan entre into Trope towne.
Their gat they to their lodging wende.
And of this dape thus they made an ende.
Tyll on the morowe that the robes red,
Of Phobus carte gan to ouer spede.
Afore his bypse in the Dypent.
At which tyme kinge Pyramus hath sent,
For such as were wyth him most pryue.
And of his counsaile inwardly secrete.

And

And specially he sent for by name,
For worthy Hector y greatest was of fame
For Parys eke and for Deiphobus,
And for Troilus frethe and desyrous.
For Anthenoz and for Polidamas,
And for the Troian called Eneas.
For he that dape cast him not to gone,
Into the felde to mete with his fden.
And when they were to his paleys come,
These lordes haue the right waye pnome,
Vnto the kinge withyn his closet.
And when the vsher had the dozes shet,
And eueryche had lyke to his degre,
His place take and his dewe see,
This worthy kinge as made is mencion,
Can to declare his hertes morion,
And his meninge afore them specyfe,
And sayd syzes in whom I most aspye,
To you is knowe how y king Thoas here,
Is in this Cite taken prisionere.
And is as yet belocked in prisionere,
Whych euer hath be vnto Trope towne,
An enemye great vnto his powte.
And ys offended aye both ferre and nere.
In many wise albe we lystell retche,
Is ferre as he his force might do stretche.
And now th Grekys came to bessege our towne,
As he that willethe our destructiowne.
And therupon hath do his busynesse,
Wherfore of dome and of rightwysnesse,
Both of reason and of equite,
I saye playnly as semeth vnto me,
So that it be to you acceptable,
And that ye thynke my counsaile comendable,
Like as he hath cast our death and shape,
I holde it rightfull that he not escape.
But that by death he receyue his guerdon.
For ryght requireth and also good reason,
That death for death is skilful guerdonning.
Vnto my witte and right well sytting.
Say your aduise now playnly in this case,
And fyrst of all tho spake this Eneas,
And sayd lorde so it be none offence,
To your highnesse to gyue me audyence,
Thugh suppozt here of the that be full wyse,
I shall cherche playnly my deuise,
What is to worke as in this mattere.
He semeth fyrst my lyege lorde so deare,
That your noble royall excellence,

Consydre shoulde with full high prudence,
In euery worke and operacion,
To caste afore in conclusyon,
The synall ende that may after setwe.
For to a wyse man onely is not dewe,
To se the gynning and the ende nought.
But both attones pepen in his thought,
And wepe them so iustly in balauice,
That of the fine enlewe no repentaunce.
Why I saye this and platly why I meane,
Is for that ye ought for to sene,
How kinge Thoas one of the pryncipall,
Amonge the grekes is and of y bloud royall.
If ye consydre descended as bylyne.
Wherfore if he haue thus foule a syne,
As to be slayne whyle he is in prylon,
It happen might as in conclusyon,
That ye and yours that therto assente,
Here afterwarde shoulde it fore repent.
I preue it thus that by aduenture,
Of fortunes rule that no man may assure,
Some of your lordes were another dape,
Of grekes take as it happe maye.
Oz of your sonnes full worthy of remotone,
Oz of kinges that here be in this towne.
Trusteth me well that suche lyke gentylnesse,
As ye to them shewen in their distresse,
They will you quyte when in case semblable,
Fortune to them they synde sauozable.
The which no man constrayne may oz binde.
Wherfore my lord haue this thing in mind.
For yf Thoas of thozte auylemente,
Shall now be dead throughe hasty indgemet,
Another dape Grekes wyl by acquyte,
And for rygour make their malpce byte,
On some of yours who euer that it be.
And nother spare high nor lowe degre.
Though he were perauinter of your bloud.
The which thinge for all this worldes good,
It might fall that ye ne would se.
Wherfore I reade to let kinge Thoas be,
Honestly kept in your prisionere,
Like his estate still here in this towne,
Lest as I sayd that another dape,
Some lorde of yours as it happe maye,
Casuelly were take of auenture,
By his eschaunge ye might best recure,
Without stryfe your owne man agayne,
In this matter I can no moze sayne,

But fynally this is my full rede.

Co which counsaile Hector toke good hede,
And for it was accordyng to reason,
He it commendeth in his oppinion.

But Pryam euer of one entencion,
Stode alway fixe to this conclusion.
Praynly affirminge if grek & may espye,
That we this kunge spare of gentye,
They will arrekte if cowardysle anone,
That we dare not venge vs of our foen,
For very dread hauynge none hardynesse,
For herte nother to do right wysenesse.
Yet neuerthelesse after your assente,
That he shall lye I wyll in myne entente,
To your desyre fully condescende.

And of this counsaile so they made an end,
Without more. saue Eneas is ygo.

And Troilus eke and Anthenoz also,
Into an hall exrelling of beaute,
The quene Helepe of purpose for to se.
With whom was eke Hecuba the quene,
And other ladyes goodly on to sene,
And many mayde that ponge & lusty was.
And worthy Troilus with this Eneas,
Did their labour and their bully payne,
For to comforte the fayre quene Helepe,
As the that stode for the werre in drede.
But for all that of very womanheade,
Chilke time with all her herte entere,
As the well could made to them good chere.
Hauinge of conninge wylly lusty lannce,
Both of cheare and of dalyaunce.

And Hecuba bryng in this hall,
Very example vnto women all,
Of bounte hauinge foueraygne excellence,
In wysedome eke and in eloquence,
Besought them the wonder womanly,
And counsayled eke full prudently,
For any haste both of nigh and ferre,
Anyfely to kepe them in the werre,
And not ieoparte theyr bodies folly,
But to aduerte and caste prudently,
In diffence knightly of the towne,
Them to gouerne by discreciowne.

She spake of fayth & could nothing feyne,
And then of her and after of Helepe,
They toke leue and no longer dwell,
But went their waye & forth I will you tell,
How the Grekes on the same morow,

Amonge the selfe complayne & make sorowe,
Their harmes great in murmur and in rage,
The losse the costes and the great domage,
That they haue there endured follye.
Lastynge the werre and wisten neuer whye,
The death & slaught of many worthy man,
That there were dead lity the werre began,
Hunger and thurst wathe and colde also,
Full great vnrreste sorowe, thought, and wo,
And all together for a thinge of nought.
In sothfastnesse if the grounde be sought.
This was the noyse & rumour eke that ran,
Throughtout þ hoost þ day from man to mā.
And most amonge the poze souldiours.
Which bare the bronte euer of such thours.
And the mischief of werre comonly,
And though they plain they haue no remedy.
Of sondry thinges which sit them full vnsoft,
And thus grekes complayned haue full ofte.
Of many mischief that hath on them fall,
The which they might haue eschewed all,
If they ne had of folly gonne a ferre.
Out of Grece nat come halfe so ferre,
To their mischief and confusyon.
This was that daye their lamentacion.
Which to encrease the same nerte night,
So derked was without sterre light,
So cloudy blacke and so thicke of ayre,
Dummed with skyes foule and nothing fair,
So windy eke with tempest all belayne,
Almost fordrrenched with the smoky rayne.
And in the felde astoned here and ponder,
With sodayne stroke of the dreadfull thonder,
And with opening of the hidous leuene,
That it semed in the high heauen,
The Cataractes hadden be vndo.
For both the cloudes and the skyes two,
Sodainly weren more so blake,
Like as the goddes would haue take wrake,
And had of newe assented be in one,
The lande to drenche of Deucaly on.
And all this world without more refuge,
To ouerflowe with a freshe deluge.
The winde also so sternly gan to blowe,
That their tentes standing on a rowe,
Forposid were and ybeten downe.
And furiously to their confusowne,
The flood caught the from their stāding place
And bare them forth frō thens a large space.

Wherof

Wherof in myschefe and in great distresse,
In great labour and herte heauynesse,
The grekes bydde all the same nyght.
What for the tempest and for lacke of lyghte,
Tyll the floude gan agayne withdraue,
The wynde to appease and the day gan dawne,
And the heauen gan agayne to clere,
Without cloudes freshly to appere,
And Phobus eke with a feruent herte,
Had on the soyle dyed by the wete.
And the moysture enuyrowne on the playne,
And grekes had their tentes sette agayne,
And were adawed of their nyghtes sorowe,
Throught the apering of the glade morowe.
They them arayed nothynge for the peace,
And into freldes first went Achylles,
As ye shall here of entencowne,
That daye to fyght w them of Troie towne.

Vhan dyed was the lusty large playne,
Wher Phobus bemes as ye haue hard me sain
The troian knyghtes fullwoorthy of renowne,
Descended be and ycomen downe.
And in the fyeelde toke their fychtyng place,
But Achylles to mete them in the face,
Tofore went out lyke as I you tolde,
With his lordes and his knyghtes bolde,
Vnto þuppon furiously he rode.
I meane þuppon that was of his stature,
Lyke a Gyaunt as bokes vs assure.
Whom Achylles with his sharpe spere,
Throught the body perced him so fere,
That he spyle dead his wounde was so kene.
And after this the kyng Octamene,
As he fyerly on Hector wolde haue gone,
Without abode Hector hath staine anone,
And cruelly quytte him his fatal mede.
As santipus the worthy kyng gan draue,
Full pyteously he of hym was slawe.
And rght anone the kyng Epytrophus,
And eke the kyng that hyght Cedrus,
Of one assent proudly in battayle,
Begonne Hector mortally tassayle.
And with a spere first Epytrophus,
Ran at hym with herte despyteous,
And as Cupido also doth deuple,
Rebuked him in vngoodly wyse,

At hym so sore in herte he was a meuch,
Wherof Hector furiously agrued,
Hath mortally his wounde made so large,
That hym ne geyneth plate shelde nor targe.
For he fell dead amonge his men echone.
To whom Hector bad he shulde be gone,
And to the furies depe downe in helle,
Suche proude wordes amonges them to tell,
For here quod he men take of them no hede.
And thus whan he was wagged for his mede,
Anone his brother called Cedrus,
Suche sorowe made for Epytrophus,
So herte dole and so woofull chere,
That pytie was for to se and here.
So inwardely on his death he thought,
And with a thousande knight þ he brought,
To be auenged by manhode of them all.
Despyteously on Hector he is fall.
Where he hym founde fychtyng w his foen,
That throught the force of th m euerycone,
So sore enuyrowne they haue him beset,
That frō his stede downe they haue him smit.
Whom Cedrus aye in his cruell cage,
Whan that he sawe to his ouauntage,
Hector vnholled and he on his stede,
His sworde he lefte of inwardly hatred,
Darkynge at hym with so great a payne,
With all the force of his armes twayne,
Fully in purpose withouten more delaye.
To slea Hector playnly if he maye.
But or his stroke descende myght downe,
Hector of hate and indignaciowne
With his sworde that was full sharpe whet,
From his shoulder hath his arme be smit.
And after that he reuyd hym his lyfe.
Than Eneas ampyddes all this stryfe,
Came rydyng in ryght wood and furious.
And as he mette the kyng Amphymacus,
He fell on him and slewe hym in his rage.
And from the grekes holdyng their passage.
There be disceded first Menelaus.
And after him kyng Helamonius.
The great duke also of Athene,
In whom there was so moche manhode sene.
Ultes eke and cruell Diomede.
And eke also to helpe them in their nede.
There came with them the kyng Machaon,
And alderlast the great Agamenon.
With all their wardes and fell in sodenly,

Upon

Upon Trojans and they full manfully,
 Doffende them selfe agayne the grekes proude
 And put them of full knightly as they coude.
 And eche on other sofly as they mette,
 With spere and swoȝde enuyously they sette,
 So mortall hate there was them betwene,
 And whan the sonne was merydyen,
 In mydday angell passyng hote and shene,
 The grekes gan felly in their tene,
 So myghtely to falle on them of Troye,
 That they them made for to geuen wepe,
 Of very force and necessyte.
 And Achilles so full of cruelte,
 Amonge the renges as he gan hym dȝatwe,
 The kyng Phylem enuyously hath slawe.
 And amyd of grekes the same time Hector,
 Dȝagre them all slewe kyng Alphenor.
 And eke the kynge called Bozius,
 On them he was so cruell and Trou.
 That through vertue of his knyghtly honde,
 Trojans wonne haue agayne their londe,
 Upon grekes and made them for to flee.
 And thylke houre from Troye the Cite,
 Epytrophus full of manlynesse,
 The felde haue take through his worthinesse.
 And on grekes proude for the nones,
 With his knyghtes he fauleth all attones,
 And leuere them & made them for to twinne,
 And gan the fyeelde fast vpon them wyne.
 Chaupng that tyme in his companye,
 Amonges other that he tho dȝd guye,
 A certayne archer the whiche as I fynde,
 Was monstrous and wonderfull of kynde.
 For from the myddell by vnto the crowne,
 He was a man and the remnant bowe,
 Bare of an hore lykenesse and fygure.
 And hores heire this monstre in nature,
 Had on his skynne growyng enuyowne.
 Full rough and threke & of his voice & lowne,
 Was lyke the neyhyng of an hore I reade.
 And though his face both in length and bȝede,
 Of shape were mannys yet in sothfastnesse,
 His colour was semblable in lykenesse,
 Vnto the fyre hote brennyng glede.
 Whole eyen eke flammynge also reade,
 As the blase is of an ouen mouthe.
 And for he was in syghte so unkouth,
 Where foeuer he was met in the berde,
 Both man and hore soȝe were a ferde,

His face was so hatefull and so odyble,
 And his loke so hydous and horzible.
 And aye he had in custome and bsaunce,
 As in bokes is made remembraunce,
 For to go vnarmed into fyeelde.
 Without swoȝde, spere, axe, or shielde.
 For he nothyng coude of that myster.
 But as I fynde he was a good archer.
 And bare a bowe styffe and wonder stronge,
 And for he was also of tyller longe,
 His arrowes were lyke to his tyller.
 In a bushment trusted wonder ner,
 By his fyeelde aye ready to his hande.
 Where so he were outhen on sea and lande.
 And as I fynde how that none armure,
 Agayne his shot playnly myght endure.
 And there was hore stede nor couler,
 That durst abyde nouthen fer nor ner,
 But fledde anone with all their full myght,
 As fast as they of hym had a syght.
 To them he was so passynge odyous.
 So lyke a deuyl and so monstrous.
 And there was founde none so hardy a knight
 On horebacke that had force or might,
 To holde his hore whan they myght hym se,
 But that anone a barke he wolde do flee.
 And of this archer I fynde wyten eke,
 That he that day slewe full many greke.
 And wounded them with his arrowes kene,
 Throughout & plates forged byght & shene.
 For there was none afore hym that abode,
 But to their tentes faste away they rode.
 They myght not his hydous loke endure.
 Tyll there befell a wonder aduerture,
 Whyle they of Troye by helpe of this archer,
 Seue on the chace to their lodgyng ner,
 And slewe of them in mischiefe and in drede,
 Besyde a Tent mette hym Dymede,
 With this archer of necessyte.
 For it stode so that he ne myght hym flee.
 No maner way nor a backe remewe,
 For lyfe nor deith he myght hym not eschewe.
 So many Trojan was tho at his backe.
 Chati n his flyng he had go to wozacke.
 Wherefore anone this worthy Dymede,
 With cruell herte faste gan hym spede,
 And towarde him proude for to dresse,
 But this archer by great aduysenelle,
 Fyrt with an arrowe smyte Dymede,

Throug

Thugh his harneys that he made him blede,
 Of whiche stroke he wored so wood & wozth,
 That to this monstre so hydous and so loth,
 He went a pale and hym vnarmed fonde.
 And with & swoȝde that he helde in his honde,
 He gaue to hym his laste fyllall wounde.
 That he fell dead grouelyng vnto & ground.
 The death of whom grekes reioysynge,
 And in all haste their hertes resuynge,
 Began them selfe for to recomforte.
 And into fyeelde proude they resoȝte.
 By conuepyng of Policene,
 The worthy Duke that so well hym bare,
 Upon Trojans that day in the fyeelde.
 But whan Hector the slaught of him behelde,
 Upon this Duke anone he gan to sette.
 And on their stedes fyrtyly as they mette,
 Hector hym slewe of full great hatrede,
 And after that on Gallathe his stede,
 So as he rode forth amonge the prele,
 Or he was ware he mette with Achilles,
 And with their speres longe large and round,
 In purpose fully eche other to confounde,
 They ran pȝeare prous and right wozthe.
 That with the stroke they were vnholed both
 But Achilles with a dyspyteous herte,
 Fyrt as I reade into his sadell sterre,
 And busly was with all his inwarde peyne,
 Gallathe to taken by the repne,
 Therof for euer Hector to depȝue.
 And bad his men to lede it home as byue.
 So that Hector there was none other bote,
 Full lyke a man faught standyng on his fotz.
 Amonges the grekes and his fomen all.
 And to his knyghtes loude he gan to call,
 For his stede that they shulden seue,
 And they in haste his hore to rescue.
 Ben attones fallen vpon Achilles.
 And maugre him of force agayne his will,
 They haue from hym beraste it on the plaine,
 And vnto Hector restoȝed it agayne.
 Which in knyghthod so moche him self assureth
 In their dyspyte his sadell he recureth,
 Whiche afterwarde full dere they aboughte.
 For lyke a lyon all that day he wozought.
 Amonges them rydyng here and there,
 And as the death they fled his swoȝd for fere,
 Throug whole manhod troians este begyn,
 Upon grekes the fyeelde agayne to wyne.

But it befell amyd their great fyght,
 That Anthenor a certayne Trojan knight,
 Amonge the prele is so fer ygone,
 That of grekes he was take anone.
 And to their tentes sent in haste he was;
 Albe his sonne called Pollydamas,
 To rescue hym byd his delygence.
 So manfully that no necligence,
 Was founde in hym who so lyfte to seke.
 And that full dere a bought many greke,
 The same day throug his worthynesse.
 But for cause onely of derckenesse,
 And for that it gan dȝatwe towarde nyght.
 They made an ende onely for lacke of lyghte,
 And grekes went home to their lodgyng,
 And eke Trojans tyll on the moynyng,
 That Dheb' gan his bygyht beames shew,
 And Auroza newe gan to dewe.
 The herbes sote and the grene leues,
 Both on hayes and in freshe greues.
 Spuer bygyht with rounde perles fyne,
 That so clerely agayne the sonne shyne,
 And shewe them selfe so oȝent and shene;
 On hylle and bale and on euery grene,
 The rody moȝome tyll the hote beames,
 Of bygyht Dheb' with his fyre stemes,
 Vapouret h byp their moysture into ayre.
 The wether cleare agreable and fayre,
 And attempte also of his hete.
 Whan the Troians caste them for to mete,
 With their fomen platly if they maye.
 And out they went in their beste arraye,
 With their wardes into fyeelde by rowe.
 Agaynst whom grekes were not slowe,
 But thope them forth without longer lette,
 Tyll they togyther manfully haue mettc.
 And with their speres and their swoȝdes clere,
 They ran togyther with a dyspyteous chere,
 Tyll shynered was a sonder many spere.
 On Gheldes stronge them selfe for to were,
 And ryuen was on peces many targe,
 And with axes rounde bȝode and large,
 On basenettes as they tho smyte and shȝede,
 Full many knyght mortally gan blede.
 In sothfastnesse and as I tell can,
 The same day was slayne many a man,
 On outhen parte but most of Trope towne,
 Albe Gwydo maketh no mencowne,
 Of no person as in speccall.

On nouthen syde but in generall,
 Saue he concludeth playnely that this syght,
 Lasted fro mozowe tyl that it was nyght.
 The which Troians haue ful dere abought.
 For that day fortune holpe them nought,
 But tourned hole to their confusyowne,
 And so they be reseyed to the towne.
 And to their tentes grekes fast them spede.
 Till on the mozowe they senten Dyomedes,
 With Ulixes to Trope the cite,
 For a trewes onely for monthes thre.
 If kyng Pryam ther to wolde assente.
 And as they two on this message wente,
 A certayne knyght bozne of Trope towne,
 That myght Dolon of great discretiowne,
 And also was ryght famous of rychele,
 Of curtesy and of gentylnesse,
 His deuer dyd and his diligence,
 Them to conueye vnto the presence,
 Of Pryamus in his paleys ropall.
 And in his sea most chyfe and principall.
 Where as he satte his lordes enuirowne,
 With many knyght full worthy of renoune.
 They gan to hym fyrst to spekye,
 Hooly the substaunce of their embassadye.
 And of the trewes they entent they tolde.
 If it so were that he assent wolde.
 And the kyng benygne they herde,
 And by aduysle prudently answered.
 That therupon his honour for to saue,
 At good leyser he wolde a counsaile haue.
 With his lordes and fully hym gouerne,
 In this matter lyke as they discerne.
 And to conclude shortly euerychone,
 Assented be except Hector alone,
 Vnto the trewes and wolde it not deny.
 But Hector sayde that of trecherie,
 Onely of slaughter and false treason,
 Fyfte to burye grekes that weren dead,
 And vnder coloure therof out of drede,
 Afterwarde them selfe to vyrtayle.
 For he well knewe that their stuffe gan fayle.
 And enflamyned lest they shulden dye,
 They sought a space them selfe to purueye.
 By outwarde sygnes that he dyd espye.
 Wherefore quod he me lyketh not to lye,
 By apperaunce as I dare presume,
 Whyles that we waste thus and consume,

Dure stuffe within as it is to drede,
 They wyll prouyde of what þey haue nede,
 For all that is to them auauntage,
 Myght be to us hyndryng and damage.
 And whyles that they entreasen and amende,
 We shall our store decrease and dispense.
 Yet neuerthelesse how euer that it be,
 Touchyng this trewes as for monthes thre,
 Sythen ye all assent and it accorde,
 From your sentence I will not discoorde.
 In no wyse as to be varyaunt.
 And thus the trewes confirmed was by graunt
 On outher syde they thought for the beste.
 Because they shulde in quyet and in reste,
 The meane whyle ease them and releue.
 And they that felte their woundes soze greue,
 Myght leyser haue their lozes to recure.
 And in þe meane while trewes did thus endure
 They fell in treatie and in communynge.
 Of Anthenor and of Thoas the kyng.
 That Anthenor deliuered shulde be,
 For kyng Thoas to Trope the cite.
 And Thoas shuld to grekes home againe,
 By this enchaunge as ye haue herd me saine,
 One for an other as it accorded was.
 And in this while þe troian bythop Calchas,
 Remembred hym vpon his daughter dere,
 Called Creseyde with her euen clere,
 Whom in Trope he had leste behynde.
 Whē he went thense as bokes maken mynde:
 For whom he felte passyngly great smerte,
 So tenderly she was sette at his herte.
 And enprynted both at eue and mozowe,
 And chiefe cause and grounde of al his sozowe
 For she was leste behynde him in the towne.
 Without comforte or consolaciowne.
 As he caste sothly in his absence.
 And specially for his great offence,
 That he hath wrought agaynst the of Trope.
 And as hym thought he shuld neuer haue ioye
 Till he his daughter recured hath agayne.
 Wherefore Calchas the sooy sayth certaine,
 In his wyttes many wayes caste,
 How he best might while the trewes doth last,
 Recure his daughter by some maner waye.
 And as I fynde vpon a certayne dape,
 In his porte wonder humbly,
 With wepyng eye wente full pyteously,
 In his complainyng of teares albe reyned.

Whole

Whose inward wo sothly was not sepyed,
 And on his knees anone he falseth downe,
 To the great kyng Agamenowone,
 Besekyng hym with all humilite,
 Of very mercy and of hygge pyte,
 With other kynges spytyng in the place,
 To haue touth and for to do hym grace,
 And on his woo to haue compassyon.
 That he maye haue restitution,
 Of his daughter whom he loued so.
 Praying them all their deuer for to do,
 That through their prudent mediacyon,
 For Anthenor that was in their pryson,
 With kyng Thoas the myght eschaunged be.
 If that them lyte of their benygnte.
 To his requeste goodly to assent.
 And they him graunt & forth anone they sent,
 To kyng Pryam for to haue Creseyde,
 For Calchas sake and therwith al they leyde,
 The charge for her wonder specially,
 On them that went for this embassadye.
 To Trope towne and to kyng Pryamus,
 To whom Calchas was so odys,
 So hatefull eke throughout all the towne,
 That this reperte was of hym vp and downe,
 That he a treatour was and also false,
 Worthy to be enhonged by the halfe.
 For his treason and his doublenesse.
 And euermore they sayd eke expresse,
 That he deserued hath by ryght of lawe,
 Shamefully fyrste for to be drawe,
 And afterwarde the moste horryble death,
 That he may haue to pelden by the bryth,
 Lyke as a treatour in as dyspyteous wyse,
 Is any herte can thyncke or deuise.
 Eueryche assymyng as by iudgement,
 That death was none fully equypollent,
 To his deserte nor to his fallenesse,
 As yonge and olde playnely bare wytnesse.
 Concludyng eke for his iniquyte,
 That they wolde assent in no degree,
 Vnto nothyng that myght his herte please.
 For of Creseyde for to do hym ease.
 They caste not to make deliuerance.
 Leuer they had to gyuen hym mischaunce,
 If they hym myght haue as at good large.
 But synally the effect of all this charge,
 Is to set forth dyuen to an ende,
 That Pryamus hath graunted the shal wende,

With kyng Thoas shortly there no more,
 Vnto her father for Dan Anthenor.
 Who euer gruteche the kyng in parliament,
 Hath therupon geuen iudgement,
 So vterly it may not be repealed,
 For with his woode the sentence was assaied
 That the must parte with her euen glade.
 And of the sozowe playnely that she made,
 At his departyng hereafter ye shall here,
 When it agayne cometh to my matere.

How durynge a trewes of .iii. monthes Hector
 walked into the grekes hooste, and of the
 talke hadde betwixte Achilles and hym.
 Capitulo. xxv.

The truse assymed as ye haue herd deuise
 On outher syde of them þe were full wise,
 And full assented of them euerychone,
 Tyll three monthes comen be and gone.
 Lyke as I reade on a certayne dape,
 When agreable was the mozowe grape,
 Blandyng and pleasaunt of delyte,
 Hector in harte caught an appetyte,
 Lyke as Cupido lyketh for to wyte.
 The same dape he wolde grekes vyfite,
 Full well befene and wonder ryche.
 With many worthy in his compaignie.
 Of suche as he for the nones chefe,
 And to the tent fyrst of Achilles,
 I fynde in soth that this Troian knyght,
 Upon his stede hath take the wepe ryght.
 Full lyke a man as made is mencion.
 Some had Achilles great affection,
 In his herte both by dape and nyght,
 Of worthy Hector for to haue a syght.
 For neuer yet by none occasyon,
 He myght of hym haue full inspection,
 For hym beholde at good lyberte.
 For vnarmed he myght hym neuer se.
 But wonder knightly alwell in porte & chere,
 They had them both as they mette pferre,
 And ryght manly in their countenance,
 And at the laste they fell in dalyance.
 But Achilles fyrst began abynde,
 And vnto hym euen thus he sayde.
 Hector quod he full pleasyng is to me,
 That I at leyser naked may the se.
 Syth I of the neuer myght haue syght,

But

But whan thou were armed as a knyght,
And now to me it shalbe full greuous,
Whiche am to the so inly enuyous,
But thou of me there is no more to sayne,
Be slayne anone with my handes twayne.
For this in soth were hooly my pleasure.
By cruell death to take on the vengeaunce.
For I full ofte in werre and eke in fygght,
Haue felte the vertue and the great myght,
Of thy force, through many woundes kene,
That vpon me full freche byn and grene,
In many place by shedyng of my blood.
Thou were on me so furpous and wood,
Aye compassyng to my destructiowne,
For many a mayle of myne haberiowne,
Thy sharpe swerde racyd hath a sonder.
And cruelly seuered here and ponder.
And mortally as I can sygnes thewe,
By plates stronge perced and yhewe,
And my harneys forged bygyht of stele,
Myght neuer yet assured be so wele,
In thyne yre whan thou lyke to smyte,
That thy sword ne wolde them kene a byte,
Into my fleshe full depe and full profounde.
As sheweth yet by many mortall wounde,
On my body large longe and wyde,
That yet appere vpon every syde,
And day by day full soze ake and smerte.
For whiche thyng me semeth that my herte,
Enbolleth newe now whan I the see.
Of hyghe despyte auenged for to be.
So am I fret of olde enuyous rage,
That it may neuer in my brest aswage,
Tyll the vengeaunce and the fatall lute,
Of cruell death be on the execute.
And of one thyng most is my greuaunce,
That whan I haue fully remembraunce,
And in my mynde consyder by and downe,
Howe thou hast made synall deuytyowne,
Of me alas and of hym Patroclus,
So ponge, so manly, and so vertuous.
Whom I loued as it was skyle and ryght,
Euen as my selfe with all my full myght.
With as hool herte and inly kyndnesse,
As an tongue may telle or expresse.
Now hast thou made a departyson,
Of us that were by hole affection,
Pknit in one of herte allpauce.
Without partypng or disseuaunce.

So enterly our saythfull hertes twayne,
Placed were and locked in a chayne,
Whiche myght not for none aduersyte,
Of lyfe nor death a sonder twynned be.
Till cruelly thou madest us departe.
Which through my hert so inwardly doth darte
That it wyll neuer in soth out of my thought.
And trusteth well ful dere shalbe bought.
The death of hym and be nothyng in were,
Peraventure or ended be this yere.
For vpon the onely for his sake,
Of cruell deth vengeaunce shalbe take,
I the ensue without other bonde.
If I may lyue with myne owne hande,
I shal of death do executyon.
Without abode or longe delacyon.
For ryght requirerth without any drede,
Death for death for his synall mede.
For I my selfe thereon shal be wroke.
That through þ world hereafter shalbe spoke
How Achilles was benged on his foe,
For Patroclus that he loued so.
And though that I be to the enuyous,
And of thy death inly despyous,
Ne wete me not nor put on me no blame.
For well I wotte thou arte to me the same.
And hast my death many day despyed,
And therbyon inwardly conspyed,
And thus shortly as atwene vs two,
There is but death without wordes mo.
Whan fortune lyst the tyme thereto chape.
I hope fully thou shalte not escape,
Truste none other I saye the biterly.
To whom Hector not to hastily,
Answerde againe with sober countenaunce,
Ruped well in all his dalpauce,
As he that was in nothyng rekles,
And euen thus he spake to Achilles.
Spz Achilles without any fable,
Thou ne oughtest greatly to meruayle,
Though with my potuer and my full myghte,
With herte and will of very deue ryght,
Day by day I thy death conspyre.
And euer in one it compassse and despyre.
And do my labour early and eke late,
I to pursue by full cruell hate,
Thou oughtest not to wonder in no wyse.
But fully knowe by sentence of the wyle,
In no maner who so taketh hede,

Of

Of ryghtwysenesse it may not then procede,
That other I or any other wyght,
Should do him loue that with all his myght,
By death pursueth and destruction.
And ouer this to moze consulyon,
Hath layde a spege aboute this Cyte.
On my kinrede and also vpon me.
And therbyon felly doth presume,
With mortall hate of werre to consume,
As euerychone wyse I can not fynde,
In my herte as by lawe of kynde,
Suche one to loue of ryght nor euyte.
For hane him chere sothly in no degre.
For of werre may no frendly head,
For of debate loue aryght procede.
For sothly loue most in speciall,
Of saythfulness hath the oxygenall.
In hertes iorned by conuenience,
Of one accorde whom no difference,
Of doubtynesse may in no degre,
Noth in ioye nor in aduersyte,
For lyfe nor death asunder nor disseuer.
For where loue is it continueth euer.
But of hate all is the contraye.
Of whych sothly from hert when they barye
Procedeth rancoure at eye as men maye se,
Debate, enuye, stryfe and enmyte,
Mortall slaughter both to nygh and ferre.
Noth of whyche in sothfastnes is werre.
The synn wherof longe or it be do,
Seuereth by rtes and frendship cutte atwo.
And causeth loue to be leyde full lowe.
But for all this I wil that thou knowe,
Thy proude wordes in herte nor in thoughte,
In very sothe agasten me ryght nought.
And if I shall furthermoze out breake,
Without auaunt the trouthe for to speake,
I saye the playnly hense or two yere,
If I maye lyue in the werres here,
And my swerde of knightthod forthe achene,
I hope in sothe so mortally to greue,
The Grekes all when I with the maye mete
That they and thou shal fele it full bnsuete.
If ye contynue and the werres haunte.
I shal your pryde and surquedye adannte,
In suche a wyse with my handes two,
That or the werre fully be ado,
Well many greke full soze shal it rewe.
For well I wote of olde and not of newe,

That the grekes gathered here in one,
Of surquedye are founde euerychone,
Onely for lacke of discrecion,
To undertake of presumption,
So highe a thinge a spege for to layne.
And your selfe to ouer charge in bayne.
With empyres withouten any fable,
That byn to you of weyght impossible.
And the peys of so great heuynesse,
That synally it will you all oppresse,
And your pryde auale and lowe enclpne.
Which burth shall enbolue backe and chpne,
And vnwarely causen you to fall.
Or ye haue done I saye to one and all.
And ouer moze be full in suert,
Thou Achilles I speake this vnto the.
That fatall deathe first shal the assaile,
To fore thy swerde in any thyng anayle.
Agaynst me for all thy wrothynesse.
And if so be that so great hardynesse,
Courage of wyll, bygour force or myght,
Deue thy herte by manhode as a knyght,
To take on the as in deryng do,
For to darrepe here betwene vs two,
Chilke quarell how so that befall,
For the whych that we stryue all.
I wyll assent playnly to icoparde,
Tyll that the death one of vs departe,
There is no moze but that these lordes here,
Kinges and prynces wyll accorde ptere,
That it be do fully by one assent.
And holde stable of herte and of entente,
So that the felde onely by vs tweyne,
As I haue sayde this quarell may darrepe,
And ended be by this condiciowne
That if it happe through thy highe renouue,
Me to benquyte or dyue to outtraunce,
I will you make fully assurance,
That fyrst my lord Hamus the kinge,
Shall vnto grekes in all maner thinge,
With crowne and sceptre holy him submitte,
And in a poynt barye nother flytte,
Fully to yelde to our subiectiowne,
All his lordship within Treoye towne.
And his lpyges in capturyte.
Shall go theyr wyse out of this cyte.
And leue it quyte as to your gouernaunce,
Without stryfe or any vraynaunce,
And therbyon to make securityte,

To deuoyde all ambiguyte,
 To fore the goddes by othe of sacrament,
 We shall be swoze in full good entente.
 And ouermore our sayth also to saue,
 To assure you in pledge ye shall haue,
 The meane whyple and kepe the on your side,
 At pour choyse hostages to abyde.
 From Troye towne of the worthiest,
 That ye lyst chese and also of the beste.
 So that ye shall of nothyng be in were,
 Of all that euer that I saie you here.
And Achilles without woordes mo,
 If that you lyste accord the unto,
 That I haue sayd thy honour to encrease,
 To make this werre sodaynly to cease,
 That lykly is for to laste longe,
 Betwene Troians and the Grekes stronge,
 Thou shalt not onely to honour & with fame,
 Throughout the worlde winnen the a name,
 But therewithall and that is not a lyte,
 Thugh thy knightthod to many man profite,
 That fro the death shall escape alpye.
 And to his countre hole and sounde arpye.
 That lykly are by cruell aduenture,
 For to be dead if the werre endure.
 Come of therfore and let not be prolonged,
 But let the dape atwene vs two be ioyued.
 As I haue sayd in condicowne,
 If in diffence onely of this towne,
 I haue victorie by fortune ouer the,
 I are not elles but anone that ye,
 Breake vp siege and the werre lete,
 And suffer vs to lyuen in quete,
 Into Grece home when ye are gone.
 To which thinge Achilles there anone,
 Hote in his pye and furpous also,
 Brenning full hote for anger and for woo,
 Assented is with a despytous cheare.
And gan anone to Hector dresse him nere,
 And sayd he would delpyer him utterly,
 Fro poynt to poynt his arpye by and by,
 And therein made none excepciowne,
 But of hoie herte and entencion,
 His requeste accepted euery bell.
 And as it seemed leked it right well.
 And for his parte he caste his gloue adowne,
 In sygne and token of confirmaciowne,
 For lyfe or death that he will holde this dape,
 Agayne Hector happe what happe maye.

Unto the which Hector lyfely sterte,
 And toke it vp with as glad an herte,
 As euer yet did any man or knyght,
 That quarell tokewith his foe to fight.
 There can no man in sothe a ryght deuple,
 How glad he was of this high empyrle.
Of whych the noyle and the great towne,
 Ran to the eares of kinge Agamenowne.
 And he anone him selfe came to the tente,
 With all the lordes of his parliament,
Where Achilles and Hector were yfere,
 To wytte their will as in this mattere,
 Where they would assenten fynally,
 To put the quarell full in Jeopardy,
 Of other parte atwene these knightes tweyn
 As ye haue herde fully to dareyne.
And with one voyce Grekes it denye,
 And sayde they nolde of such a companyr.
 Of kinges, Dukes, and of Lordes eke also,
 Bothe life and death Jeoparte atwene two.
 For to the course of fortune theim submitte,
 That can all dape her face chaunge & flytte.
 And some of Troye in conclusiowne,
 Jeoparde ne wold their lines nor their towne
 In the handes onely of a knight,
 To put all in auenture of fpyght.
Pam except whiche sothly in this case,
 Within him selfe fully assented was,
 Blapnly to put and sette in Jeopardy,
 Whooly the honour of his regallpye.
 Supposynge aye as made is memozye,
 That Hector shoulde haue had the victorie,
 Of this empyrle if he toke it on hande.
But for Pam might not the withstande,
 Agayne so many of one entencion,
 That were contrarie to his oppinion,
 Bothe of Grekes and on Troye syde,
 He held his peace and let it ouer syde,
 And so the Grekes parted be echone.
And Hector is from Achilles gone,
 Home to Troye where he him leue a whyple,
 Whiles that Dyrecten shall my stile,
 To tell of Troilus the lamentable woo,
 Which that he made to parte his lady fro.

A Las fortune gery and vnstable,
 And redy aye for to be chaungeable,
 Whē folke most trust in thy stormy face,
 Like their desyre the fully to embrace,

Then is thy ioye alway to tounne and wrythe,
 Upon wretches thy power for to kythe.
 Record of Troilus from the whele so lowe,
 By false enuy thou hast ouerthrowe.
 Out of the ioye whych that he was in,
 From his lady to make hym for to twynne,
 When he best wende for to haue be sured,
 And of the woos that he hath endured,
 I muste nedely helpe hym to couplayne.
 Whych that in herte felte so great payne,
 So inwarde wo and so great distresse,
 More than I haue cunning to expresse,
 When that he knewe the partynge of Creseyd
 Almost for wo and for payne he deyd.
 And fully wiste that the departe shal,
 By sentence and by iudgement fynall,
 Of his father gyuen in parlamente,
 For which with wo and tourment al to rente,
 He was in poynt to haue fallen in rage,
 That no man might appeale nor aswage,
 The hidde paynes which in his brest ga dare,
 For lyke a man in fure he gan fare,
 And such sorowe dape and nyght to make,
 Incomplayninge onely for her sake.
 For when he sawe that the shoulde atweye,
 He leuer had playnly for to deye,
 Than to lyue behinde in her absence.
 For him thought without her pefence
 He was but dead there is no more to sayne.
 And into teares he gan to berayne,
 With which his eyen gan for to bollen,
 And in his brest the sighes the vyppen swollen,
 That he ne can not do but roze and wepe,
 So fore loue his herte gan constayne.
 And the ne felte not a litle payne,
 But wepte also and piteously gan crye,
 Desyringe aye that the might do dye,
 Rather than parte fro him out of Troye.
 Her owne knyght her lust her lyues ioye.
 That by her chekes the teares do bone destyll,
 And fro her eyen the teares round dropes tryll
 That all forweted haue her blacke wede,
 And eke intrusted her heyze abrode ga spede
 Lyke golde wyze forrent and all to tozne,
 Yplucked of and not with theres thorne.
 And ouer this her frethe tosen hewe,
 Whilom pynent with whyte lyues netwe,
 With wooll weppynge piteously disteyned,

And like the herbes in April all bereyned,
 Or floures freshe with the dewes swete,
 Right so her chekes moyste were and wete.
 With cristall water by ascendinge hye,
 Out of her brest into her heauenly eye,
 And aye amonge her lamentaciowne,
 Full ofte sythe she fell in swoone adowne,
 Deadly pale fordimmed in her syghte,
 And ofte sayde alas myne owne knight,
 Whine owne Troilus alas why that we parte
 Rather let death with his spere darte,
 Through my herte and the baynes kerue,
 And with his rage do me for to sterue,
 Rather alas than fro my knight to twinne.
And of this wo Oh death that I am in,
 Why wilt thou come & helpe to make an ende,
 For how shulde I out of Troye wende,
 He abyde and I to Grekes gone.
 There to dwell amonge my cruell fone.
 Alas alas I wooll creature,
 How shoulde I there in the werre endure,
 I wretched woman but my selfe alone,
 Amonge the men of armes euerychone.
 Thus gan the crye all the longe dape,
 This was her playnte with full great affray.
 Her piteous noyle till it dretwe to night,
 That vnto her her owne trewe knight,
 Full tryft and heauy raine agaynes eue,
 If he might ought comforte or releue.
But he in sothe hath this Creseyde founde,
 All in a swoone lying on the grounde.
 And piteously vnto her he wente,
 With wooll cheare and her in armes hente.
 And toke her vp and then atwene theim two,
 Began of newe luche a deadly woo,
 That it was routhe and pyte for to sene,
 For the of cheare pale was and grene.
 And he of coloure like to ashes deade,
 And fro her face gone was all the red.
 And in his chekes denoyded was the bloude,
 So woollfully atwene theim two it stode,
 For the ne might not a worde pspeake,
 And he was redy with deathe to be vkeke,
 Upon him selfe his naked swerde besyde.
 And the full ofte gan to the grounde glyde.
 Out of his armes as she fell a swoone,
 And he him selfe gan in teares drowne.
 She was as stille and dombe as any ston,
 He had a mouthe but woordes had he none.

The wery spyte flykered in his brest,
 That of the death stode tho vnder a rest,
 Without maynpyrle sothly as of lyfe.
 And thus there was as it semed a styfe,
 Whiche of theim two shulde fyrste passe.
 For death portrayed both in herte and face,
 With colour such as men go to theyr graue.
 And thus in two they gan togyther raue,
 Disconsolate all the longe nyght.
 That in good sayth yf here I should aryght,
 The processe hole of theyr bothe sorow,
 That they made till the next morow,
 From poynt to poynt do it specyfe,
 All to longe it woulde me occuppe,
 Of every thyng to make mencion.
 And tarpe me in my transacion.
 If so I shoulde in her two procede,
 But me semeth that it is no nede,
 Syth my maister Chaucer here afore,
 In this matter hath so well him boze,
 In his boke of Troylus and Cresseide,
 Whyche he mayde longe or that he deyed,
 Rehercyng first how Troilus was cotraype,
 For to ascende vp on loues steyre.
 And how that he for all his surquedrye,
 After became one of the compaynye,
 Of loues folke for all his olde game.
 Whan Cupide had subdued him full tame,
 And brought him love to his subiectiowne.
 In a temple as he walked by and downe,
 When he his gynnes and his hookes leyde,
 Amid the eyen cerclid of Cresseide,
 Whych on that daye he might not avertte,
 For through his brest pcered hath his herte.
 He went him home pale dead and wan,
 And in this wise Troylus first began,
 To be a seruaunt my mayster telleth thus,
 Till he was after holpe of Pandarus.
 Through whose comfote and mediacion,
 As in his boke is made relacion.
 With great labour fyrst he came to grace,
 And so continueth by many yeres space.
 Till gery fortune gan vpon him frowne,
 That the fro him must go out of the towne,
 All sodaynly and sythe him se.
 Lo here the ende of false felcrite.
 Lo here the ende of wooldy bostidnesse,
 Of fleschly lust lo here thunstablenesse,
 Lo here the double variacion,

Of wooldy blisse and transmutacion.
 This daye in myrthe and in two to morow,
 For aye the fine alas of ioye is sorow,
 For now Cresseide with the kinge Thoas,
 For Anthenor shall forth gon alas,
 Unto Grekes and euer with theim dwell.
 ¶ The hole storpe Chaucer can you tell.
 If that ye lyst no man better alpye,
 For the processe halfe so well discryue.
 For he our englyshe gilt with his sayes,
 Rude and boytous firste by olde dayes.
 That was full fer from all perfection,
 And but of lytell reputacion.
 Till that he came and with his portre,
 Gan our tunge first to magnifye,
 And adourne it with his eloquence.
 To whom honour laude and reuerence,
 Throughtout this lande giuen be and longe,
 So that the laurer of our englyshe longe,
 Be to him giuen for his excellence.
 Right as whilom for ful high sentence,
 Perpetually for a memoriall.
 ¶ Of Columpnia by the Cardinall,
 To Petrarch fraunceis was giuen in steyle,
 That the repoyte neuer after fayle.
 For the honour dirked of his name,
 To be registred in the house of fame,
 Amonge other in the highest sete.
 My mayster Galfride as for chiefe Docte,
 That euer was yet in our language,
 The name of whom shall pallen in none age,
 But euer pliche without eclipsing shine,
 And for my parte I will neuer fine,
 So as I can him to magnifye,
 In my writinge plainly till I dye.
 And god I praye his soule bringe in ioye,
 ¶ And where I lefte I wil agayne of troye,
 The storpe tell and first how that he Guydo,
 Within his boke thus speaketh Troylus to.
 Rebuking him full uncurteysly,
 That he so sette his herte solpely,
 Vpon Cresseide full of doubilnesse.
 For in his boke as Guydo list expresse,
 That her teares and her complayninge,
 Her wordes whete softe and blandishinge,
 Were meynt with sayninge & with flatterye,
 And outward farled with many a false lye.
 For vnderhid was all the varyaunce,
 Cured aboue with sayned countenaunce.

As women can falsly teres borow,
 In theyr herte though there be no sorow,
 Lyke as they woulde of very trouthe deye,
 They can thynke one and an other lye,
 As a serpent vnder floures sayre,
 His benyyn hydeth where he doth repaire,
 The lugre afore the galle hydde behinde,
 As proper is aye vnto theyr kynde.
 To be dyuerse and double of nature,
 Rathest decepyng when men most assure.
 For vnder colour euer thyng they werke,
 The sayre aboue the foule in the dercke,
 They hydde so that no man may espye.
 And though so be that wyth a woofull eye,
 They can outward wepe pyteously,
 The tother eye can laugh couertly.
 Whose sorowes all are tempred with alleys,
 And theyr colour is euer meynt with caryes,
 For vpon chaunge and mutablyte,
 Stande hole theyr truste and theyr suerte.
 So that they be sure in doubilnesse,
 And alway double in theyr sikernesse,
 Seminge one when they best can varye,
 Lykest to a corde when they be contrarye.
 And thus they be most varyaunt in accorde,
 And hoolest seme when there is discorde.
 And Guido sayth how there are fewe or none
 That in herte apayed is in one,
 And yet they can be it to one or twayne,
 To thre or foure in theyr speche sayne,
 Lyke as they were to one and to no mo,
 Hoole in theyr loue for well and eke for wo.
 That eneryche shall of hym selfe deme,
 That he be next lyke as he doth seme.
 And thus in hope standeth eche in of theim all,
 The trewest aye reddest for to fall.
 Who serueth best next to be appayred,
 And thus in chaunge all theyr loue is fayred,
 Let no man truste but catche when he maye,
 Farewell to morow though it be sure to daye.
 The sayre of chaunge lasteth all the peare.
 But it is folye for to bye to deare,
 Chilke treasour whyche harde is to possede,
 But flieth away when men therof most nede.
 And yf it happe that no chapman be,
 As sayth Guido yet all daye men maye se,
 It sheweth out at large in nestralles,
 On chambers high & lowe downe in halles,
 And in windowes eke in euery strete,

And also eke men maye wyth theim mete,
 At pylgrimage and oblations,
 At spectacles in Cityes and in towne,
 As sayth Guido and all is for to selle.
 But after him I can no further telle,
 And eke he sayth in his sentement,
 There is no fraude fully equipolent,
 To the fraude and sleghthy compassinge,
 Of a woman no lyke in their woorkyng.
 For who that set all his faithfulnessse,
 Meneing in theim to finde stablenesse,
 He shall theim fynde stedfast as the mone,
 That is in poynt for to chaunge soone.
 If he be ponge they caste him in rage,
 If he be olde he falleth in dotage.
 Wherefore my counsaile is to bothe two,
 Caste of the byddell and lightly let theim go.
 ¶ This teacheth Guido god wote and not I
 That hath delite to speake cursedly,
 Alway of women throughtout all his boke.
 As men maye se who so lyst to loke.
 To them he hadde enuye in speyall,
 That in good sayth I am right wrothe w al,
 That he with theim lyst so to debate,
 For yre of which the Latin to translate,
 Inwardly my hert I felte blede.
 Of high dispite his clauses for to rede,
 That resowened in conclusiowne,
 Onely of malpce to accusatiowne,
 Of those women full euyl mote he thriue,
 So generally thir secte do descryue,
 Whiche made not through in discrecion,
 Of good nor badde none exception,
 He was to blame foule mote he falle,
 For cause of one for to hynder all.
 For I dare well assyzen by the rode,
 Agayne one had their ben an hundred good,
 And though some one double be and newe,
 It hyndereth not to them that be trewe.
 And by crample also though he shewe,
 That some one whylom was a threwe,
 They that be good take shall no hede,
 For it no hinderinge is to womanhede.
 Though twaine or thre can double be & satine,
 For there agayne sothly at Colayne,
 Of byrgens weren inly full of grace.
 A leuen thousande in that holy place.
 A man may fynde and in our kalender,
 Full many mayde parfyd and enter,

Which to the death stable were and trewe,
For some of them with the rosen hewe,
Of Parterdome the blysse of heauen woonne
And some also as bokes telle konne,
With the lyke of byrgnyte,
And brolettes of parfyte chastyte.
Ascenden be about the sterres cleare,
And the ferdle of the nyghte sphere.
Where ioye is aye with gladnesse eterne.
Wherfore in sothe as I can discerne,
Though some clerk of shrewes haue mistaid
Let no good woman therof be mispayde,
For lacke of one all are not to blame.
And eke of men maye be sayde the same,
For to the trewe it is no reppre,
Though it be so another be a thefe.
For what is he the worse in his degre,
Though that the other be hanged on a tree.
For unto women hinderyng it is none,
Amonge an hundred though y there be one,
Of gouernance that be vicious.
For there agayne that byn ful vertuous,
If that ye lyst a thousande ye may fynde.
And though Gydo wryte they haue of kinde,
To be double men shoulde it goodly take,
And there agayn no maner crutching make.
Nature in woorkyng hath full great powere,
And it were harde for any that is here,
The course of her to holde or to restreine,
For she will not be guyded by no reyne,
To be coarted of her dewe righte,
Therefore eche man with all his full might,
Shoulde thank god and taketh patiently,
For if women be double naturely,
Why shulde men laye on them the blame.
For though min auctour hider so their name
In his wrytynge onely of Cryspe,
And upon her such a blame leyde,
My counsaile is lyghtly ouerpasse.
Where he mysayth of her in any place.
To hynde women other eue or moztowe,
Taketh no hede but let them be wryth soztow.
And passe it ouer where ye list not rede,
Till ye be come where that Diomedes,
For he was sente into Trope towne,
Where cerpouly as is made mencionne,
First how that she to him deliuered was,
For Antenor and for the kinge Thoas.
And how Troilus gan her to conueye,

With many other to bynge her on the weye.
And after this how that Promede,
By the waye gan her byddell lede,
Till he her brought to her fathers tent.
And how that Calchas in full good entent,
Receyued her lodged there he laye,
And her speche durynge all that daye,
And all the maner hole and euerydele,
All is rehersted cerpouly and towele,
In Troilus boke as ye haue herde me saine,
To wryte it ofte I holde it were but vayne.
But Gydo sayth longe or it was nyght,
How Cryspe hath forsake her obone knight
And gaue her herte unto this Diomedes.
Of tendernesse and of womanhede.
That Troilus in her herte is now as colde,
Without fyre as byn these althes olde.
I can none other accusacion,
But onely kyndes transmutacion,
That is appropried unto her nature.
Selde or neuer stable to endure.
By experyence as men maye ofte lere.
But now to tourue agayne to my matere,
I must resozte though that I be ferre,
As I began to wryten of the werre.

Of their battayles after that trewe, the
description of the Wallaie of Tlion, of a great
pestilence in the grekes hoste, whereby they
were enforced to seke for trewe, whiche vpon
their sytpe they obteyned for thyrte dayes.
Capitulo. xxvi.

The tyme passed of the trewe ytake,
The next moztow whā Titā hath forsake,
The vnder partye of their hemysperre,
Where al the night he had be full merre,
With Aurora lyng by his syde.
But in his bed hym lyst no longer byde,
But hope him vp a caste his streames thene.
On Troy wall whan Hector armed clene,
Into the fyelde faste gan hym hie.
With fyftene thousande in his companie,
Of woorthy knyghtes and of manly men.
And as I fynde Troilus had tenne,
Of knyghtes eke that his baner sewe.
And in all hast Patrys gan remewe,
Out of the towne with them of Perce londe,
With eche of the a mighty bowe in his honde,
And

And arrowes sharpe truste by their syde.
And of knyghtes that aboute him ryde,
He had also thre thousande as I fynde.
And Deiphobus next him came behynde,
With thre thousande knyghtes armed clene,
On whose plates the sonne shone full shene,
And next hym came the Troyan Eneas,
And as I reade sothly that there was,
The same day with them of Trope towne,
An hundred thousande knyghtes of renown,
Lyke as recozdeh Dares Frygus.
And in his boke Gydo wryteth thus.
And with the grekes all toforre that day,
With seuen thousande goeth Menelap.
Knyghtes echone whiche he tho dyd lede,
And with as many went this Promede.
And next them seweth the hardy Achylles,
With his mayne called Prymynones.
And Antipus the woorthy kyng eke had,
Thre thousand knyght whiche to hym he lad,
Into the fyelde agayn them of the towne.
And alderlaste the great Agamenowne,
With suche a nombze of the grekes felle,
That wonder is for to heren telle.
And whan the wardes in the felde abode,
Had take their place without moze abode,
A grekythe kyng whiche that Phillis hight,
Anone as he of Hector had a syght,
Towardes hym syttinge on his stede.
With his spere he gan him faste spede,
But when Hector hath his comynge sayne,
He hente a spere and rode to hym agayne,
And through his shylde a his plates rounde,
He gaue to hym his laste fatall wounde.
Upon whose deth auenged for to be,
Full many greke gan on Hector flee.
And first of all the woorthy kyng famous,
That of grekes was called zantypus,
Of hie dildayne onely for Whyllys sake,
Towardes Hector hath his couer ytake,
And with a spere ran at him full ryght,
But Hector first hpt him with suche a might,
Through his harneys with his spers head,
That zantypus fell to the grounde deade.
The death of whom the grekes soze cōplaine
And dyd their myght and their busy payne.
On euery halfe furyous and wood,
Them to auenge on the Trojans bloud.
And through their passyng cruell hardynesse,

They gan Trojans tho so soze oppresse,
That many one that day ne myght asterte,
Through the best pyerced and the herte,
For to be dead and slayne amonge the pyere.
Amonge whiche cruell Achylles,
Slewe Lychaon and Eulozbus,
Noble knyghtes ryght worthy and famous,
That were ycome out of their cōtre,
Agayne grekes to helpen the cite.
And while troians cōstrained were so narow
Were it with spere quarell darte or aroxe,
Hector was wounded throughout the byter,
Into the face that lyke a ryner,
The red bloud downe began to rayle.
By his harneys through his auctayle,
Wherof astoned whan they had a syght,
Full many Troyan toke hym to the flight,
And to the cyte faste gan them drawe.
And in the chafe full many one was slawe.
Or they myght este out of the felde remewe.
And euer in one grekes after sewe,
Unto the walles almost of the towne,
Till that Hector the Troyan champeowne,
Of his knyghthode gan to taken hede,
Albe his wounde soze gan to blede,
Pet of manhode he gan them recomforre,
And maugre them into the fyelde resozte,
Namely whan he had inspectiowne,
On the walles and toures of the towne.
How that Heleyn and Hecuba the quene,
And his syster fayre Polyene,
With many other lady gan beholde,
Hym thought anone his herte gan to colde,
Of very shame his knyghtes chulden flee.
And lyke a Lyon in his crueltee,
He made them tourne manly euerychone,
And in his waye he meteth Heron.
A grekythe kinge that was nygh of all ye,
To Achilles as bookes specifice.
And with his sword Hector smote him so,
That he his bodye clouen hath on two.
And when Achilles sawe that he was deade,
Parted a two euen fro the head,
He hēt a spere and thought he ne would fap,
To hpt Hector through the helde plate a mayle,
And rode to him tho full enuyously,
And myd the helde he smit him cruelly.
But with the stroke Hector neuer adell,
Remeueth not he sat so faste and well.

But

But with his swerde anone a taryeth nought
 He to Achilles with enuyous thought,
 But knyghtly ran vpon his courtere,
 And on his cresse that shone so bright & clere,
 With such a myght Hector hath hym myt,
 That he perced throughte his basenet,
 And raced eke from his auentayle,
 With that stroke many pece of mayle.
 That Achilles constrained was of nede,
 Maugre his myght to lagre on his stede.
 To enclyne and to holde his backe,
 At whiche tyme Hector to hym spake,
 And sayde Achilles I do well aduerte,
 The great enuye of thy cruell herte,
 And specially that thou haste to me.
 But be well ware therfore I counsaile the,
 Thy selfe to put so farre in aduenture,
 For of one thyng I playnly the ensue,
 As I desire at my luste some daye,
 Here in the fyeelde yf I the mete may,
 Trust me ryght wel there gapyeth no socour,
 That I ne that acquyten thy labour,
 So mortally I do the vnderstande,
 With this sworde that I holde in hande,
 That with thy life thou shalt not thet. escape.
 So cruelly the vengeance shalbe take,
 Ete whan we mette euen vpon thy head.
 Of which thyng whan Achilles toke hede
 Aduertynge all that he herde hym sayne,
 Ryght as he wolde haue answered agayne,
 Worthy Troilus knyghtly entred in,
 And made them a sorder for to turnne,
 And through the manhode of his compaignye,
 Of worthy knyghtes that he tho dyd guye,
 And hyrge prowesse of his owne might,
 He hath the grekes put agayne to flyght.
 And slayne of them that day out of dreed,
 Syre hundred knyghtes sothly as I reade.
 For losse of whiche the grekes faste gan flee.
 To their tentes as of necessitye.
 Till Menelay dyd his busye cure,
 To make them th' fyeelde agayne recure.
 Throught whose manhode y day out of doute
 And worthy knyghtes that weren him about,
 The fyeelde of grekes recured was anone.
 But tho fro Troie came kyng Odemon.
 And in all hast possyble that he may,
 He came enbushyd vpon Menelay,
 And hym vnhozely in the selfe place,

And suche a wounde gaue hym in the face,
 That from the death he wende not escape.
 And doubtes anone he had hym take,
 With helpe of Troilus and lad vnto y towne
 But of grekes suche a pzele came downe,
 To rescue hym in this great nede,
 That Odemon myght tho no further lede,
 Kyng Menelay toward the cyte.
 Whan Dyomedee came with his meyne.
 And many worthy rydunge hym aboute,
 When Troilus mette amonges al the rout,
 All sodenly of hap or aduenture,
 Hath him vnhozely as it was his cure,
 And after that anone he hent his stede,
 And bad a squyer that he shulde it lede,
 Vnto Cryseyde onely for his sake,
 Beserhyng her that the wolde it take,
 As for a gyfte of her owne man.
 Syth he that day for her loue it wan.
 Amyd the fyeelde throught his great myght.
 Of hym that was wysloin her owne knight.
 And he in haste on his waye it went,
 And therof made vnto her present.
 Prayinge her in full humble wyse,
 This lyttell gyfte that she not despyse.
 But it receyue for a remembraunce,
 And with all this that it be pleasaunce,
 Of very pitye and of womanhede,
 On her seruauit called Dyomedee,
 To remembre that was become her knyght.
 And she anone with harte glad and lght,
 Full womanly bad hym repayre agayne,
 Vnto his lord and playnly to hym sayne,
 That she ne myght of very kyndnesse,
 Of womanhead nor of gentylnesse,
 Refusen hym platly from her grace,
 That was to her there in straunge place,
 So kynde founde and so comfortable.
 In euery thyng and seruyfable.
 That it may not lykely out of mynde,
 To thynke on hym that was so true & kinde.
 With which answer the messenger is gone,
 Vnto his lord and tolde it hym anone,
 Worde by worde lyke as she hath sayde,
 And he therof was full well apayde.
 That hym thought playnly in his herte,
 He was recured of his paynes smerte.
 And forth he had hym in armes as a knyght,
 But that day duryng the stronge fgyht.

They

They of Troie so manly haue them bozne,
 That grekes myght not stande them afozne,
 For to their tentes they haue the chaled downe
 That ne had be kyng Agamenowne,
 Grekes had be dymen clene out of the fyeelde.
 The whiche thyng anon as he behelde,
 He came vpon with many worthy man,
 And tho of new the slaught agayne began.
 On euery halfe vpon the large playne.
 That grekes haue Troians so be laine,
 That ete agayne they haue the fyeelde pwon.
 So that Troians constrained tho begon,
 To lese their lande tyll Polydamas,
 Whiche with his knyghtes there besyde was,
 Gan fall vpon endlonge on the grene,
 Them of Troie full manly to sustene.
 And the grekes he gan so to enchace,
 Whan he came in that they losse their place,
 And to the stonde euen vpon the see,
 Thugh his knyghthod he made the for to fle
 Of their lyfe that they were in dreed.
 The whiche mischiefe whan that Dyomedee,
 Behelde and sawe how Polydamas,
 Mortally pursued on the chase,
 On horsebacke both and in the fyeelde pferre,
 With cruell herte hent anone a spere,
 And spyngng out rode to hym full ryght,
 And he agayne tarquyte him lyke a knyght,
 As he that lyfte on no partye fayne,
 Of his stede helde agayne the reyne.
 And raught a spere & threwe it in the rest,
 And Dyomedee he smote so on the breste,
 That mortally lyke as it is founde,
 He hym vnhozely with a greuous wounde.
 And ryght anone with a knyghtly herte,
 Polydamas all attonce sterte,
 Vnto the horse of this Dyomedee,
 And by the reyne proudeyly gan it lede,
 Vnto Troilus where he on foote stode.
 All forbaden in the grekes bloude.
 On euery halfe whiche that he shadde,
 Amonges them to knyghtly he him had.
 That they ne myght endure nor sustene,
 His sharpe swoorde grounde was so kene.
 And deluyuer maugre all his foen,
 Vnto the sadell by he sterte anone,
 Of very fozre armed as he was,
 And vntowarely by aduenture or case,
 With sharpe swerdes for the nones whette,

As Achilles and he together mette,
 Worthy Troilus of rancour and of pyde,
 Achilles smote that he fell a syde,
 Downe of his horse lode to the grounde.
 And notwithstanding his grene mortal wounde,
 He rose agayne and fast gan hym spede,
 If that he myght recure agayne his stede.
 But all for nought it wolde not auayle.
 For sodenly with a freshe battayle,
 They of Troie as made is mencyon,
 In compasewyse beset hym enuyon.
 Eueryche of them armed bright and clene,
 And Hector tho in his furions tene,
 As Dares telleth all the maner hotwe,
 The same daye a thousande knyghtes slowe,
 Whiche them with stode onely in disence,
 For Achilles to maken resistence.
 That tyme of death standing in icopardye,
 That certaynly but yf that bokes lye,
 By lyklyhode he myght not tho escape,
 In that mischefe to be dead or take,
 Hector on hym was so furous.
 But as I read kyng Chelamonys,
 Rescued hym in this great nede.
 And caused hym there to recure his stede,
 Notwithstandyng all that it diddayne.
 For he the duke and lord of Athene,
 Was in case of herte and hole entent,
 To helpe Achilles wonder dylygent.
 That with hym ladde many noble knyght,
 But for bycause that it dzewe to nyght,
 As the stoye maketh reherfable,
 They made an ende as of that battayle.
 And they of Troie entred be the towne,
 And after that as made is mencionne,
 By and by haupng no delayes,
 Mortally they foughten thirte dayes,
 Without lette or interrupcion.
 On outher parte to great destruction.
 But aldermost nathles their great pyde,
 They lost most on the grekes syde.
 Sane Pyramus lost in specrall,
 Syre of his sonnes called naturall.
 For whom he made great dole and heuynesse,
 And as the stoye lyketh to expesse,
 This mene whyle Hector in certayne,
 In his face wounded was agayne,
 And thus they haue in this cruell rage,
 On euery parte receyued great damage,

Tyl Pryam hath from Trope sent downe,
 For a trewe's unto Agamenowne.
 For six monthes if he assente wolde.
 And therupon he hath a counsaile holde
 With his lordes what were beste to do.
 And they echone accorded be therto,
 And graunte his arnyge concluson.
 And all this whyle within Pylon,
 Duryng the peas on outhur parte assured,
 Of his woundes fully to be cured
 Lay worthi Hector protectoz of the towne.
 But of this ryche royall chefe doungeowne,
 That Pylon in Trope bare the name,
 Whiche of buildyng had suche a fame,
 If that I shuld commende it by and downe,
 As Dares doth in his discrypciowne,
 I wante cunynge my termes to aple,
 For in his boke as he doth specyfe.
 In all this worlde was there newe so ryche,
 Of hyghe deuyse noz of buildyng lyche.
 The whiche stode the more to deuyte,
 As he there sayth on twelue stones whyte,
 Of Alabastré thortly to conclude,
 And twenty pale was the lastynde,
 That grounde ppauced thzughout to crytall,
 And by an hyght performed every wall,
 Of all stones that any man can fynde,
 Of Dyamontes and of saphyres Inde.
 The royall rubre so orpente and lycht,
 That the derkenesse of the dynne nyght,
 Enchaced was with the beames shene.
 And ever amonge were emeraudes grene.
 With stones all that any maner man,
 In this worlde deuyse oz reken can.
 That were of pryse, value, oz richesse,
 Ther were wrought of large & gret roundnes
 As sayth Dares, and Juoz the pylers,
 And therbyon set at the corners,
 Of pured golde all abone on hyght,
 There were ymages wonder huge of weight.
 With many perle and many ryche stone,
 And every piler in the halle had one.
 Of massyfe golde burned clere and bygght,
 And wonderfull to any mans syght,
 For of this worke the merueylous fastygon,
 Was more lyke by estymacyn,
 A thyng ymade and founded by fayre,
 Than any worke wrought by fantasie,
 Thzough wyte of man as by lykelynesse.

For in his bokes Dares doth wytnesse,
 That it was lyke to recken syght and all,
 In apparaunce a thyng celestyall.
 Seeth in this boke ye get no more of me.
 For but in wyptynge I myght neuer it se.
 Albe that it all other dyd exelle,
 No more therof I thinke now to telle.
 But to retourne agayne to Pryamus.
 Whiche all this whyle was inly curous,
 With all his myght and his busy cure,
 To ordeyne for the sepulture,
 Of his sonnes that afore were dead.
 And all that tyme sycke laye Dyomede,
 With lous stripe wounded to the herte.
 As he that felte inwardly the smerte,
 Of woeful syghes tohiche in his brest abryde.
 Full ofte adaye for loue of her Creseyde.
 For he was shak with a feuer newe,
 That caused hym to be full pale of hewe.
 And to wepen megre pooze and lene,
 For pyteously he gan hym to abstene,
 For meate and drynke and from all solace,
 As it was sene in his deadly face.
 And ofte a dape to her he wolde complayne,
 Of his dislease and of his moztall payne,
 Prayinge of grace that she wolde do se,
 Upon his woo for to haue pryse.
 And of mercy for to taken hede,
 Of her seruauit onely of womenhead.
 Or playnely elles there is no more to seye,
 For her sake he sayde that he wolde deye.
 But cunynghly and in full slepyght wyte,
 To kepe hym lowe vnder her seruyce,
 With delays she helde hym forth on hande.
 And caused hym as in a were to stande.
 Full vnure betwene hope and dyspayre.
 And whan that grace shuld haue had repaire
 To put hym out of all this heynnesse,
 Daunger of newe brought hym in distresse.
 And with dysdayne to encrease his payne,
 Of double were she brought hym in a trayne.
 As women can holde a man full narowe,
 Whan he is hurte with Cuppydes arrowe.
 To sette on them both many fell assayes,
 Day by day to put hym in delayes.
 To stande vnure betwene hope and dread.
 Ryght as Creseyde leste this Dyomede.
 Of entent to sette hym more a fyre,
 As this women kyndly aye desyre.

Whan

Whan they a man haue bzought in to a traice
 Unenely to hange hym in balaunce,
 Of hope and dread to lynke hym in a chayne,
 And of the fyne vnure of bothe twayne.
 To dryue hym forth peres them to serue,
 And do no force where he lyue oz sterue,
 This is the fyne of louses fyre rage.
 And for the wolde haue hym in seruage,
 She locked hym vnder suche a keye,
 That he wote not where to lyue oz deye.
 Wherof in doubte thus I lette hym dwell.
 And forth I wyll of the story tell.
 And to my matter eke resorte agayne,
 And as myne auctour recozde in certayne,
 After the trewe were wered out and gone,
 Twelue dayes syng all in one,
 The grekes haue faught to the of the towne.
 To great damage and confusowne,
 Of outhur partye and aduersyte.
 And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
 Both of swoorde and of pestylence,
 Amonge grekes by fatall influence,
 Of nypous hete and of corrupte pyre,
 Engendred was that tho in great dyspayre,
 Of theyr lyfe in the fyelde they leye,
 For day by day sodaynly they deye.
 Wherby theyr nombze fast gan dyscrece,
 And whan they sawe that if ne wolde seece,
 By theyr aduise the kyng Agamenowne,
 For a trewe sent unto the towne.
 For thirty dayes, and Pryamus the kyng,
 Without abode graunted his arnyge.

How Andromacha was by a dreame for-
 warned of the death of her husbnde Hector,
 if he the day folowynge entred the fyelde, wher
 of she aduonced hym, and he therto hauyn
 no respect, was the next day slain of Achilles.
 Capitulo. xxvii.

Vhan the mozeyne and the woofull rage,
 Of pestylence began for to alwage.
 And the trewe were wered out and gone,
 The grekes caste to meten with their foen,
 Upon a day in plates armed clene.
 Whan Phebus rose with his beames shene,
 Full pleasauntly and gan to shede his lyghte.
 But as I fynde tofoze the selfe nyght,
 Andromacha the faythfull trewe wyte,

Of woorthy Hector hym lonyng as her lyfe,
 By whom he had gette chyldren two,
 Wonder semely and inly fayre also,
 And Lamedowne called was the tone,
 So yonge the tother that it ne myght gone,
 And Astynar I read that he hyght,
 Fetured well and passynge fayre of syghte,
 And as Cupido lyfeth to endyte,
 Of his moder at the pappes whyle,
 For very yonge that tyme was suckynge,
 And with his arme his brestes embrasyng,
 And the that nyght as made is mencyn,
 Had in her slepe a wonder byspon,
 I note in sothe what I may if neuene,
 Outhur a dreame oz verily a sweucne,
 Or fro aboue a reuelacyn,
 As whylom had the kyng Scyppon,
 Or a thewpyng outhur an Oracle,
 Or of goddes a warnynge by myracle,
 For in sothnesse slepyng as the laye,
 Her thought playnly if the nerte dape,
 Hector went his fomen for to assaile,
 As he was wonte armed in battaile,
 That he ne shulde escape vterly,
 In fates hondes to falle synally.
 And ouermote Attropos shall fyne,
 For euermore his lyues threde to twyne.
 And thewe the force of her fell nyght,
 When the Parodye of this woorthy knyght,
 A proche shall without wordes mo,
 Into the fyelde playnly if he go.
 Of which astoned strete and thort of bzeht,
 Where as the laye abayde vpon the death,
 And with a syghe stynte for to slepe,
 And pyteously brast out for to wepe,
 For the constraynte of her hert sorowe.
 And specyally on the woofull mozowe,
 When that she sawe this stocke of worthynesse
 As he was wonte manfully hym dresse,
 To arme hym in stele bozned bygght.
 This troian wall Hector this woorthy knyght,
 She can no more but at his fete fell downe,
 Lowly declaryng her a bysowne,
 With quakyng herte of very womanhead.
 Wherof god wote he toke full lyttle hede.
 But therof had hygh indignacion,
 Platy assymynge that no discrecion,
 Was to trusten in suche fantasyes.
 In dreames shewed gladly meinte with lyes.

Full

Full of Japes and of illusjons,
Of whiche playnely the conclusjons,
Be not elles but folkes to delude.
Albe it so that these people rude,
Therin some whyle haue affection,
To iudge and deame in their oppynion,
Dyuertly what they may pretende.
And ofte falle and happen as they wende,
And foloweth lyke in conclusyon.
For drede of whiche the lamentacion,
Encrease gan of this Andromeche.
And in her twone fyrst she cryed ha.
Sayinge alas myne owne lord so dere,
Your trewe wyfe alas why nyl ye here.
Whyche of so fapthfull hoole affection,
Despeth aye your saluacion.
And by the rose deadly of vrsage,
And lyke a woman caught with sodayne rage
To kynge Pryam and Hecuba the queene,
In haste she went her selfe to be mene.
And of her wyfely herte trewe as stele,
Cerponly declared euery deale,
Her pyteous dreame which through myracle,
To her onely by deuynie oracle,
Pheued was throughe goddes puruepaunce.
And tolde them eke the fynall ordynaunce.
Of fortunes falske disposicion.
Fully purueyed to destruction,
Of her lord without moze delape.
Into the fyelde yf he go that daye.
Wherfore she prayeth with a deadly hetwe,
Unto the thy kynge of mercy for to rewe,
Upon her wo to haue compassyon.
For to ordeyne by hyghe discrecion,
Of his lordshipp and of soueraynte,
That her lord may not destroyed be.
Of reckelchead or wyfuisnesse.
And with that worde of hery kyndnesse,
In whom was aye so moche loue founde,
Tofoze the queene in towne fell to grounde.
And sayde alas with a deadly chere,
Helpe in this case myne owne mother dere,
Of womanhead and routh do me grace.
That my lord into the fyelde ne pace.
And do your deuer of motherly pytee,
Benygne and goodly for to se,
To his knyghthode and his hygh prowesse,
For to restrayne his renowned noblesse.
This ylike day to handle spere or thelde,

For that he go armed into fyelde.
And both twayne assent for the beste,
And condescende vnto her requeste,
Fynally accordyng into one.
That whē the wardes were redy euerychone
Thon pssyng out and Troilus fyrst of all.
And Parys next on grekes for to fall,
And after hym the trojan Eneas,
Kynge Sarpedan and Polydamas,
Kynge Troys and kynge Epytrophus,
And eke the kynge palled forcyus,
In plate and mayle eueryche armed clene,
And alderlast came kynge Phylomene,
Withall the kynges and lordes of renoune,
That in defence come of the towne,
With the grekes knyghtly to debate.
And Pryamus sofly to the gate,
Conueyed them at theyr out goyng,
And set their wardes this noble woorthy king,
Full prudently throughe his sapience,
And after gaue them congee and lycence,
Upon grekes for to proue their myght.
Agaynst whom full redy for to fyght,
Their fomen were with royall apparayle.
Mynd the fyelde abydyng the battayle.
But Pryamus in the meane whyle,
Lyke as Guydo remembere in his style.
For thylke fyne that ye haue herde me sayne,
To whothyr Hector repayed is agayne,
Hym contermayndyng that he ne chuld gone,
For whyche thyng of hygh despyte he bzent,
Whan that he sawe other lordes went,
Out at the gate and he alone abode.
For whiche he wered fursous and wood,
Hooly the cause aretynge to his wyfe.
That was of cheietie so tender of his lyfe.
Puttyng on her fully the occasyowne,
Of his abydyng that day in the towne.
In preyndyce of his worthynesse,
And disencere of his hygh prowesse,
And lest throughe tongues to his hygh estate,
Throughe false reporte it were derogate.
He caste anone of a full knightly herte.
For lyfe nor deathe it shulde hym not asterte,
Within the fyelde that daye to be founde,
Though it so were to many mortall wounde,
He shulde on peres heuen be a sonder.
Upon the playne dismembred here a porder.

So

So hole in manhod was his herte sette,
That he anone without longer lette,
Agayne to arme hym was full diligent,
Agayne the precept and commaundemente,
Of his father and rode on his waye,
For feare of whych anone as he would deye
His wife of newe crye gan and thoute.
And with her papes also hangyng oute,
Her lytell chyld in her armes twayne,
Tofoze her lord gan to wepe and playne,
Beserchyng him of routh and pyte,
If so he would vnto her forowe se,
At the least for her wyfely trouthe,
That he of manhode haue in herte routh,
Upon his childe and vpon her also,
Whych that she bare in her armes two,
And not might him from cryng kepe,
Whan he sawe his woofull mother wepe,
And knelyng doune vnto hym she sayde,
In her fobynge as the might abyde,
Myne owne lord haue mercy now on me,
And on this lytell chyld whych that ye se,
So pyteously afoze you wepe and crye,
Haue mercy lord on vs or that we dye,
Haue mercy eke vpon this cite,
Myne owne lord haue mercy or that we,
By cruell death passe shall erhene,
For lacke of helpe alas when ye are gone.
This was the crye of Andromeche,
With whom was eke her syster Cassandra,
Hecuba and fayre Polyxene,
And Helyne eke the lusty freshe queene,
Which all atones fell him besozne,
With heyr vntrusted and weeping all to tozne.
And loude gan to crye in the place,
Beserchyng him of mercy and of grace.
For thilke daye to abyde in the towne,
And in his hert to haue compassyowne,
On her complaynte and her woofull mone.
Sith all the truste of the towne alone,
In him abode and all the respytence,
Agaynst death he was their chiefe desce,
And in him onely was their affiaunce,
Their suerte and their suffyaunce,
In eche thyng that theim might greue.
And yet all this ne might his herte meue,
For to abyde yet of goodlyheade,
They him besought to their womanheade,
He would encline his herded herte of stele,

That they might a lytell droppe fele,
Onely of pyte on their woo to rewe,
That lykly was to moze and reneue,
Fynally to their destructiowne,
For of the cite and lykewhe the towne,
His death in soth shulde fully be ruyne,
But yet all this might not him encline,
That he ne would out in conclusyon,
As indurate and harted as a Lyon.
He was allwaye continuinge in his rage
Whose herte might afoften nor alwage,
Nothyr prayer nor lamentacion,
Him to restrayne from his opinion.
For euery peryll he layde hath asyde,
And on his waye gan anone to ryde.
Wher throughe his wife none other bofe can,
But in her rage to the kinge she ran,
So amased in her mortall wo,
That she bnneth might speake him to.
So diffaced and rewefull of her sight,
That by her hewe knoweth her no twight,
For losse she had bothe might and strengthe,
And plat she fell to the grounde at length,
Tofoze the kynge that routh was to sene.
Beserchyng him of entente full clene,
That he of grace consider wolde her wo,
For but he helpe Hector was ago.
And he serpyng her fapthfull womanhead,
At her request raughte anone his stede,
And pricked after onel yfor her sake,
In so great haste that he hath ouertake.
Worthy Hector within the cite,
And hent his repyne with great difficulte,
And maugre him made him tourue agayne.
In suche wise he durst it not with sayne,
Albe that he was full lothe therto.
So that by prayer and by force also,
From his stede he made him to alyghte.
The areste of whom eschewe he ne myght,
For he ne would agayne his father stree,
Albe that he felte his herte ryue,
Of melancolye and of herte pye.
And of disdayne newe set a fyre,
So inwardly stered was his blode.
That lyke a Tygre or a Lyon wood,
That were depriued newly of her praye.
Right so he fared all that ylike daye.
Or lyke a boze that his tuskes whette,
Whyle the Grekes and they of Troie mette,
Furpously

Furpouſly waſkyng by and downe,
And in diſſence loſtly of the towne,
Croſus ſpyke on his baye ſtede,
Of aduenture mette with Diomedes.
And ethe at other ſurquedous of pryde,
With ſharpe ſperes gan togyther ryde,
And Guydo ſapth without any dreade,
One oꝝ bothe had anone be deade,
He had Heneley knightly go betwene.
And after that in a furpous tene,
He ſmette his hoꝛſe in full knyghtly wyſe,
¶ And Hereon the mighty kinge of Fryſe,
Henelaus marked hath full well,
And wyth his ſwerde ful ſharpe groūd of ſtele,
Unhoꝛſed him and thꝛewe hym on the grene.
For he the ſtroke might not tho ſuſtene,
This Heneley was on him ſo wood.
That it was lpyke euen there he ſtoꝛe,
With his lpyſe he ſhoude not thenſe eſcape.
For the Grekes ful haſtely them ſhape,
This Heryon as ye haue herde me ſayne,
For to be ſette rounde vpon the playne,
And to ceſſe him by the auentayle,
On every parte and cruelly to aſſaile,
All deſtyrute in this woofull caſe,
¶ But him to helpe came Pollydamas,
With his knyghtes and gan to nyghe nere,
When he him ſawe taken payſonere.
And maugre all that there vpon him ſette,
From theꝝ handes Pollydamas him ſette,
At whoſe reſcues there was ſo great a ſtriſe,
That many one therfoꝛe loſte his lpyſe.
For Grekes rather then he ſhoude eſcape,
From their handes in that haſty rape,
Caſte theꝝ in playnly that he ſhoude be dead.
Fully in purpoſe to haue hadde his head.
He ſtoꝛe of miſchpyſe in ſo great diſſoynt,
But him to ſelpe euen vpon the poynt,
¶ Came Croſus in moſt knightly of arraye
And of his manhod made ſuche arraye,
Amonges them in reſcuſe of this kinge,
That maugre them at his in comyng,
Delivered was this mighty kinge of Fryſe.
From cruell death as ye haue herde de wyſe.
But ther vpon came Thelamonys,
Proude in armes and euer ſurquidous,
With theꝝ thouſande full woꝛthy euerpyhone,
And he vnhoꝛſed Pollydamas anone.
Among his knyghtes & proude bare hi doꝛne.

¶ But Croſus hath thꝛough his hie reſolue
Hꝛd of his ſoen get him his hoꝛſe agayne,
But they of Trope ſo ſoze were belayne,
On every halfe thꝛough the grekes pryde,
That they ne might afoꝛe them tho abyde,
For newe and newe the hardy Achilles,
Aſſayled them with his Hꝛzymdones.
That they compelled of neceſſyte.
In miſchpyſe were made for to flee.
Home to the walles and gates of the towne,
To great damage and confulſowne.
Of theꝝ partye that abacke ſo gone.
¶ The whych thyng when Hargaryton,
Behelde and ſawe howe the game gothe,
In his herte he gan to woren woꝛthe.
And paſſyngly for to haue diſdayne,
As the ſtoꝛe recoꝛdeth in certayne,
That he was bothe hardy and famous.
And ſonne alſo to kinge Priamus.
A noble knight and of great woꝛthinneſſe,
And when he ſawe the miſchpyſe and diſtreſſe,
Of them of Trope add how they gan fle,
He caſte anone auenged for to be,
Vpon Achilles for all his great might.
And ran to him full lpyke a manly knight,
On hoꝛſe backe for the townes ſake,
And him enfoꝛſeth Achilles for to take,
And the ſelde amonge his knyghtes all.
¶ But Achilles alas it ſhould befall,
That dape him ſlewe by cruell aduenture.
Where thꝛough Troians mighte not endure,
The ſelde to holde but homeward gan theꝝ
And moꝛtally they maken noyſe and crye,
Fiꝛſt for the death of Hargaryton.
¶ And for the purſuyte that king Thelamon,
Made on the chaſe thꝛough hys cruelltye.
Home to the gates of Trope the Cite,
That ſlewe and killed alwaye as he rode,
Albe that Harys manly him withſtoꝛe,
With his byethꝛene that in baſte were boꝛne,
But for al that their ground they haue loꝛne,
Leſte and foꝛſake biterly the ſelde.
And home they wet and brought on a ſhelde,
The dead corpes of Hargaryton.
And after that theyꝝ gates ſette anone,
The whych miſchiefe as Hector gan beholde,
Of very yꝛe his herte gan were colde,
And ſapd platty without moꝛe delape,
He would auenge his death the ſame daye.

And

And made in haſte his ſtede to be ſet,
And by he ſterte and on his baſenet,
Unwyſte the kinge oꝝ who be leſe oꝝ lothe,
There was no gayne for the anone he gothe,
Till he was paſſed the gates of the towne,
Woꝛe furpous then Tygre oꝝ Apowne.
¶ At whole comyng as thicke as ſwarme of been.
Tofoꝛe his woꝛde Grekes gan to flee,
They thought it was tyme to withdraue.
And fiꝛſt I finde how that he hath ſlawe,
Two woꝛthy Dukes as he wyth them met.
That buſy were his waye for to let,
The one yꝛalled was Eurpyalus,
¶ And the other hyght Halydyus,
And ſo Troians the ſelde agayne haue won,
And of newe manfully begon,
Grekes to ſewe and ſolowe on the traſe,
And yet at myſchiefe Dan Pollydamas,
The ſame tyme was of Grekes take,
But Hector hath ſo boꝛne him for his ſake,
Where as that he ſozet was belayne.
And thꝛough his knighthod reſcued hi agayne
And put the Grekes in ſo great diſtreſſe,
Thꝛough his manhode and his woꝛthinneſſe,
That where ſo euer thylke dape he rode,
His ſharpe ſwerde he bathed in their bloud,
He was ſo cruell and ſo mercales.
¶ But then a knight called Leothydes,
Shope him anone with Hector for to mete,
While he was moſt pꝛous in his hete,
And ſet on him full pꝛeſumptuouſly,
But Hector tho deuoyde of all mery,
Anone him ſlewe and thꝛewe him in the ſelde
The whych thyng when Achilles behelde,
The great ſlaughter and the woundes wide,
That Hector made vpon euery ſyde,
He gan anone compaſſe in his herte,
And by and doꝛne caſte and aduerſe,
How the grekes neuer maye be ſure,
Agayne their ſoen to fyght noꝛ endure,
For kepe a ſelde with them for to ſtryue,
All the whylle that Hector were alpyue.
Wherefoꝛe he caſte and ſhope many wepe,
By what engyne Hector might depe.
At auantage if he might him finde,
¶ And herto eke Pollicenes of Inde,
A woꝛthy Duke was alſo of aſſent,
Quely for he of herte and hole entente,
In hope ſtoꝛe his ſyſter for to wyue,

For loue of whom he ſelte his herte ryue.
And in her grace better for to ſtande,
He caſte fully for to take on hande,
This high empyſe as I haue you tolde,
But while that he was on him moſt bolde,
Hector him ſlew there was none other gayne
The whych anone as Achilles hath ſeyne,
For yꝛe he wored in his herte as wood,
As boꝛe oꝝ Tygre in theyꝝ cruell moode,
Vpon Hector auenged for to be.
And furpouſly he gan on him to fle.
¶ But Hector caught a quarel ſharpe yꝛgroud
And thꝛewe at him & gaue him ſuch a wound,
Thꝛoughout the thighe vpon other ſyde,
That in the ſelde he might not abyde.
But him withdꝛewe and anone is wente,
With all his men home vnto his lente,
And made anone a ſurgeyn for to binde,
His moꝛtall wounde and after as I ſynde,
Whan he was ſaunche & cealeth for to blede,
In all haſte agayne he toke his ſtede,
And leſt he were of that wounde deade,
Afterwarde as it was great dreade,
He thought fiꝛſt auenged for to be,
Vpon Hector if he might him ſe.
Of happe oꝝ ſozte yf it would fall,
For him thought to his paynes all,
It were to hym the beſte remede,
Of his hande if he might dye,
For of his lpyſe he routhe not a mite,
Be ſo that he Hector might acqꝛyte,
Deathe for deathe in concludyon,
For that was holy his entencion,
Of his deſpyꝛe fully ſuſſyſaunce,
By death vnwarely to gyue him miſchaunce.
¶ But all this tyme Hector by and doꝛne,
As he was wonte playeth the Lyon,
Amonges Grekes in many ſonbyꝛ place,
And with his ſwerde gan them ſo enchaſe.
That as the death where they might hi ſeen,
They fledde afoꝛe him like a ſwarme of been.
For none ſo hardy was him to wythſette.
And in this while a grekiſhe kinge he mette,
Were it of hap oꝝ of aduenture,
The whiche in ſothe on his cote armure,
Embꝛoude had full many ryche ſtone,
That gaue a lpyght when the ſonne ſhone,
Full byꝛght and cleare that ioye was to ſene,
For Perles white and Emerawdes grene,
S.ii. Full

Full many one were therein sette.
 And on the cercle of his basenette,
 And rounde enuryon of his auentayle,
 In beluet fret all aboute the mayle,
 Saphyres vynde and other stones red.
 Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
 Towardes him fast gan him drawe.
 And first I synde how he hath hym slawe,
 And after that by force of his manheade,
 He hente him vp afore him on his fiede,
 And fast gan wpyth him for to ryde,
 From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
 At good leyser playnly if he maye,
 To spoyle him of his ryche arraye,
 Full glad and lyght of his newe empyse.
 But out alas of false couetise,
 Whose greedy feet the which is great pytee,
 In hertes may not lightly stauished be.
 The Etike draweth by so great distresse,
 That it defaceth the high worthynesse,
 Full ofte sythe of these conquerours.
 And of theyr fame rente away the floures.
 Desyre of haupnge in a greedy thught,
 To hygh noblesse sothly longeth nought.
 Nor suche pylfyr spolyunge nor robberye,
 Appartayne not to worthy chpyalrye.
 For couetysle and knightthod as I lere,
 In one chayne maye not be knet ptere.
 For kounthe it is that ofte suche rayne,
 Hath cause be and roote of ryme,
 Of many worthy who so lyst take hede,
 Lyke as ye maye now of Hector reade.
 That todaynly was brought to his endynge,
 Onely for spolyunge of this ryche kinge,
 For of desyre to him that he hadde.
 On horse backe out whan he him ladde,
 Recklesly the stoye maketh mynde,
 He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,
 To welde him selfe at moze lyberte,
 And for to haue oportunyte,
 To spoyle him and for no wyght spare,
 So that hys brest disarmed was and bare.
 Except his plates there was no diffence,
 Agayne the stroke to maken resistance.
 Alas why was he tho so reckles,
 This flour of knightthod of māhod? pereles
 When that his foo all that pke dape,
 For him alone in awayte so laye,
 If in mischief of hate or of enuye,

In the fiede he might him ought espye,
 This Achilles cruell and benymous,
 Of herte mozte melancolius,
 Whych couertly houngh him beside,
 When that he sawe Hector disarmed ryde,
 He hente a spere sharpe grounde and kene,
 And of pye in his hatefull tene,
 All vnwarely or Hector might aduerte,
 Alas the while he smote him to the herte,
 Throughtout þ brest that dead he fel adowne,
 Unto the earthe this Troian chamyroune,
 Throught nedynge onely of his shelde,
 The death of whom when Odemon behelde,
 The worthy kinge might hym not refrayne,
 But to Achilles rode with all his payne,
 And hit him so amyd of all the prete,
 Augre the might of his mympdones,
 That for dead Gupdo sayth certayne,
 Of that wounde fel grofeling on þ playne.
 But his knightes on a shelde alofte,
 They layde him and carped him full softe,
 Unto his tente in all the haste he can,
 And there I leue this deadly wounded man,
 Full soze sythe I'll he maye releue.
 And after that when it drewe to eue,
 They of Troye with great reuerence,
 Did their labour and theyr diligence,
 The dead corpes to carye into towne,
 Of worthy Hector whē Titan went adowne
 And to the temple dolefully they wende.
 And of that dape this was the woofull ende.
 I can no moze but thus the longe night.
 In heauynesse as it is skil and ryght,
 I will them leue and agayne retourne,
 To my matter to helpe theym for to mourne.

The complaynte of Lydgate for the death
 of Hector. Ca. xxviii.

But now alas how that I forth procede,
 In the stoye that for wo and drede,
 Fele my hande bothe tremble and eke quake,
 Oh worthy Hector onely for thy sake.
 Of thy deathe I am so lothe to wyte.
 Oh who shall now helpe me to endite,
 Or into whom shall I clepe or call,
 Certys to none amonge the muses all
 That by accorde singen euer in one,
 On Vernalus besyde Helcon.

So aungelyke in theyr hermonye,
 That tunge is none that may specifice,
 The great swetenesse of theyr goodly songe,
 For no discorde is founde them amonge,
 In theyr mympse they be entuned so.
 It sytte them nought for to helpe in wo,
 Nor in maters þ be with mourninge wente,
 As tragedyes all to toze and rente,
 In camplayninge pyteously in rage.
 In the Theatre with a dead bylage,
 To them alas I clepe dare nor crye,
 My troubled penne of grace for to gye,
 Nother to Clio nor to Calliope,
 But to Mecto and to Theslyphone,
 And to Megera that euer doth complayne,
 As they that lyue aye in wo and payne.
 Eternally and in tozment dwell,
 With Cerberus depe downe in hell.
 Whom I must praye to be gracious,
 To my matter which is so furpous,
 For to a wyght that is complaynunge,
 A dery feare is ryght well spyttinge,
 And to a matter meynt with heynesse.
 Accordeth well a chare of derypnesse.
 To be allyed as by nyte.
 Wherefore helpe now thou woofull Nyobe,
 Some dery teate in all thy piteous payne,
 Into my penne dolefully to rayne.
 And helpe also thou cruelly Prione,
 And helydes that dothe the bokette gone,
 And with thy stone helpe thou Secyphus,
 And in thy ryuer helpe eke Cantalus,
 That for hunger haste so huge pyne.
 This woofull playute helpe me for to syne.
 Me to further do your busynesse,
 For now the stocke and roote of worthynesse,
 Of knightthod ground of māhod soures a well,
 That tofore all bare away the bell,
 Of derryng do this flour of high prowesse,
 And was example also of gentilnesse,
 That neuer could do amisse or sepe,
 Alas Hector alas why shuldest thou depe.
 Oh cruell Parchas why toke ye no hede,
 So cruelly to twine his fatall threde,
 Ye were to hasty alas why were ye so,
 And namely when the threde ye brake a two
 Thou Atropos which thugh thy gret enuye
 Oh Troye alas well mayst thou wepe a crye,
 And make a woofull lamentacion,

Whych haste of newe to thy confusyon,
 Loste thy diffence and thy stronge wall.
 Thy better by thy suertie royall.
 By whom thy honour chiefly was begonne
 Alas alas for now thy byght sonne,
 Eclipsed is now standst thou desolate,
 Of all comforte and disconsolate,
 Thy lyght is loste and thou in dercknesse,
 Plounged arte for in sothefastnesse,
 Of all worthy thou haste the worthiest,
 This dape ylost and the knightlyest,
 That is or was or shall I the ensure
 Be euer bozne whylle the woyle may dure.
 No wonder is though thou be wale soze,
 And dape by dape complayne for euer moze.
 That was thy shelde bothe in toye and wo,
 Whom thou were wonte for to loue so.
 So tenderly with all thy hole herte,
 That it maye not lyghtly the avertere,
 To haue him euer in thy remembraunce.
 Which was in sothe fully thy luffsaunce.
 For as Gupdo maketh mencion,
 There was no man dwelling in the towne,
 That he ne hadde of very kindenesse,
 For loue of him as he lyfte expresse,
 His childe moze lese to haue dyed in this case,
 Other his heye so well beloued he was.
 If the goddes, fate, or destinye,
 Disposid had that it might haue be,
 Women also of euery maner age,
 Be for his deathe fall in furche a rage,
 Throught the Cite aboute in euery strete,
 That with sobbinge and with salte tearz wete
 And heye to rente for their deadly wo,
 Furpously they comen to and fro.
 So mortall was their aduersyte.
 That to beholde alas it was pyte.
 Ponge maydes and lyke wyse matrones olde,
 Sobbe and sphe and their systes folde,
 And loude crye and sayde fynally,
 Alas now shall our fathers cruelly,
 In our spght be slayne day by day.
 Alas the while and no man shall say nay.
 Farewell our helpe now Hector is ygone,
 That in the surense of vs eneryphone,
 Was wonte to reste now is he dead alas.
 Of whom the body whan it caryed was,
 Into presence of Pyramus the kynge,
 Anone he loste the offyce of speakynge.

And gan him selfe in salte teares droune,
 And pteously therwith fell in swoone,
 Upon the corpes cold as any stone,
 Inly desyrous for to depe anone,
 Without faryng on him as he laye,
 But that he was by force rente awaye.
 His bethzen eke when they token hede,
 Cryste and pale for sorow well nyghe dead.
 That haue them selfe with rage al to tozne,
 That neuer was I trowe sene afozne,
 Of bethzen yet suche an other care,
 For eche of them with him selfe gan fare,
 As there they would haue dyed on the corse,
 For of theyr life platly they gaue no forse.
 But at the grounde with many sorowes soze,
 Lyke wilde bulles they gan crye and roze,
 That routh was theyr deadly wo to sene.
 In herte of stele myght it not sustene.
 What shall I saye of Iheruba the quene,
 Or of his sylster ponge Dollyrene,
 Or Cassandra the prudent and the wyse,
 Or of his wyfe the sorow to deuple.
 Whiche rent them selfe in tozment and in woo.
 As synally they wolde them selfe for do,
 By cruell deth so they wepe and wayle.
 That yf I shulde maken reherfayle,
 To wyte their sorowes & their complaynges
 Their pyteous sobbyng sorowes & wepinges
 The wo full cryes and pyteous sobowes,
 Their dery plaintes and lamentaciowes,
 And all their wo for to specyfy,
 A large volume it wolde occuppe,
 If eche thyng I shulde in order tell.
 I trowe it were to longe for to dwell.
 For any man and tedpous to here,
 For many day after as I lere.
 The women wepte afoze the corpes lyng.
 Them selfe defacyng in their complaynyng,
 That wonder was how they myght endure.
 But that they haue it sothly of nature,
 And of kynde for to wepe and playne,
 To syghe soze and into teares rayne,
 Till the tempest of their wo full rage,
 Ggaye by processe lye and lye alwage.
 And thus I lette them sygh and sorow make
 This cely women that in their clothes blake,
 Throude their faces & wimpled moze in baine,
 While to my matter I retourne againe.
 To tell playnely how kyng Pyramus,

In herte was inly desyrous.
 To caste awaye in his entencion,
 The corpes to kepe from corrupcion,
 Whiche naturally but men taken hede,
 Corrupte must ryght of very nede.
 For of kyndly corrupcion,
 There may be made none opposicion,
 Aboue the grounde if the body lye,
 That by all reason it must putryfy.
 But yf crafte be aboue nature,
 Uncurrupite it may not there endure.
 Wherfore the kyng shope hym to ordeyne,
 To preserue it hole fro thynges twayne.
 From odoure and abhomyacion.
 And therwith eke by craftye operacion,
 That in it syght be not founde horrible,
 But that it be lypely and bysible,
 To the eye as by apparaunce.
 Lyke as it were quicke in existence.
 What it coste the kyng wyll spare nought.
 But made anone afoze hym to be brought.
 The craftyest maysters of the towne,
 Suche as mozte had of discrecyowne.
 To perfortune his aynge curiously.
 And they obeie his bydding saythfully,
 With all theyr wyll and entper dylygence.
 In the temple most of reuerence,
 Of all the towne whylom dedicate,
 And of full poze also consecrate.
 To Appollo of olde foundaciowne,
 Besyde a gate standyng of the towne,
 Called Tymbrys in their Tropan tongue.
 As in stoye is both red and longe.
 And in this phane that I speake of here,
 They made fyrste by the hyghe aultere,
 By great deuple a luttell ozatorpe,
 Perpetually to be in memozy.
 Where as was sette a ryche receptacle.
 Made in maner of a tabernacle.
 Egall of syght for a large ymage,
 That repleyd was on a ryche stage,
 That was bozne at eche of his corners,
 Of pured golde vpon four pylers.
 And on eueryche full craftely rygght,
 An aungell stode of golde bozned bygght.
 Cerpously the wo ke to sustene,
 With craftye archys repleyd wonder clene,
 Enbowed ouer all the wo ke to cure,
 Somerueylous was the relature.

That

That all the rose and closure enuyrowne,
 Was of fyne golde plated vp and downe.
 With knottes graue wonder curyous,
 Fret full of stoness ryche and precious,
 Of euery kynde that man can deuple.
 So royally and in so thyfity wyse,
 That the derckenesse of the blacke nyght,
 With the beames of the clere lyght,
 Enchaced was where they dyden thene.
 And fro the grounde byryght as a lyne,
 There were degrees men by to ascende,
 Made so well that no man coude amende.
 The workmanshypp & they were euerychone,
 Performed by all of crystall stone.
 Attaynyng by from the table base,
 Where the standyng and the restyng was,
 Of this ryche crafty tabernacle,
 Hauyng aboue vpon eche penecke,
 A ryche rubye and repleyd hye on hyght.
 Stode an ymage huge and large of weyghte,
 Of massye golde hauyng the lykenesse,
 Of worthy Hector that gan his face dresse,
 Towarde grekes where he tho dyd stonde,
 Eye thetryng them with his swoorde in honde.
 And amidde all this great rycheffe,
 They haue yset by good auisenesse,
 The dead corpes of this worthy knight,
 To syght of man standyng by as ryghte,
 By subtil craft as it were lyuyng,
 Of face and cheare and of quicke lokyng,
 And of coloure southly and of hewe,
 Beyng as freshe as any rose newe,
 And lyke in all as by supposayle,
 As he liued in his apparayle.
 For on his stede lyke as it is tolde,
 Through small pipis wrought & made of golde
 That by measure were enbowed downe,
 To an entre made in his crowne,
 By great aduysle and subtilte,
 To eche partye and extremyte,
 Of this body craftely porrecte,
 Through nerfe and synewe driuen & directe.
 By secrete poyes craftely to extende,
 Wherby the lycour might downe descende,
 To kepe him hole fro corrupcion,
 Withouten any transmutacion,
 Of hyde and hewe in any parte to tourne.
 And at his head of golde was an vrne,
 And that was fylde with bawme naturall.

That ran throughe pipes artfyciall,
 Throughe necke and head into many place,
 Penetrable by baynes of the face.
 That throughe vertue and force of this licoure,
 He was conserued liuely of coloure,
 Freshe of hewe quicke and nothyng pale,
 So mightely the bawme did auale.
 Comparisoned as it were semblable,
 To a soule that were vegetable,
 The whych without sensybelte,
 Admystreth life in herbe, floure, and tre.
 And semblably into euery bayne,
 Of the corpes the vertue did attayne,
 By breste and arme spredyinge enuyron.
 For the moysture by discencion
 To hande and foote southly as I reade,
 Throughe bone & ioynt gan his vertue thede,
 And distillinge mightely is flete.
 And at his sete full of gummes swete,
 A biall stode tempred with bawme ymemynt
 That by processe may not ware ferynt,
 But daye by daye encrease and amende.
 Of which the vapoure vpworde gan ascend,
 Causyng the ayre enuyron be delpe,
 To resemble a very paradys,
 For the sauour moze holosome was and softe,
 Than the odour of gumme spice or roote,
 And of pure golde were four laumpeys light.
 Tofoze the corpes byennyinge daye and myghte,
 With oyle in sothe if it be credyble,
 That was by crafte made in extinguable,
 For it ne might mine auctour sayth certayne,
 Nothe be queint with tēpest wynde or rayne.
 For by processe waken of no yeares,
 Whiche in the ayre be byryght bourned wyres,
 Full craftely repleyd were a losse,
 Of whose sweteness men reioyced ofte,
 In theyr courage it lyked them full well,
 And whē this wo ke was complete eueridell,
 Rounde enuyrowne full ryche and freshe to se
 They made a parclose all of Eban tre
 That so longe laste maye and dure.
 The which tree onely of nature,
 When it is cutte smelleth wonder swete,
 And maye not waste nor byenne with no hese
 Though it be layde amonge the coles red,
 Whide the flawme of many fiery glode,
 It not consumeth though men assaye ful ofte
 And in water it houeth not alofte,

But kyndely theise to the grounde it goth,
To swymme on heyght in soth it is to loth,
And lyke also as teacheth Olympus,
This tree whylom was passyngly famous,
Of so hygh prynces and reputation,
That in the large myghty regyon,
And woorthy lande of Ethyope and Inde,
Of yore agon the folkes as I fynde,
Had this tree in so great honour,
That they gaue trybute to the Emperour,
As is remembred of antiquite,
Of golde and purpore and of this ryche tree.
With these gyftes famous and royall,
To quyte theyr dette to hym in speryall.
And whan Ixam in full thyrty wyse,
Performed hath as ye haue herde deuyse,
This ryche woode noble and excellent,
Of herry lone in all his beste entent,
Ordained eke as Cupido can you tell,
A certayne nombre of prestes for to dwell,

In the temple in their deuotions,
Contynually with deuoute oryson,
For the soule of Hector for to preyre,
That the goddes his spryde lyfte conuey,
Eternally with them to dwell yfere.
In toye and blysse aboue the sterres clere.
To whiche prestes þe kyng gaue manyng,
There to abyde and posselshons,
The whiche he hath to them mortypled,
Perpetually as he haue herde deuypled.
And whyles that they knele praye and wake,
I caste fully me an ende to make,
Fynally of this my thirde boke,
On my rude maner as I vnder toke.
And whyles they of Troye wepe and moyne,
Unto grekes I wyll agayne retourne,
And with dulle style on the story trace,
Onely bozne by with suppozte of your grace.

Thus endeth the thirde boke.

How the grekes depolyng

Agamenon, ordained Pallampdes the general
of their armye. Cap. xxix.



Hector thus deade as ye haue herde
Achilles in his tent playde, (said,
With his woundes mortall fresche
and grene,
Upon a morning when þe son shene,
Enchaced had away the derke nyght,
Agamenon the wyse woorthy knyght,
In his woorkes passyngly prudent,
Hath in all haste for his lordes sent,
And when they were assembled everychone,
Within his tente to them he sayde anone.
Syrz quod he and lordes that be here,
Kynge, Prynces, and Dukes eke yfere,
I fe aduerte by clere inspection,
Ye ought echone with hygh deuorpon.
Hooly of herre our goddes for to herye.
And inwardely for to be ryght merye,
I fe consyde and wysely do take hede,
How that our enemy Hector is now dead,
That whylom was better by of Troye.
Their full truste their honour and their ioie.
Their hoolle defence and their protection,
And vnto vs death and confusyon.
Unphely euer to haue had victoize,
Whyles with lyfe he floured in his gloize.
Againe whose swoorde we mighten not auaille
for slewe he not at our aryuaile:
I fe remembre on the fyrste day,
The noble kyng called Protheselap:
And after nexte if I shall not sayne,
He Patroclus parted euen on twayne,
In felde amonges vs everychone,
Slewe he not eke the woorthy kyng Menon,
Archlogus and also Prothenoz,
And eke the kyng that hyghte Alphynoz,
Phyllis also and kyng Epytrophus:
And to the ende he brought zantypus,
And Merion the myghty stronge kyng,
In his waye as he came rydynge,
He slayne hath and other kynges two,
Cedrus and Rozpus also,
Polyrenes and stronge Polybete,
Atabones and the kyng Phylete,

The manly knyght the kyng Agamemnon,
And eke the kyng called Humerus:
For in his Ire and his cruell tene,
Of woorthy kynges he slayne hath eyghtene,
Whiche hyther came out of grekes lande,
By the power of his myghty hande.
Howe laude and honour to the goddes all
Whiche caused haue that it is be fall.
That he is dead to our encrease of toye.
And to discrese of our foen in Troye.
As they shall fynde in experyence.
And laude also prese and reuerence,
Be to fortune that vs hath holpe wole.
With her tournyng of her double whele.
To hygh comforte and consolacyowne,
Of vs echone sytynge enuyroune.
That stonde nowe in paryt sperkenesse,
Throughe deth of him þe dyd vs so oppresse.
And what may they waite now in the towne
But after deth and destructiowne,
And hastely for to ende in two,
Now that their truste Hector is a go.
Without whom they may not longe endure,
Wherfore we may fully vs assure,
Our purpose hole that we shall achene.
And fynally daunte them so and grene,
That vnto them it shalbe importable,
Of one assent if we stande stable.
For their partye tourneth on the wyake,
And their hope is fully put a bake.
And disperred in nonsecurtye,
For utterly both they and their Citre,
Shall more & more in weer of death depende,
And we in soth shall day by day amende,
With helpe of god both on sea and lande.
For now victoize is redy to our hande.
Deuoyde platly of ambyguyte,
And excluded at eye as ye may fe,
Both of wantrust and of foeyne dread,
But I counsaile oz that we procede,
Any ferther vpon our foen to ryde,
Prudently a whyle to abyde,
And kepe vs close for to passe our boundes,

C Tyl Achilles be heled of his woundes.
 And then echone by myghtye vyolence,
 Shal the oppresse when they haue no diffence
 As I haue sayde through helpe of Achilles.
 And let vs nowe sende for a peace,
 For two monthes to kyng Pryamus,
 If it to be he lyfte to graunt it vs.
 As it is lyke playnely that he shall.
 And they there whyple with flatwme funerall,
 Consume may the deadebodys pale,
 That lye abrode on euery hyll and bale.
 Whiche by reposit of them that haue reseyre,
 From day to day infecten to the eyre,
 Throughtout the fiede engendryng pestilence
 Of synke there is so great a vyolence.
 And we there whyple may in ease and reste,
 Our woundes cure me semeth for the beste.
 And they assent therto euerychone,
 And vnto Trophe the messageres are gone,
 And haue the trewe graunted of the kyng.
 And be reseyred without more tarynge.
 And thereof made full relacyon,
 To the grekes afoze Agamenon.
 And after that when all was at an ende,
 Home to his tent euery lord doth wende.
 And, whyple the trewe endureth and the peace
 Amonge grekes kyng Pallampdes,
 Cumplapneth soze of Agamenon.
 That he so had the domynacyon,
 Aboue them all haung there at enuie.
 And on a day in his melancolpe,
 Of hygge despyte and indignacyon,
 Full inly fret wth prous passyon,
 He gan breke out and his rancour shewe.
 By certayne spgnes though he spake but fewe
 Tyl on a day the wyse Agamenon,
 Concepued hath of highe discrecyon,
 Hooly this thyng & thought he ne wold spare,
 Fro poynt to poynt hym selfe to declare,
 When his lordes together were present,
 Tofoze them all in his owne tent.
 As he that was this noble worthy kyng,
 Full circumspect in euery maner thyng.
 Sought to rakell noz melancolpus,
 But by attemptaunce inly vertuous.
 Well auyled and wonderly prudent.
 When that he knewe the meaning and entent
 And the conceyte of this Pallampdes,
 He not to hastye noz to rekles,

But longe abydyng through prudence & reso-
 Within the boundes of his discrecyon.
 Whole tongue was only of sayence,
 So restreyned that no necligence,
 Of hasty speche sothly for to rape,
 Myght make a woerde his lyppes to escape,
 Unadvised for nothyng him aserte,
 But it were fyrst examyned in his herte.
 For aye his speche in so thyrsty wyle,
 Conueyed was by doctryne of the wyle,
 Under the reyne of wyrt and hygge prudence,
 And after that by fourme of eloquence,
 Alway to sayde that reason went afoze,
 So that no woerde was in his tale loze.
 And in this wyle shewynge his sentence,
 Tofoze all in open audyence,
 Sayde euen thus tohan that all was peace,
 Vnto the kyng called Pallampdes.
 Sothly quod he if so ye take hede,
 He semeth playnly that it were no nede,
 Myselfe if he lyfte aduerte,
 To musen so noz grutchen in your herte,
 Of all this hoste that I haue gouernaunce,
 Myselfe consydered euery circumstance,
 How I the estate whiche no man may denyre,
 Wolde in no maner neuer occuppe,
 By other tytle then free election.
 Not interrupt by medycyon,
 Of byorage other roted vpon mede.
 Ye vnder meynt with fauour or falshe de,
 Depeinte with coloure of trewe entencion,
 As might suppozt suche false ambition.
 Of whiche thyng here I wyl me quite,
 Tofoze you all that I am not to wyle,
 In any wyle of so hygge offence.
 But stande clere in my conspence,
 Without spot of any suche bayne glozpe,
 Touchyng the estate whiche is transpoyte.
 Yet neuerthelesse I haue do my cure,
 With all my wyrt to helpe and procure,
 That euery thyng touchyng the comentie,
 Perseuer myght in prosperite.
 Haung the eye of my inward syghte,
 Vnto the estate of euery maner wyght,
 That were comytted to my gouernaunce,
 With great labour and busy attendaunce.
 Indifferent vnto hye or lowe,
 To helpe & foster where as I might knowe,
 That any stode in mychpese or in neade.

Dare

Dare and nyght for to taken hede,
 As I beste coude by aduysednesse,
 Aye dylygent that none felle in distresse.
 For sothfastly who so loke attyght,
 My dayes thought and my watche a nyght,
 And of my herte the inly aduertence,
 Without fraude slouth or necligence,
 Was saythfully with all my full myght,
 Aye to acquyte to euerymaner wyghte,
 Lyke his estate without exception.
 So that no man iustly of reason,
 Greke noz other that is nowe a lyue,
 Vnto my gyfte may duely do ascrue,
 Any falshe hede engyne or trecherpe,
 Of loue or hate fauour or flaterpe.
 In any cause named in speccall,
 But that I haue be a lyke egall,
 To one and all with all my busye payne.
 That no man hath mater to complayne,
 For his partie of hye or lowe estate,
 And to deuoyde of rancour and debate,
 Amonges you I haue do my deuier,
 In generall and thyng partyculer,
 That hyther toward nothing hath mischeued,
 And god wote well it shuld not haue agreued,
 Comp herte to set at any pryse,
 You to haue chose by your discrete aduysse,
 Some other to this domynacion.
 And I to haue be in subiection,
 With ease of herte and tranquillite.
 Lyke other lordes here of my degree.
 And in my wyl fully haue obeyed,
 Lyke one of you bitterly to haue deyed,
 In the quarell that we haue vndertake.
 If destiny had it so yshape.
 I saye in soth me is full loth to sayne,
 And ouermore also where ye playne,
 That I was chosen without your assent,
 Wheruaile not syth ye ne were present,
 For longe after yf ye remembre a ryght,
 Towarde Trophe your waye was not dyght.
 If ye consyder it was after nere,
 Or that ye came passed full two yere.
 And so longe to abyde your commyng,
 It had byn muche to grekes hyndryng,
 Passyng harme and full great damage,
 And huge lettynge vnto our voyage.
 For yf we had without any wene,
 On your commyng taryed at Athene,

It lykely is ye can not well saye naye,
 To haue be there yet vnto this daye.
 And where as ye thought it be not credyble,
 And eke affirmed for an impossyble,
 That Grekes shulde in any maner wyse,
 Dare take on them any great Empryse,
 In your absence manly to achue.
 It is but wynde nothyng for to leue,
 For so it be to you none offence,
 The grekes haue without your presence,
 Throught their force on water and on lande,
 Full many thyng parfozmed w their hande,
 And achueed throught their worthynesse.
 And of one thyng that in me ye gesse,
 This to saye that of my degree,
 I shulde in herte to reioyle me,
 Of this lordshipp and this great estate,
 The more to be pompose and elate.
 In chere or pozte that I occuppe,
 But me to acquyte trewely and not lye,
 And to deuoyde all suspection,
 I wyl make a respygnacion,
 Tofoze you all for to excuse me.
 Howe be auised discretly for to se,
 Whom ye lyst haue agayne to mozowe pryue,
 Without setting of any longer tyme.
 Wholowng forth or any more delaye,
 And thus they made an ende of that daye.
 And went their waye onely for that night.
 Tyl on the mozowe y Cytan shad his lyght.
 At whiche tyme a counsaile generall,
 The grekes helde but most in speccall,
 Of lordes was there congregation,
 As I haue tolde for the election.
 And when they were all mette yfere.
 Agamenon anone as ye shall heare,
 Sayde euen thus with sadde countenaunce,
 Lo syres quod he touchyng the gouernaunce,
 That I haue hadde and dominacion,
 I haue therto with hole affection,
 And clene entente do my busynesse,
 That euery thyng might in wilfulnesse,
 To your encrease perseuer and contune.
 Recorde I take of god and fortune.
 Whych haue conserued and the cause be,
 You for to floure in felycite,
 So that your honour and your high noblesse
 Stande hole and founde yet in fybernesse.
 And whyple your fame is most in flourynge.

34

As semeſth me it is ryght well ſpytting,
 Myne eſtate fully to reſpygne.
 Specially while fortune is beninge.
C For of ſo many that be nowe preſent,
 I knowe my ſelfe onely inſufficient,
 Without helpe for to bere the charge.
 When with to muche may ouerlade a barge.
 And namely when tempeſt is and rage,
 And ſyth ye be ſo diſcrete and ſage,
 Of my burthen let me be releued.
 So that no man therewith be agreed.
 But let vs all of one entencion,
 Without ſtryfe or diſcencion,
 Choſe ſuche one that moſt be acceptable,
 To pouerchone and moſte couenable,
 Pou to gouerne by diſcretion,
 And they echone with hole affection,
 Aſſented be to ſpeke in generall.
 Here men may ſe how it is naturall,
 When to delyte in thynges that is newe.
 The truſte of people is ſapnt and vntrewe.
 Ape vndiſcrete and full of doubleneſſe.
 And varyable of their ſykeneſſe.
 Ape awaytynge in their oppynon,
 After chaunge and tranſmutacyon,
 Selde or neuer ſtandynge hole in one.
 To day they loue to morowe it is gone.
 In whom full ſelde is any ſykeneſſe.
 For onely now of newofangelneſſe,
 That hath embraced their affection,
 They haue in ſtede of Agamenon,
 Of newe choſe onely of fauour,
C Ballampdes to be their gouernour.
 And of all Grece lyke as they deſyre,
 To haue the Sceptre of the hole Emppye.
 And to be called aboute in euery coſte,
 The onely Emperour of the Grekes hoſte.
 Ryght as tofore was Agamenon,
 And this was ſyne and conſuſion,
 For that day of their Parlement.
 And after that euery man is went,
 To his lodgyng home the ryght way.
C But in his tentye wounded as he laye,
 The hardy knyght the ſpyrle Achylles,
 When that he herde of Ballampdes,
 From poynt to poynt and of the election,
 He was diſpleaſed in his oppynon.
 And playnly thought as to his aduſe,
 Agamenon was paſſyngly more wyſe,

And more diſcrete vnto gouernaunce,
 Than was the tother as to his pleaſaunce.
 And ſayde it was none election,
 But a maner ſubzogacyon.
 Bycauſe hym ſelfe in the parlement,
 At the cheſpyng was not there preſent.
 Acrettyng it paſſyng great offence,
 That the choiſe was made in his abſence.
 Whertooth he was of herte inly wrothe.
 But where ſo be that he be leſe or loth.
 There is no more but in conſuſion,
 In his ſtrength ſode the election.

C Howe kyng Pryam in perſonne iſſued into
 batayle, for thaduſe of Hector's death, when
 he dyd ryght balyauntly. Cap. xxx.

The trewoſe paſſed and yered out,
 The wounded eke recured all aboute.
 The nexte morowe after Pryamus,
 In his herte was inly deſpyr, us,
 With the grekes manly for to fyght.
 Hector's death tauenge if he myght.
 This olde Pryam knightly in the ſpylde,
 That whan Trojans in them ſelfe behelde,
 The great will and the hygh courage,
 Of hym that was ſo ferre proune in age.
 They gan reioyſe and plucke by theyr herte,
 And ſpercially whan they gan aduerſe,
 His great manhode and his worthynneſſe.
 His liuelyd and his hyghe prouelle.
 And for his ſake euery maner man,
 Gan arme him in all the haſte they can,
 With Pryamus that day to lyue or deye,
 In hundred thouſand and ſyfty of the towne.
 Lyke as waves maketh mencynowne.
 And worthy knyghtes they were euerychoun
 Without other that with Pryam gone.
C And all afore went Deiphobus,
 And Parys nexte and then Pryamus,
 When the kyng and worthy Eneas.
 And alderlaſt came Polydamas.
 And as I ſynde ſterne and full of pyrde.
 Ballampdes came on the tother ſpyde,
 Into the ſpylde with many ſtronge battayle,
 And ſpylde when eche other gan aſſayle,
 Kyng Pryamus knyghtly his way cheſe,
 Through the wardes to Ballampdes
 And hym vnhorſely through his hys renoune,
 And

And lyke a knyght he kylleth a bereth doſone
 The proude grekes where ſo that they rode.
 Was none ſo hardy that his ſwoorde abode.
 For ſo narow he gan them to coharte,
 That their wardes he made a ſonder parte.
 On them he was to ſelle and fuyrouſ,
 For he that daye dyd dedes full meruaylous.
 In armes wzou ght, that wonder was to ſene
 And a maruayle how he may ſuſtene,
 Of ſo great age in the ſpylde tendure,
 For in credible was I you enſure,
 To ſe howe he through his great myght,
 The grekes put proude to the flyght.
C And Deiphobus was alſo not behynde,
 Agayne his toen knightly as I ſynde.
 To acqypte him ſelfe a make the to go backe,
 And Sarpedowne in whom eke is no lacke.
 Yfallen is on Neptolomus,
 The proudeſt greke and moſte ſurquedous,
 And moſt famous as of ſtrength and myght,
 The whiche agaynwarde rode ful lyne ryght
 To Sarpedowne with a ſpere rounde,
 And delyuerly ſmote hym to the grounde,
 But Sarpedowne full prous in his herte,
 Without abode on his ſete by ſterte,
C And Neptolome in his pre all hote,
 Throughout the thighe in his ſwozd he ſmote.
C And than anone the kyng of Perce lande,
 That was ſo worthy a famous of his hande
 Of Sarpedowne whan that he toke hede,
 Knyghtly to hym reſtored hath his ſtede.
C Not withſtandynge that Menelaus,
 Was vpon hym paſſyng deſpyteous.
 And with hym eke the Duke of Athenes,
 Encloſed haue amonge the great preſe,
 The kyng of Perce alas it ſhulde befall.
 And ſlewe hym as he amonge them all.
C Full knyghtly fought lyke a champpowone.
 With multitude encloſed enuyowone,
 And he him ſelfe but alone alas,
 All deſtitute in this mortall caſe.
 Though whoſe miſchefe they of Troy towne
 Gan to withdraue tyll that Sarpedowne,
 Hath holpen them to recure there lande.
 Full many Greke kylling with his hande.
C And kyng Pryam ſo manly founde at all,
 With his ſonnes called naturall,
 Whiche vpon hym where ſo that he rode,
 The longe daye manfully abode,

Departynge not playnely from his ſpyde.
 And as the kyng and they togyther ryde,
 Full mortally the grekes they conſoude.
 For Pryamus with many cuttill wounde,
 Hath ſlayne of them many worthy man.
 On horſebacke amonge them as he ran.
 For there was none that daye yonge nor olde,
 Of Troye towne ſo hardy nor ſo bolde,
 Of none eſtate that hath ſo well hym bozne,
 Amonge Grekes or ſo well hath hym woyme,
 From poynt to poynt to reken euery thyng,
 As hath Pryam the noble worthy kyng,
 For he alone was conſuſion,
 To the grekes and deſtruction.
 Their outter miſchiefe and diſcomfytur,
 Afore whoſe face they myght not endure.
 For thynges two in his mortall pre,
 Inwardely haue ſette hym to a ſpyr,
 The hartly hate that he bare of olde,
 Unto grekes double many folde,
 With the death had in remembraunce,
 Of worthy Hector by contynuaunce.
 The whiche playly through his worthynneſſe,
 With his ſwoorde he hope hym to redreſſe.
 For fret of hate and conſtreynt of his peyne,
 Were verily thylke thynges twayne,
 By whiche that daye who ſo loke a ryght,
 His force was doubled and his myght,
 Where through he toke ſo cruelly vengeaunce,
 That he the grekes brought to outfraunce.
 And through his knyghthod put the to ſ flight
C But grekes then attones dyd their myght,
 By aſſent to aſſemble into one,
 And for a ſpyght a ſpyde out they gone,
 Into a playne large and ſayre to ſe,
 Betwene Pryam and Troye the rpyte,
 To ſpye onely in their entencion,
 Hym to debatte the entre of the towne.
 For euery waye the grekes haue with ſet,
 That they of Troye had tho be let,
 At their repayre the ſtoze telleth thus,
 He had the manhode be of Pryamus.
 The whiche anone as any loun ſtronge,
 With his ſwoorde gan ryde them amonge,
 And ſeuered them with large woundes wyde
 And ſlewe all tho that wolde his ſwozd abide
 Euery where endelonge on the playne.
C And Paris eke hath them to belayne,
 With myghty ſhote of his ſtronge archers,
 C. i. And

And with the pursuite of these Arbalasters,
That they ne might of the shote so kene,
The mortall harme abide noz sustene.
But gan anone to fle out of the place,
And kinge Priam so narowly gan the chase,
That of great nede and necessite,
Through the slaughter and the cruelte,
Of his worde sharpe whet and grounde,
There was no Greke in the felde pfounde,
But fledde awaye eueriche to his tente,
And they of Troie be to their Cite wente,
Bycause it dreyne faste towarde night.
For Phebus hadde bereued them his light,
And to the honour of his high victorie,
The worship eke the laude and memoire,
Perpetually and the palme also,
Priam the kinge hath wonne and no mo.
For that daye in release of his sorowe,
And as I reade on the next morowe,
He hath piente out of Troie towne,
For a trewe to Agamenowne.
Which graunted was the selfe daye at prime,
Albe therof reherled be no tyme.
Howe longe it laste in the booke expresse,
During the which they did the businesse,
Hertye labour and inwarde diligence,
For to ordayne with great reuerence,
How that the corpes of the worthy kinge,
Of Perce lande without moze tarpinge,
With kingly honour out of Troie towne,
Shall caried be into this regiowne.
To be buryed with his predecessours,
With other kinges of his progenitours.
The whych thinge was complete by p aduise
Of Alisaunder that called was Paris.
And firste the corpes embatomed richely,
Conueyd was and that full solempnely,
As wrote Guido with an huge route,
Of his knightes ridinge him aboute,
Triste and heauy cladde in blacke echone,
And with the chare the right way they gone,
Towardes Perce ledinge of this kinge,
The dead corpes towarde his buryinge.
Which halowed was like his estate royall.
And in this while the feast funerall,
Was holde also with great deuotione,
Of worthy Hector within Troie towne.
Like the custome used in tho dayes,
And the rites of their paynym layes.

The which feast as made is mencion,
Fro yere to yere by reuolucion,
Phalowed was the space of fourtnight,
With many slawme and many hydous light,
That bent enuiron in the sentuarpe,
And called was the Aniuersarpe,
For that it came aboute yere by yere,
A certayne daye in the kalendere.
In whych of custome for a remembraunce,
The people shoulde by continuaunce,
Playne and wepe and also praye and reade,
For they frendes that afore were deade,
Ful piteously with they heye to tozne,
Mourninge in black and kneeling aye asorne.
The dead corpes of this worthy knight,
Which in his time so passinge was of mighte,
And this was done while the trewe dure,
So that the Grekes trustely might assure,
When that thein list at good libertie,
Without daunger enter this cite,
Daye by daye and Troians might also,
Unto Grekes frely come and go.

At whiche time with full great delite,
Hath Achilles caught an appetite,
To entre and se the maner of the towne.
Without wisdom or discreciowne,
For to beholde playnly and to se,
Hoolle the maner of this solempnite.
And forthe he wente on a certayne daye,
Towardes Troie in all the haste he maye.
Unarmed sofly as mine Auctour sayeth,
Without assuraunce or any other sayth,
Except the trewe who so be lyfse or lothe,
And first of all to the temple he gothe,
Of Apollo halowed where was the feast.
Throughout the towne downe vnto the lest.
That cleped was the Aniuersarpe,
As ye haue herde what shuld I longer tarpe.
And many worthy present was therat,
Amid the temple of high and lowe estate,
Lodes and ladyes of affectiowne,
From euery parte gathered of the towne.
How was the corpes of this worthy knyght
As freshe of colour kept vnto the sight,
As lyfely eke and as quicke of hewe,
To beholde as any rose newe.
Through vertue onely of the gummes sweete,
And the batome that gan aboute flete.

To

To curry ioynt and eche extremyte,
And at this feast and solempnyte,
Was Hecuba and yonge Pollicene,
So womanly and goodly on to sene,
With many other of high estate and lowe,
Tofore the corpes lyttinge on a rowe,
With heye vntrusted cladde in wedes blake,
That euer in one surche a sorowe make,
Howe they playne and the death bimeane,
Of worthy Hector of knighthod grounde well.
But trouwe ye as Gydolyst to tell,
That Pollicene in all her wofull rage,
Pshaunged hath vpon her visage,
Her natife colour as freshe to the sighte,
As is the rose or the lelpe white.
Other the freschenes of her lippes red,
For al the teares that she gan to shede.
On her chekes as any cristall cleare.
Her heye also resembling to golde myere,
Whych laye abrode like vnto the sighte,
Of Phebus beames in her sphere bright.
When he to vs doth his light auale.
And aye she rente with her fingers smale,
Her golden herze on her blacke wede.
Of whyche thing Achilles toke good hede,
And gan meruaille greatly in his thoughte,
How god or kinde euer might haue wrought,
In they workes so fayne a creature.
For him thought he might not endure,
To beholde the brightnesse of her face.
For he felte through his herte pace,
The persinge streames of her eyen two,
Cupides darte hath him marked so,
For loue of her that in his desyre,
He brente as hote as dothe any fyre,
And after soonewyth sodaync ire he quoke,
And alwaye fixe on her he had his loke,
So that the arrowe of the god Cupide,
Hath perced him euen through the side,
To the herte and gaue him surche a wounde,
That neuer was likly to be founde,
And aye in one his loke on her he caste,
As he durste and gan to pise faste,
Towardes her namely with his eye.
That him thought he must nedes deye,
But if that he founde in her some grace,
There was no gayne for playnly in y place,
Of newe he was caughte in loues snare.

That of healte and of all welfare,
He was despered in his herte so,
That he ne knewe what was beste to do.
Eche other thinge I do you well assure,
He set at nought and toke of it no cure,
His thought was on her and no mo.
The longe daye thus wente he to and fro,
Till Phebus cheyre lowe gan decline.
His golden aretre that so clere did shine,
This to save the sonne wente downe,
When Hecuba quene of Troie towne,
And her doughter Pollicene also,
Out of the temple to the palyes go.
And aye Achilles on her had a sighte,
While that he might till for lacke of lighte,
He maye no moze haue leysure oportune,
To loke on her cursed be fortune,
For which in haste he maketh hath his twente,
With his knightes home vnto his Tente.
Where he anone without moze tarpinge,
To bedde goeth full tryste in complayninge,
Aye in him selfe castinge by and downe,
In his minde and eke in his reasonne,
From head to foote her beaute euerydell,
And in his herte he felte and knewe ful well,
That small cause of his languishynge,
Was Pollicene of beaute most passinge.
For loue of whom so muche pay ne he felte,
That with the heat he thought his hert melt.
Aye on his bedde waldwinge to and fro,
For the constreynt of his hidde wo,
For which almost him thought that he depde,
And to him selfe euen thus he leyde,
Alas quod he howe me is wo begone,
That of my sorowe knowe ende none.
For I suppose sith the worlde began,
He was there neuer a moze wofull man.
For I that whylom was of so great myght,
So renowned of euery maner wyght,
Throughout the worlde both of high & lowe,
For there was none in sothe that could knowe
A man in armes that was moze famous,
For yet yholde moze victorious,
Tofore this time remembred by no stile,
Unto this daye alas the harde while,
Another Hector playnly noz none other.
Of Pollicene that was the worthy brother,
That power had when they with me mette,
For all they might me to ouersette,

For in the felde my force for to daunte,
 Here pryncely as I me dare auaunte,
 But now alas a mayde of tender age,
 Hath sodaynly me brought in suche a rage,
 That with the streames of her euen twayne,
 She perced hath and clouen euery bayne,
 Of my herte that I maye not aserte,
 For to be dead thugh constreynt of my smert
 If o who shall nowe wishe me o teache,
 O who alas shall nowe be my leche,
 O who alas shall helpe me o saue,
 There is but death and after that my graue,
 For other hope playnly is there none.
 Saue in her mercy alas and that is gone,
 For nother prayer treason nor rchesse,
 Forze nor might nother high prowesse,
 Highnes of bloud byrthe nor kinrede,
 Haue anaple nor helpen in this nede,
 To yeneu her nor my sadde trouthe,
 Upon my too euer to haue routh.
 What newe furpe o infortune rage,
 Hath brought my hertinto suche outrage,
 Agaynst whych I can not nowe debate,
 To loue her beste that deadly doth me hate
 And in good fayth who wysely lyst aduert
 Lyell wonder though she me hate of herte,
 Syth I am come hither fro so ferre,
 On her kintrede for to make werre,
 In the whyche to my confusyowne,
 Her knightly brother most worthy of renown
 Haue fatally with mine handes slawe.
 Whych in this worlde had no felowe,
 Of worthynesse nor of manlyheade.
 Alas alas nowe maye I quake and dreade,
 And of my lyfe fallen in dispeyre.
 For howe shoulde I be bolde to haue reseyre
 O dare alas come in theyr syghte,
 I wooful wretche I vnhappy wighte,
 O howe shall I be hardy to appeare,
 In the presence of her euen cleare,
 Certys I se none other mene weye,
 But fynally that I must nedes deye.
 So dispeyred I stande on euery lyde.
 Of other helpe I con me not proude,
 And ryght anone with scalding fyghes deye,
 This Achilles braue out for to wepe,
 With deadly cheare pale and funerall,
 And with his face tourned to the wall,
 That routh was and pyte for to sene,

The hertpe furpe of his paynes kene.
 For so oppressed he was in his thoughte,
 Of lyfe nor death that he rought nought.
 And this continued till it drewe to nyght,
 That Titan hath withdraue his clear light,
 And euer in one like this woofull man,
 Flyche like of coloure pale and wan,
 Without slepe so frettinge was his sorowe.
 Till Lucifer on the next morow,
 Tofoze the sonne with his beemes cleare,
 Full lustely gan for to appeare.
 In the ozyent tohan this Achilles,
 Unpatient without reste o peace,
 Quakinge aye in his feuer newe,
 As it was sene playnly in his hewe.
 Till he abraue of anguiche sodaynly,
 And called one that was with him pryue.
 And of counsaile whom he trusteth well,
 And unto him he telleth euerydell,
 Fro poynt to poynt with him howe it stode,
 And sent him forth byraule he could his good
 On his message streyght to Trope towne,
 With full aduise and informaciowne,
 Of this matter to Hecuba the quene.
 Through his wisdom for to be a mene,
 If so he might by his discrecion,
 Finde any waye as of saluacion,
 Unto his lord that he loued so.
 And to the quene anone he is go,
 And his matter wisely gan conueye,
 Tofoze o he of grace would her preye,
 That the eniemy to gyue him audience,
 For in his tale there was none offence.
 He was no foole nor newe for to lere,
 Wherfore the quene goodly gan him here,
 Of all that euer him liketh for to sayne,
 There was no word plott nor spoke in baine.
 For his tale no man could amende,
 And craftely he gan to disende,
 To the substance and tolde clerely oute,
 With premises full well brought aboute,
 That fynally in conclusyon,
 The chiefe he sayde of his entencion,
 Effectually if it would be,
 Was for to make peace and vnpyte,
 Attwene Grekes and the folke of Trope.
 To whych thinge he knewe no better weye,
 Than of the werre for their alder ease,
 By his witte prudently to appeale,

The

The mortall stryfe and the bytter rage,
 By allyaunce onely of maryage,
 If that her lyst this wise woorthy quene,
 That her daughter saye Pollicene,
 Maie wedded be vnto Achilles.
 Where through they might be a synall peas,
 If Hecuba by her discrecion,
 Through her wytte and medycacion,
 And her prudence might about bynge,
 That Pryamus were fully assenting,
 That Achilles might his daughter wyue.
 So that it might parfourned be as byue,
 Lyke as tofoze made is mencin,
 By couenaunt onely and condicion,
 That the Grekes shall theyr werre lese,
 And suffer him to lyuen in quyte.
 If the maryage of these pke twayne,
 Parfourned be and knyt by in a chayne.
 And when the quene hath knowen his entet,
 Full soberly by good aduysment,
 Tofoze o that any worde aserte,
 Full pyteously the sighed in her herte,
 And at the laste with a sobre cheare,
 Euen thus she sayd to the messagere,
 My frende quod the touchyng thy requeste,
 I can no more make the beseste,
 But at the leste I will condescende,
 What lyeth in me to bynge to an ende,
 Thy lordes wyll with all my herte entiere.
 But hereupon I must fyrst requere,
 The kinges wyll if he lyst to assente.
 To the purpose for whych thou arte sente.
 And ouer more I must wytte also,
 If that Parys be wyllinge eke thereto.
 Of whych thyng with euery circumstaunce,
 I wyll my selfe maken enquerance,
 Full faythfully of Pryamus and Parys,
 The meane whyle what is theyr aduise,
 Without more within dayes thre.
 At whiche time come againe to me,
 From Achilles if so he will the sende,
 And fynally thou shalt knowe an ende,
 Of this matter and an answer playne.
 And home he goeth to Achilles agayne,
 With full glad cheare his lord the more to
 And for to set his hert at better ease, (pleas,
 Auydely of high discrecion,
 He hath so made his relacion,
 And tolde his tale in so thystly wyse,

As he that could his wordes so deuyse,
 To bynge in hope into his lordes herte,
 With full relese of his paynes smerte,
 Wherby he made his sorowe to withdraue,
 And thus whyle hope gan to adawe,
 Amid his byrthe. and Hecuba the quene,
 To Pryamus spake of this Pollicene,
 Touchinge the sonde of this Achilles,
 And of his profre for to make a peace,
 She tolde him all and forgate nothyng,
 Wherof astoned Pryamus the kynge,
 Spake not a worde halfe an houres space;
 But in him selfe gan inly to compace.
 Full prudently what it might meane,
 That Achilles would haue Pollicene.
 Unto his wife aye wonderinge more & more
 And at the laste syghinge wonder for,
 He hath disclosed the concept of his herte,
 And sayd alas howe for if doth me smerte,
 To remembre that I may haue no peace,
 The great offence of this Achilles,
 Towardes me playnly when that he,
 Slewe worthy Hector through his crueltye,
 That hooly was vpon euery side,
 The hoole assurance gouernour and guyd
 Of me and mine platly for to sayne.
 And therewithall of myne euen twayne,
 He was alone the very soflyfast lyght.
 Shelde a protectour thugh his great might,
 And his manhode agayne the mortall rage,
 Of Grekes werre in my croked age,
 But nowe alas to my confusyowne,
 He slayne is so worthy of renowne,
 By Achilles which maye not out of minde.
 That in my herte I can neuer synde,
 To be allyed with my mortall soo,
 Roote and grounde of all my sorowe & woo.
 It were full harde my herte to appeale,
 To loue him that causeth mine bnease.
 On euery halfe where throught my cruel foem
 The proude Grekes harted be echone.
 Agaynst me nowe so tyme is contrayre.
 Tourned of newe my quarell to apayre.
 That causeth Grekes wood and furpous,
 On me alas to be presumptuous.
 Onely for Hector is me beraste awaye,
 But sythen I no other choyse maye,
 Agaynst herte though it for anger ryue,
 In this matter assaye I shall to stryue,

C.iii.

Though

Though me be lothe and syteth me full soze,
 Yet to eschewe harmes that be more,
 Which lykly be hereafter for to fall,
 And for to saue myne other sonnes all,
 I will consente that this Achilles,
 So that he make a trewe synall peace,
 Attwene Grekes and also this Cite,
 Witouth more playnly howe that he,
 Haue unto wyfe my daughter Polytrene.
 But lest that he any treason meane,
 Whych will is firste how so that it wende,
 Of his behest that he make an ende,
 Wythout fraude this is mine aduise.
 To whych counsaile assenteth eke Parys,
 And more rather in conclusyon,
 For there was made none exceptoon,
 In this Trefe of the quene Heleynne,
 That Menelays neuer shoulde atteyne,
 Her to recure agayne unto hys wyfe.
 For whyche Parys without noyse or stryfe,
 Or greutchynge other buto this entente,
 Withun him selfe was fully of assente,
 Therby hoppyng without feare or drede,
 Perpetually Heleynne to possede.
 Right at his luste and no man shall saye nay,
 And after this vpon the thirde daye,
 Achilles hath to wyte of this mattere,
 To Hecuba sente his messengere.
 And the him tolde the auiswre of the kynge,
 Ceryously gynnynge and endynge.
 And how that he assenteth well therto,
 And Parys eke and the her selfe also,
 If it so were playnly the him tolde,
 Touchinge the peare that the purpose holde.
 And syteth that he his heste bypunge aboute,
 That they be sure therof nede not doubte,
 That he shall haue his purpose euerydele,
 If that he worke prudently and wel.
 And herebpon with informaciowne,
 This messenger out of Trope towne,
 Withouth abode in all the haste he maye,
 To Achilles helde the ryghte waye.
 And tolde him hole the effect of this mattere,
 And he alwaye feruente and entiere,
 In herte brient as hole as any glede,
 And sawe there was none other way to spede
 But onely peace as ye haue herde me telle.
 And aye his brest with sighes gan to wel,
 For the only loue of this Polytrene,

And caste allwaye amonge his throes kene,
 To his purpose a waye for to fynde,
 And whyles he was busy in his mynde,
 How he shoulde his purpose bypunge aboute,
 And in him selfe casteth many doubte,
 Anone dyspayre in a rage vp sterte,
 And cruelty caught hym by the herte,
 Whych hath him thowme into suche a were,
 That him thoughte it was in his power,
 All his behest to fulfyll in dede.
 Except he hadde well the lesse drede.
 Euery thinge to put in certayne,
 Wening no Greke would his luste withsayne
 From his desyre to be varyable,
 And to him selfe thus was he fauorable,
 For to parfournie and nothyng to denye,
 All that was lusty to his fantasie.
 As is the maner of louers euerychone.
 That they suppose to achene anone,
 What thinge it be that they lyst take on hand,
 In what disioynt that the matter stande,
 All though it be a very impossyble,
 In theyr toly they be aye so credible.
 And so Achilles trusteth synally,
 For to fulfyll his hestes utterly,
 Supposinge aye for his worthynesse,
 For his manhode and his hygh prowesse,
 In whych he did him selfe gloryfye,
 Some what of pryde and of surquedrye,
 How the Grekes shoulde be dyspayred,
 Both of theyr truste & theyr might appered,
 Vpon Troians to wyntenn any lande,
 If it so were that he withdreyue his hande,
 To helpe them and therwithall also,
 Home into Grece that they wolden go,
 From the spege onely for his sake.
 And their quarell bterly forsaie.
 But if it so were this daye fyrste Achille,
 With theym abode the cite for to spylle,
 For whyche thinge the lordes by assente,
 Assembled were to heren the entente,
 Amonge them all of thys Achilles.
 By the byddinge of Pallampdes,
 And when they were gathered all pferre,
 To soze them all lyke as ye shall heare,

This Achilles hath his tale begonne.
 And sayd syres that so muche konne,
 Both of wyle dome and of hygh prudence,

So renowned eke of sapyence,
 Througout the worlde & of discreciowne,
 And be so worthy also of renoune.
 Brynges and dukes of whole royall name,
 From East to West flourereth yet the fame,
 Both of knyghthode and of manlyhead.
 To that I saye I pray you taken hede.
 This to saye yf that ye consyder,
 The playne entent of our comynng hyther,
 By good auple that our entencion,
 Had no grounde founded on reason,
 For cause roted on no maner ryght.
 If it so be that ye lyst by your syght,
 And aduerte clerly in your mynde,
 Full ferre a backe wytte was set behynde,
 Prudent lokyng and aduysenelle,
 For fyrst whan that we of folly hastynelle,
 Toke vpon vs to come from so ferre,
 Agayne Troians for to gynne a werre.
 And to ioparte our lyues euerychone,
 For the lone of one man alone.
 Ye wote all I trowe whom I meane.
 Kyng Menelays defrauded of his quene.
 To telle trouthe me lyfte not for to feyne,
 For ye well wote onely that Heleynne,
 Was groode and gynnynge of all this debate.
 For whom so many worthy of estate,
 Recurlelle of any remedye.
 Lyfe and good haue put in iopardye.
 Our landes leste and eke our reggownes,
 Our cyties also and our ryche townes.
 Whiche by our absence stonden desolate,
 Wyues and chyldren eke disconsolate.
 In wo abye mournynge and distresse,
 Whyles that we here the soth to expresse,
 From day to day beset on euery ryde,
 Lye in the felde and our death abyde.
 In sorow and care in labour and in wo,
 And with all this ye wotte well also,
 Sith fyrst tyme that the werre began,
 Of our grekes how many worthy man,
 Hath losse his lyfe thyngh deatthes fatal wound
 That hytherto haue myght lyued & be sounde
 At home in Grece assured well in toye.
 If they ne had comen vnto Trope.
 And to remember it is full great pyte,
 And ouer this I saye also for me,
 Amonge Troians in their cruell mode,
 I haue so moche losse of my bloude,

That hath full ofte made pale of hewe.
 This other day also grene and newe,
 I had of Hector suche a mortall wounde;
 With a quarell sharpe whet and grounde;
 Aboue the thygh so kene was the head,
 The same daye afore that he was dede,
 Of very happe as it was ychape,
 That from the death bnneth I might escape.
 Whiche yet all frethe is vpon me sene.
 Large and wyde and as yet but grene.
 The smerte of whiche I yet ful soze roplayne.
 And in good sayth me semeth that Heleynne
 If ye aduerte wplye in your thought,
 With suche a pryde shulde nat haue be bought.
 Where through our lyfe and our good yfearre,
 And our honour are yput in were.
 And dreadfully hangen in ballatire.
 For yf that ye in your remembraunce,
 Conceyue aryght and casten vp and downe,
 The sodayne chaunge and reuoluciwne,
 That fallen hath syn the werre began,
 The slaught & death of many worthy man,
 That for her sake hath here losse his lyfe.
 And yet the worst of this mortall stryfe,
 Doth moste rebounde into our damage.
 To disenceale and eke disauantage,
 And lykely is dayly to be moze,
 If ordenaunce be not made therfor.
 And remedy shapen on outther syde.
 By syne onely that Heleynne do abyde.
 With them of Trope still here in the towne.
 And let vs caste by good insperciowne,
 For our ease some other maner waye,
 So that the kynge called Menelays,
 These hym a wyfe in some other londe.
 Lyke his estate by suraunce or by bonde.
 Under wedlocke confyrmed by of newe,
 That vnto hym wyl be founde trewe.
 Syth that we without gylte or synne,
 May him by the law from this Heleynne thyn.
 For of dyuerse causes be ynowe,
 Througout y worlde of euery wight yknowe,
 Of auoutry for the foule vyce.
 That it to lawe is no preiudice,
 Though Menelays iustly her forsaie.
 Whan to his lyfte and an other take,
 That shall hym both better queme and please
 And so to vs it shall be full great ease.
 Whan the werre is byought to an ende.

Whiche lykely is many man to thende.
 If it so be that it forth contune.
 The great labour is so importune.
 That we ne shall no whyle moue sustene.
 For this is soth withouten any weene.
 Trojans yet be flouryng in their myght.
 And in them haue full many worthy knyghte.
 To helpe them of hye and lowe degre.
 And therewithall so stronge in their cite,
 On euery parte without and eke within,
 That we are not lykely for to wyne.
 In our purpose though we etier abyde.
 Wherfore by wysedome let vs boyden pryde.
 And wysfulnesse onely of prudence.
 To haue the eye of our aduertence.
 To our profyt more then vaine glozve.
 And while our honour shineth by victorie.
 A wysedome is to withdraue our honde.
 Sith we may not constrayne by no bonde.
 Fortunes whele for to abyde stable.
 Wherfore I rede or the become mutable.
 This gery goddesse with her double chere.
 Let vs gyue vp suche thyng as lyeth in were.
 Whyles that we may our alder worthyp saue.
 For of the werre the laude yet we haue.
 Consyder well how by your manhead.
 Our most foe Hector is now dead.
 And while that we in our honour floure.
 By counsaile is before fortune loure.
 As I sayd ere to chaunge her byght face.
 While that we beste stonde in her grace.
 By one assent and one oppynion.
 Without any contradiction.
 Of herte and wyll both of one and all.
 Or our honour on any party pall.
 Into Grece that we home retorne.
 For if that we longer here sojourne.
 On the quarell that we haue longe sewed.
 Doubtes it may not be eschewed.
 Full great damage this without fayle.
 Or we haue done shall folowe at the table.
 Wherfore beste is our folpe by resygne.
 And while our hap is welfull and benygne.
 Most blandyspyng and of face sayre.
 The tyme is beste to make our repayre.
 While that we stande in party and in all.
 With our ennys in honour perygall.
 And fer aboute playnly if that we.
 Coude haue an eye to our felicitye.

While that it is in his ascencion.
 But lest some man wyll make obiection.
 That we may not so our honour saue.
 To repayre playnly but we haue.
 Helayne agayne that is cause of all.
 To whiche thyng anone answer I shall.
 If any man in his fantasie.
 To dishonour or to byllayne.
 Arrecte wolde in any maner kynde.
 We to go home and leue her behynde.
 Shortly to saye I holde it be no shame.
 Syth that we haue one as great of name.
 As is Heleyn and of byrthe as good.
 Amonges vs come of kynges bloud.
 Spiter to Pyram lorde of Trope towne.
 Criona whom that Thelamowne.
 In keepyng hath if I shall not ferne.
 In Trope towne as Darys hath Heleyn.
 And syth now it may be none other.
 Let the tone be set agayne the tother.
 And the surplus of olde enmyte.
 Betwyxe vs and Trope the cite.
 By counsaile is for our both ease.
 By one assent wysely to appease.
 This all and some and that we hence wende.
 I can no more my tale is at an ende.
 To whom anone kyng Menelaus.
 For very pze wood and furpous.
 And kyng Thoas the duke eke of Athene.
 As they that myght no longer hym sustene.
 To suffre hym they were so reckles.
 Spake all attones vnto Achilles.
 Not onely they but through inpapence.
 The courte perturbed without prouidence.
 With tumulte gonnen to repene.
 This Achilles and prouedly them come.
 Agaynst hym and his oppynion.
 And sayde shortly in conclusyon.
 Vnto his read they ne wolde assent.
 For condescende to nothyng that he mente.
 To be gouerned by him in this case.
 For whiche thyng anone Achilles was.
 So full of pze and rancour in his herte.
 That sodaynly from his see he sterte.
 And went his waye as he were in a rage.
 Cryste and pale and a wood bylage.
 And shortly sayde for him lyke not fayne.
 That he ne wolde longer do his payne.
 To helpe them how so that they spede.
 Againe

Agayne Trojans for no maner nede.
 And had anone this hardy Achilles.
 To his knyghtes called Asymptones.
 That they no more with spere nor with helde
 To helpe grekes entre into fælde.
 But kepe the close at home within thetente.
 Thus in his pze he gaue commaundement.
 To all his men as ye haue herde deuple.
 Them to withdraue at euery bygh empyre.
 Whan to euer they go into battayle.
 And in this whyle scarfenesse of byttayle.
 Fell in the hoost of flethe of byed and wyne.
 That many Greke brought vnto his fyne.
 For they ne myght endure for distresse.
 Constraynt of hunger dyd the to oppresse.
 Till at the laste kyng Pallamides.
 As he that was in nothyng reckles.
 Hath therupon made puruepaunce.
 Remedye and redye ordynaunce.
 And by assent and counsaile of echone.
 He hath sent wyle Agamenon.
 The worthy syng to Messa there besyde.
 A lttell fle onely to proude.
 For the grekes if he myght spede.
 Them to releue in this great nede.
 And Thelaphus kyng of that lande.
 Of gentylnesse hath put to his hande.
 As he that was large and wonder free.
 And renowned of muche humanite.
 To succour them commaundyng aye anone.
 His purpours in all hast to gone.
 From euery party aboute enuyon.
 Through all the landes of his regyon.
 And sayth fully to serche euery coste.
 To take by byttayle for the grekes hooste.
 And after that full hastily he made.
 To stuffe their shippes playnly and to lade.
 With euery thyng that was necessarye.
 To the grekes and by water carye.
 At requeste of kyng Agamenon.
 Without taryng or delacyon.
 And so the kyng with plente of byttayle.
 Fraughte and plade gan anone to sayle.
 Towarde the syege he and his meynne.
 Aye cospyng by the grekythe see.
 The wynde was good & the kyng as blyue.
 With his nauye at Trope dyd arryue.
 In fewe dayes and Grekes anone ryght.
 Of his reseye were full glad and light.

Of his exployt and his good spede.
 That he so well hath borne him in this nede.
 And after this Pallamides anone.
 As sayth Cupido is to his shippes gone.
 For to consyder and loke all aboute.
 Where nede was within and eke without.
 Any of them to amende or repare.
 As he that lyfte for no coste to spare.
 In euery thyng without necligence.
 Touchyng his charge to do his dyslygence.
 Till the trefse fully were out ronne.
 And the werres newe agayne begonne.
 Whiche many man sothly dere aboute.
 And ceryously to wyte howe they wought.
 By purpose is playnly in sentence.
 Under suppoite of your pacience.

Duryng in one the deadly cruell hate.
 That synte may noz esse by no date.
 Atwyxe Grekes and them of the towne.
 To great damage and destructiowne.
 On outher parte felyng full bnsuete.
 Till on a daye they caste for to mete.
 As they were wont prouedly to spere & helde
 With their wardes entryng into fælde.
 Armed full byght upon outher syde.
 And enbatayled stout and full of pryde.
 Full knyghtly haue chose their ground & take
 Their large baners with the wynde yshake.
 Till they togther todaynly haue mette.
 And alderfyrst Deiphobus hath sette.
 Frethe and lusty and of herte prous.
 Upon a kyng called Creseus.
 And of enue the stozpe telleth than.
 On horsebacke as they together ran.
 Deiphobus fyrst with his spere as blyue.
 Throughout the byrthe euen dyd hym ryue.
 Vnto the herte that he spake no more.
 The deyth of whom Grekes playne soze.
 And for his loue suche a woie they make.
 That all astoned they haue the fælde forlake
 And gan anone vnto theyr tentes flee.
 The whiche in sothe when they of Trope see.
 Upon the chafe faste gan them spede.
 Vnto tyme that worthy Dyomedes.
 And with him eke the kyng Pallamides.
 Of hye despyte cruell and mercyles.
 With twenty thousande worthy knyghtes al.
 Upon Trojans todaynly are fall.

And

And mortally made them lese their waye,
 And to resorte home agayne to Troye.
 And eke with grekes felle and furious,
 The same tyme came Chelamonius,
 That hyght Apar the stronge knightly man,
 And lyke a Lyon amonge them as he ran,
 Upon Trojans and them ouer sette,
 Casually in his waye he mette,
 Cecylien lusty frethe and lyght,
 And of his tyme a wonder manly knyght.
 And sonne was to Pryam as I rede,
 Whom Chelamon pryckynge on his fiede,
 Slew cruelly with his sworde anone.
 Rasyng his arme from the shuldre bone,
 That he alas fell dead in the fyeelde.
 The deth of who whan Deiphobus behelde,
 Wodder anone then Tyege or Lyon,
 With a spere ranke to Chelamon,
 And smette him so through his plates bright,
 Of very force that he made hym lyght,
 And lese his sadell be set amonge the prele.
 The whiche stroke whan Pallamides,
 Behelde and sawe and clerely gan aduerte,
 Frous and wood with a fursous herte,
 Caste hym anone to auenge Chelamotone.
 On Deiphobus full woorthy of renoune.
 And mortally his guerdon him to quyte,
 And with a spere grounde for to byte,
 Sharpe and kene large rounde and square,
 Full cruelly or that he was ware,
 Through his harnes without more areste,
 Deiphobus he smote so in the breste,
 That with the stroke he brake þæt shafte a two.
 So that the tronchone and the head also,
 Leste in his breste that there was no waye,
 Fynally but that he must deye.
 There was none helpe nor remedye at all,
 The wounde was so cruell and mortall,
 That with the lyfe he myght not abyde.
 And in this whyle Parys came besyde,
 Of auenture whyle this Deiphobus,
 Was of his wounde so wyl anguythous,
 And gan in hast for to approche nere,
 With face pale and right an heuy chere,
 And for his distresse wepte pteously.
 And his knyghtes commaunded hastily,
 His wounded brother a fyde losse and feare,
 In all hast that they shulde forthw do beare,
 Out of the wardes from the great prele,

Unto his payne for to do relese,
 For to a breste hym at leyser and auente.
 In open eye and they unto hym wente,
 Mangre the grekes wher he wounded was
 And bare him out a full easy pase,
 Towarde the walle faste by the towne,
 And with great dole and lamentaciowne,
 Full softly on the grounde hym layde.
 Tyll at the laste this deadly man abrayde,
 With mortall loke and face funerall,
 And there pteous so that eche bail,
 Gan tourne bp of his deadly eye,
 And euen thus to Parys he gan seye.
 Oh brother myne whom that I loued so,
 Hane now pte and rewe vpon my wo,
 Of kyndnesse and of brotherheade,
 And to my wordes of routhe take now hede,
 Syth we by death muste a fonder twynne.
 For Attropole shal no longer spyne,
 Whylus thede but the knotte breke,
 Wherfore brother I praye the to be wreke,
 Upon my deth or I henle pace.
 If that thou lyfte to do me suche a grace,
 Of kyndnesse yet or I be deade.
 Out of my breste or this spere's heade,
 Be rent away that thou auenged be,
 Upon my foe as I truste in the.
 That I may wyf he be dead or I,
 And that his spyrte it passe fynally,
 And fyfte disende depe downe in helle.
 Eternally with Pluto for to dwelle.
 Myd his boundes that derke hym and lowe.
 That fynally so that I may knowe,
 That he be dead there is no moze to saye,
 I gyue no force how soone that I deye.
 To whose request Parys toke good hede,
 And into fyeelde faste gan hym spede,
 For thought and woe pteously wepyng,
 Whyle his brother laye there lanquethyng,
 Not alwaytynge but onely after death,
 Upon the point to yelden bp the bresth.
 And with his knyghtes Parys bp a downe
 The wardes fought about enuytione,
 Tyll at the laste Pallamides he fonde,
 With Sarpedon fygthng hande of hande,
 Now was this king this woorthy Sarpedon
 Come in defence of them of Troye towne.
 Whiche of his hande was a noble knight,
 And whyle that he with all his full myght,

¶

Moste busy was Pallamides to presse,
 Lyke a Lyon whetted with woodnesse,
 Pallamides in herte not a ferde,
 Let flye at hym with his sharpe sworde,
 Sommyghtly that it was a wonder,
 For he his thygh parted hath a sonder,
 And smote of by the herde bone.
 That Sarpedon fyl downe dead anone.
 So that Trojans whan that he was slawe,
 Were compelled of force them to withdraue,
 Through the pursuite of kyng Pallamides.
 Whiche vpon them was to merceles.
 And as cruell as a wood Lyon.
 After the death of kyng Sarpedon.
 The whiche alas whan Parys dyd espye,
 He marked hym with a cruell eye,
 And hente a bowe that passyngly was strong
 And with an arrowe to his tyler longe,
 Entorprat with benym in the head,
 That whom he smote therewith was but dead
 And hytte hym so in the auentayle,
 Throughout the stufte and the thicke maple,
 Into the throte that it gan through pace,
 That he fell dead in the selfe place,
 Pallamides this manfull woorthy knight.
 Where through Grekes toke them to the flight
 And made a noyse and a woofull crye.
 The death complaynyng wonder piteouslye,
 Of their lord and myghty gouernour.
 But late chose to be their Emperour,
 Their chiefe socour and soueraine refute,
 But now alas they stonde destitute,
 Of gouernaunce broke and disparayed,
 Without guyde ryght as shepe disinayed,
 Disconsolate and comfortlesse yshent.
 That eche of them flyeth unto his tente.
 And they of Troye sued on the chace,
 On horsebacke a wonder huge pace,
 And merceles slewe them as they fle.
 On euery fyde that pte was to le.
 Without mercy or any other grace.
 For lyke the Lyons they gan them enchace.
 Tyll they compelled of necessitye,
 Constrayned were through their crueltie,
 To tourne agayne and them selfe diffende.
 And they of Troye downe anone disende,
 Of horsebacke euen vpon the playne,
 And attones there was none other gayne,
 They gan the grekes proude to outtrape,

And cruelly do them so disamaie,
 That fynally there gayneth no diffence,
 So mortall was the mighty violence,
 Of Trojans that Grekes so diffoule,
 And alderfaste at leyser they dispoyle,
 The grekes tentes of golde and ryhelle,
 At whiche tyme Troilus gan him dresse,
 And Parys eke downe to their naupe,
 With thirtie thousande in their compaignie,
 Kyllng all tho playnly that they mette,
 And on their shypes wyde fyre they sette.
 That to the wall of Troye the Cyle,
 Men myght well the hydous slawme le.
 And all had gone to destruction,
 He had Apar ycalled Chelamon,
 Through his manhode & knyghtly excellence
 Come anone and made resistance,
 Of the grekes with many woorthy knyght,
 And tho of new began the mortall fyght.
 Attwene Trojans and the grekes stoute,
 The red bloud raplyng all aboute,
 Upon the playne so hydously they blede,
 And here and there both in length and brede,
 Dead and mayned and full pale of fyght,
 Upon the soyle full many noble knyght.
 Atwyre them so cruell was the hate,
 For in their fyght together they debate,
 As wyde boies euen so they fare.
 For none of them lyfte other for to spare.
 And in the fyeelde woorthy Chelamotone,
 Through his knyghthod & his high renoune
 So manly bare hym grekes to disende,
 That no mā might in manhode him amende.
 Thugh all þæt world though men had sought.
 For he that day in his person hath wroughte,
 Geruailes in armes thugh his great might
 That in lothnesse Grekes anone ryght,
 Without hym had fynally beghent,
 And their shypes attones losse and bzent,
 Through the pursuite of Parys that day,
 And woorthy Troilus þæt made such affraye,
 Amonges them thugh hygh prowesse.
 That fyfty shypes Gydo doth expresse,
 Were losse and bzent or that Chelamotone,
 To reskus came with his knyghtes downe.
 Unto the sea the remenaunt for to saue.
 But for all that Trojans that daye haue,
 The hygher hande of this mortall fyght.
 Through the force and the great myght.

¶

Of Troilus only which hath so many slaine,
 Of the grekes in soth that they were fayne,
 Them to withdraue and the feld to lete,
 For in abyding they fonde full vnswete.
 Wherefore they gan for to lese their place,
 Amonge which the kinges sonne of Trace
 That Heber hyght wounded to the death,
 That he ne myght vnneth draue his bryeth,
 With a spere in his breste styckynge.
 To Achilles he came in complaynyng,
 Into his tent euen there he laye,
 Whiche in the fpyelde was not all that daye.
 For the sake onely of Polixene.
 The loue of whom was so sharpe and hene,
 Aye at his herte plynke grene and netwe.
 To whom Heber with a mortall hewe,
 Complayneth soe arrettyng cowardyle,
 And in manhode a very trewandyle,
 That he that day myght so for shame,
 Withdraue him selfe in hindring of his name
 Out of the fpyelde to hym full great repese,
 Of the grekes seynge the mischiefe,
 That they were in. and confusyon,
 Upon the brinke of their destruction.
 Abode the feld to se them so lye deade,
 And lyfte not ones for to take hede,
 Of his knyghthode grekes to releue.
 And whyle Heber gan hym thus repene,
 And the spere whiche in his body was,
 All sodaynly was drawen out alas,
 With eye vp caste in rancoure and in pye,
 Full pteously Heber dyd expyre.
 In the presence of this Achilles.
 And therewith came in a sodayne res.
 Into his tente a certayne knyght of his,
 Of whom Achilles areth how it is,
 Amonge the grekes and clerely how it stode.
 And he answered full froure in his mode,
 Certes quod he full unhappely,
 For they of Troie haue so cruelly,
 Our grekes all this daye in their fpyght,
 Full shamefully put vnto the fpyghte.
 So many slayne alas and welawaye,
 That vnneth none escape myght awaye,
 Unhure mayned or withouten wounde,
 So fell on vs Troians were pfounde.
 And of them eke was suche multitude.
 That I suppose shortly to conlude,
 This daye there was to my oppynowne,

Not leste aman within Troie towne.
 That able was to stande in battayle.
 With spere or sword his enmye to assaile,
 I Wene in soth but they byn come out,
 With vs to fpyght there was so huge a route.
 That we ne myght of force take on hande,
 In the fpyelde agaynst them for to stande.
 But now we myghte it draue vnto night,
 That they be faynte any more to fpyght.
 If it were pleasynge to your worthynesse,
 To your manhode and your hygh noblesse,
 To take on you to your encrese of fame,
 For euermore to getten you a name,
 And there withall for your owne gloze,
 Perpetually to be in memozye,
 To ryle by and arme you anone,
 And sodaynely vpon them to gone,
 Feble and weake to make resistance,
 Agaynst your manly famous excellence.
 There were no more but we were victours,
 For euer more and very conquerours.
 During the worlde to be in remembraunce.
 And they for euer brought vnto outfaunce,
 In sothfastnesse I haue of it no drede.
 But Achilles toke of hym no hede,
 For to Heber that laye afoze him dead,
 Full colde and strake of colour lyke to leade.
 For ones lyfte to gyne hym audience,
 For vnto hym haue his aduertence.
 There may no worde in his herte myne,
 To that he sayde to maken hym enclyne.
 For vnterly euen lyke he ferde.
 As though he no maner worde ne herde.
 For though his eares it passed as a sowne.
 To here the maner and condiciowne,
 The very custome and the piapne vsaunce,
 Of these louers hangyng in a traunce.
 Vpon our worthyn manhode and prowess
 Strengthe, might, fame and hardynesse,
 Increase of name vertue and victoize,
 Knyghthode, noblesse, and in armes gloze.
 All these myghtye can loue ley asyde,
 Suche is the myght of the god Cupyde.
 Whiche hertes hye with his hoke can lease,
 So loth they are playnly to displease,
 Outher in chere or in countenaunce.
 In wyll or dede or disobeysaunce.
 To her that is the fowerayne lady dere.
 For with a loke of her eyen clere,

She

She can full well daunte all their pryde.
 For Venus soone so can proude,
 His arrowes hene to perre nerfe and bayne,
 And them enlase in his fyp chayne,
 That onely through his importable charge,
 They be restrayned for to go at large.
 Whiche cause was this day doubtles,
 That this noble hardy Achilles,
 Wolde not withouten any wene,
 Come in the fpyelde for drede of Polixene.
 Leste that the were offended in her herte.
 If any thyng escaped or aserte,
 This Achilles through his mysgouernaunce.
 And whyles he hengeeth thus as in balaunce,
 The grekes faught with them of the twone,
 Till bryght Phobus was at goinge downe,
 That Troians of necessitye,
 For laske of lyght entre the cite.
 And whyle that they homewarde be reperyed
 Laye Deiphobus of his lyfe dysperied.
 Compleynyng aye on his deadly wounde.
 And whan Darys & troilus haue hym found
 In that mythyfeste they gan wepe and crye,
 As they wolde for very routh the dye.
 With wolfull nople and with pteous sowne,
 The salte feares gan to renne drowne,
 On their chekes vpon outhere syde.
 And whyles they vpon hym abyde,
 This wounded man gan draue to his ende.
 Whose spyryte was redy for to wende,
 Out of his brest and his very goste,
 Full hastely into another coste,
 With deadly epen tourned by so downe.
 Whan that he knele by relacowne,
 That Darys hath Ballampdes ysawne.
 Anone he bad that they shulde out draue,
 The large tronchone with the stelen head.
 And there with all anone he fell downe dead.
 And with the corpe they gan them faste spede
 Towarde the towne but for it is no nede.
 The dole to wyffe and lamentaciowne,
 That made was for the noble Sarpedowne,
 Through the cyte and namely of the kynge,
 And of the quene euer in wepyng,
 Of his brethzen and his systers dere.
 It were but bayne to reherse it here.
 But Pryam hath with great dylgence,
 Two towmbes of royall excellence,
 For Deiphobus and kynge Sarpedowne,

With many pynges grauen enmyzen,
 And man y a knotte koruen here and yonder.
 And buryed them but a litle a soder,
 Lyke the custome of their rytes olde.
 And whyles they the feste halowe & holde;
 That called is the feste funerall.
 The Grekes haue do make in speccall,
 A ryche tounge to the worthy kyng,
 Ballampdes and for his buryng.
 Solempnely made ordinaunce.
 Amonges them as it was vsaunce,
 And with great dole and pteous heynesse;
 They haue this kynge of great worthynesse;
 Royally brought to his sepulture.
 And for they myght longe not endure,
 Without an head and a gouernour,
 They cholen haue to their Emperour,
 By one assente and affection,
 The worthy kyng the wyse Agamenon.
 And after they made no lettynge,
 They of Troie the next day enlpyng,
 With their wardes in to feld to gone,
 Fully purposed to fpyght with their foren;
 And grekes manly in the face them mette;
 But worthy Troilus to them ouer sette,
 That greke was none shortly for to telle;
 Thilke daye afoze him myght dwelle.
 So cruelly he gan them for to chace.
 For where he came or rode in any place,
 They fledde his sword of their lyfe in doubt
 His ponge knyghtes ridinge him aboute;
 Suche as he was vsaunt for to lede,
 And euer in one the grekes bloud the shedde.
 Whiche lyke a streame disteined al the playne
 And all this whyle was so huge a rapne,
 The same day and so huge a myste,
 That euery man hath his felowe myste.
 Specially vpon the grekes syde,
 That for the storne and their woundes wide
 And for the manhode of this Troian knight.
 Worthy Troilus so frethe, so ponge, & light
 They were coact through his cruelte.
 Maugre their might for drede of drath to fle;
 To their tentes succour for to fynde,
 Troians aye pursupnge behynde,
 Full mortally with a sterne pafe,
 But for the storne they cease of the case,
 And home repayre to their cite stronge,
 Till on the morowe that the lark longe,

U.I.

That

The fourth boke.

That Troilus este most manly to battayle,
The grekes newe caste hym for to assaile.
And Cupido wyrt this yonge chammppolone
Thylke dape as he rode by and drome,
Amonge his foen through his hygh renoume
that there he was king duke erle noȝ baron,
With his sworde where so that he wende,
That of their lyfe he made a mostall ende.
All the whyle that Phobus gaue his lyght.
Till at the laste that it drewe to nyght,
That he to Trope repayreth manfully.
And seuen dayes luyng by and by,
This lyfe he ledde with his knyghtes felle,
Upon grekes as Cupido can you telle.
Aye newe and newe he gan them to confounde
his cruell sworde was so kene grounde,
That they ne myght in his mostall tene,
Afore his syght abyde noȝ sustene.
For the vengeance that he on them toke,
For where he rode the weye they forsoke,
In his traile the renges were so redde.
Of them in soth that in the fiede lay dead.
For whiche slaughte and confusyowne,
The grekes newe sent to the towne,
For a trewe to Pyramus the kyng.
And he anone graunted their arunge,
For two monethes fully by the assent,
Of all the lordes of his parlement.
Wherof they made full relacon.
The embassadours to Agamenon,
And to their lodgyng after forth they wente.
But how that he unto Achilles sente,
The meane whyle his messangers wyte,
So as I can I shall anone deuyse.

Agamemnon as Cupido lyfte endyte,
His lordes sent Achilles to byte.
For certayne causes lyke as ye shall here.
Which in the stowe be reherced here.
And with Ulires and worthy Diomedes,
Duke Nestor wente playnely as I reade,
To syne onely by their counsellaryng,
Into his herte that they myght bringe,
And endure hym to haue a fantasie,
To be wyllyng though his chyualrye,
With them to stande as he hath do tofore.
That haue so many of Trope men ployned,
For lacke onely of his hygh presence.
And Achilles with dygne reuerence,

Receyued them and with right knightly chere
And after that whan they were set pfeare,
Lyke theyȝ degree anone in aduenture,
Whyle Ulires full of eloquence,
Can his tale prudently deuyse.
To Achilles sayng in this wise.
Syr Achilles moste renoumed of gloype,
Throughtout the worlde to be in memoire.
And of his knyghthode very thowres and wel
Displese it not now that I shall tell,
To your noble famous excellence,
For to your eares let be none offence,
That I shall say but of goodlyhead,
Parcently that ye wyll take hede,
To my wordes sayd of herte and thought,
I you enure for I sayne noughte.
This to saye yf ye remembre wel.
The fyrst cause and purpose every dell,
Of the grekes yf ye haue mencyon,
Was fully sette by one entencion,
As well of you as of vs pardye.
Whan we come fyrst to this cite.
Kynge's prynces I except none.
Of whiche in soth to recken eurychone,
Your selfe was to speake in speciall,
One of the fyrst and moste pryncypall.
Assented full how Trope the cite,
Throught our manhode destroyed shulde be,
Perpetually brought vnto ruyne.
But nowe of newe I note what doth endyte
Your worthynesse lodeynly to barpe.
And to our purpose for to be contrarpe.
Consider fyrst of you that be so sage,
The wronges done and the great damage,
In grekes lande of them of the towne.
Consyrryng aye to our destructiowne.
If ye aduerte wysely in your thought,
That slayne haue and to an ende brought,
Full many worthy syth gone full poze,
And of tresoure that no man may ressoze.
Dispoyled vs and brought in great distresse.
Our goodes raught our golde & our rycheite.
Our thynnes bent through their cruelte.
And to all this alas ye lyte not se.
How that they be whiche may not be delayed
Throught your manhode synally outtrayed,
Sith ye haue slaine their hope their suffaunce.
Hector in whom was all their affaunce.
Fully their truste and diffence alio.

And

The fourth boke.

And Deiphobus also is a go,
And lykely are more to be aseyed,
fro day to day and synally dyspreyd.
So frowardly fortune on them louresth,
And now your honour & your fame flouteth,
In his woȝchyp and your hygh renoune;
Itterned hath the exaltaciowne.
And hyghest pryke of foynnes whele,
It were great wronge and ye loke wele:
Of wysfulnes for to be wyskynde.
To her that ye so frendly to you fynde.
Or to be frowarde whyle she is benyng,
By influence graciously to assygne.
Her spokes meue vnto your pleasaunce.
And hap to tourne to plente on your chaunce
After whose helpe you nedeth not to calle.
Wherfore alas how wyll ye suffer palle;
Your noble fame of very wysfulnesse,
Whyle it is hyst in his woȝthynesse.
Your knyghtly prudence it shulde not asterte,
Of whiche thyng every gentyl herte,
Shulde haue routh and compassyon.
Wherfore we praye of ystrecyon,
That ye you shape this purpose to amende,
And that ye wolde of herte condiscende,
With vs to stonde knyghtly in this werre.
By your manhode that is spoke of so ferre.
That your renoune to the worlde ende.
Reported be where so that men wende,
Perpetually by freshenelle of hewe,
Day by day to encrease newe,
That the triumphe of this hygh victoize,
Be put in stowe and eke in memoire.
And so enprynted that foryetfulnesse,
So potuer haue by malys to oppresse.
Your fame in knyghthode derke or disface,
That thyneth yet so clere in many place;
Without Eclypsing sothly this no lesse.
Whiche to conferre ye be now rechelesse.
Of wysfulnesse to cloude to the lyght,
Of your renoune & whylom thone so byght.
Your myghty hande of manhode to wryte.
Consyder fyrst how grekes are plator,
Tofoze your tent to mortal woundes wyde,
Throught out the fælde upon every lyde.
And haue dysdayne onely for lacke of routh.
Alas the whyle for a lytle flouth,
To ley to honde in their mischefe at all.
That whylom were their stoge myghty wall.

Their chiefe diffence and their champiowne
Souerayne helpe and protectiowne.
For whom ye haue so ofte shedde your blood,
Agayne their foen with them whan he stode,
Full myghtly their enmyes to assaile,
Without whom they lytell may a nayle.
In very soth ne none of vs echone.
But ye of knyghthode lyte with us to gone,
Agayne Troians as ye were wont to do.
And is our trust and synall hope also.
That ye shall helpe and our socour be.
And hereupon we praye you that ye,
Save your aduice and your full wyll.
And than anone the hardy fyerle Achylle;
Whan Ulires concluded had his tale,
Sith a face for anger dead and pale,
Sayde even thus all openly and playne.
Sir Ulires if so ryght as ye sayne,
And haue declared in conclusyon,
That our purpose and entencion;
Was synally to byenne and destroye,
This royall cite that is called Trope.
I holde in soth me lyketh not to lye.
That our entent was grounded on folye,
To put vs all throught indiscrecion,
Of reckleshe and hasty mocyon,
Of lyfe and death in suche leopardoie.
And specially in all the Chyualrye,
Of grekes lande for so smale a thyng.
So many prynces and so many worthy kyng;
That haue leoparded their body & their good;
Ploste their lyfe and spent their blood,
Which might haue be ful well at home i peace
And is not nowe the kyng Pallampdes,
Plawe also as who sayth but of newe,
That was so wise, so manly, and so trewe,
Of whom the lyfe was of more pryce alone,
Than the cause for whiche that we echone,
Be gathered here who so loke a ryght.
And of grekes many a noble knyght,
That haue be slayne both of the woȝthpest,
The worlde to seke and the manlyest,
For out of euery lande and regowne,
On grekes partye and with them of p towne
Of chyualry & knyghthod & soueraine floure,
To wyne in arme woȝthpye and honour,
Assembled be and come fro so ferre.
Of whiche in soth by dureffe of this werre,
Full many one in the fælde is dead,

Al. ii.

And

The fourth booke.

And herly without any drede.
There shall well no if the werre laste,
Fro euery day the numbere lasteth faste,
Of worthy knyghtes dede without routh,
That I dare saye and conclude of trouth,
In this rage furpous and wood,
Full lykely is that all the gentyl bloude,
Through out this worlde shall destroyed be.
And rural folke and that were great pty.
Shall haue lordshyp and hooly gouernance
And Charles eke with sorow & mischaunce,
In euery londe shall lordes be alone.
Whan gentyl men shalpe be echone.
¶ It is not Hector that was so noble a knight,
That was this worlde very soune and light
Of manhode floure slayne pteously.
In this werre in soth and so myghty I.
Parauenture whiche map not attayne,
To his noblesse if I shall not sayne.
For by what way shall we the death eschewe.
With all our myght if we it purswe,
Fro day to daye whyle that we lye here.
Therefore shortly me for to requere,
Touchynge the werre outher for to praye.
Is but in beyne and heken what I saye.
I wyl not purpose in this werre oʒ stryfe,
For to ioparte any more mylfe.
For leuer I haue that called be my name,
Than for to be slayne and haue an yde fame
For worthynesse after death yblowe.
Is but a wynde and lasteth but a throbwe.
For though renoune and prys be blowe wide
Forgetfulnesse lepyth it ofte asyde.
By length of yeres and obliuion,
Through enuye and false conclusyon.
The laude of knyghthode and of worthynesse
Of wyldeome eke and of gentylnesse.
Freedam, bounte, vertue and suche grace,
Forgetfulnesse can darke and deface,
And therewithall males and enuye.
Pierced hath the palme of Chyualrye.
By false reporte wherfore I saye for me,
I wyl of wyldeome suche folpe let be,
And in quyet forth my lyfe nowde lede.
¶ And ouer this to you thre I rede,
To seke peace with Trojans if ye may,
In hasty wyse without more delaye.
This my counsaile platly to you all,
Oʒ that myschyfe of death vpon you fall.

¶ It were well done that ye toke hede,
¶ Both Ulixes and thou Dyomedes.
¶ And Hector eke sythen ye be wyse,
To worke playnely lyke as I deuyse.
This the summe and fyne of myne entent,
And so reporteth to hym that hath you sent.
And they anone with shortly conclusyon,
¶ Repeyred be to Agamenon,
With such answere as ye haue herde me seime
It nedeth not to wyte it newe agame.
¶ And herevpon kyng Agamenon,
Let make anone a conuocacyon.
Of his lordes and in their plesence,
Fro poynt to poynt sothly in sentence.
He hath reherled how that Achylles,
Was despyous for to haue a peace,
With them of Trope and platly how that he,
For no prayer wyl in no degree,
Agayne Trojans with spere nor with helde,
In helpe of grekes be armed in the felde.
Wherfore the kyng as he that was ful wyse,
Herevpon ached their deuyse,
And whan them thought what best for to do,
In this matter syth it stode so.
¶ And fyrste of all speaketh Menelay,
With angry chere and sayde platly nay.
To haue a peace it was not his entent,
Ne that he wolde therto be of assent.
Sythen the Cyte in conclusion,
Stode on the pyrke of his distruction.

Now that Hector & Deiphobus were dead
Whylom were their trust in euery nede,
And their diffence but now they are ago.
Farewell their truste and their hope also,
Without more and all their hole pryde.
They maye not now but after death abyde.
¶ And truste well without any lesse,
Though it so be that this Achylles,
Ne helpe be not towarde our empyre,
We therof not drede in no maner wyse,
Without hym for to haue victoʒe,
By our manhode and our stone gloʒe,
I am full sure therof and certayne.
But Ulixes gan replye agayne.
Hector also of todayne morpon,
Contrayre was to his oppryon.
Assympte playnely that no wonder was,
Though Menelay sothly in this case.

¶ Unto

The fourth booke.

¶ Unto the peace wolde not assent,
For openly they wyte what he ment,
For he was ground and roote of al the werre
And cause also they come were so ferre,
Out of their lande he and the quene Heleyn.
¶ And for the sake onely of them threyn.
The grekes all whiche no man may denye.
Their lyues put in such leopardeye,
For hym and her if the grounde be soughte,
For well they wyte that he rought nought,
This Menelay what wo they endure,
So he his wyse myght agayne recure.
¶ And where he sayth that Hector is dead,
He hath an hepe to speake of manly head,
And of knyghthode as it wyl be founde,
And called is Hector the seconde.
¶ Worthy Troilus whiche is his brother,
In all this worlde is not suche an other,
Of worthynesse for to rechen all,
For he of Trope is the myghty wall.
¶ And diffence now Hector is a gone,
Ye knowe it well your selfe everychone.
If it so be that ye lyst take hede,
Whole sharpe sworde soze doth be bledde,
Euery day in his furyous hede.
Amyd the felde whan we with hym mete,
And in stede of worthy Deiphobus,
Whiche in his tyme was wonderly famous.
His brother Darys is now founde at all,
In worthynesse of knyghthode perygall.
So that of them we haue none auantage.
¶ Unto this houre but rather great damage.
To rechen all syth we be gonne,
This very soth we but lytle wonne,
But we are lykely alwaye more to lese,
If we contune but syth we may chese.
¶ It were holsoime to lyue in quyet.
To haue a peace and this werre lete,
By one assent syth ye be wyse.

And with þis wyse Calchas gan to ryle,
¶ The Trojan treytour in a pale chere,
fo. ber. Jre and sayde as ye shall here.
¶ A worthy prynces what thynke ye to done,
To chaunge so lyke as doth the moone.
Your oide purpose and your fyrst entent,
Agayne the wyl and commaundement,
Of the godder that euery thyng gouerne,
By puruepaunce who so can diserne.

¶ Alas alss whyne wyl ye at the lesse.
Credence and sayth geue to the pʒ heste.
Whiche in no wyse may not be fallible.
For in soth it were an impossyble.
¶ Utterly but Trope the cyte,
Of ordynaunce and necessitye,
Myght be destroyed hente but alpe.
If your slouth be it not to wyte,
So that victoʒe worthyp and honour,
And synall palme eke of this labour,
To be reported on water and on lande,
Referued be hooly to your hande.
In your purpose yf ye forth contune.
And hynder not of folp your fortune.
This in soth I dare it well conclude.
And peryllous is the goddes to yllude.
Of negligence oʒ slouth wylfully.
Wherfore I read that now manfully,
Of herte and thought and of full vnpye,
Platly denopyng ainbyguyte,
To set vpon and kuyghtly to resume,
Your force agayne fully to consume,
Your ernell foen and let be thet without,
Manhope and drede dyspyre & euery doubtte,
Castyng of parrell slouth and cowardysse,
And let manhode utterly dyspyse,
All dread of death that causeth hertes fepnt.
With cowardysse and to be attempt.
That synally as goddes haue be hyght,
Through plesence of their eternal might,
To victoʒe that ye shall attayne,
Lyke your desyre there is no more to sayne.
¶ And whan Calchas in conclusyone,
This false treytour vnto Trope toʒne,
The grekes had through his wordes sayre,
Touchynge the werre put out of dyspayre.
Of herte all one they caste them to fulfyll,
Hooly his counsaile though so that Achylle,
Be stowarde aye to helpe them in their nede,
They gaue no force nor toke of it no hede,
But everychone they them redy make,
As ye shall here the felde in haste to take,

The trewes passed of þ monthes twayne,
¶ Into þ felde Greks gan theim ordayne,
And they of Trope agayne theim yllue oute,
¶ And worthy Troilus with an huge route,
The Grekes gan alderfyrste assaile.
And with his swerde he made for to rayle.

U.iii.

The

The fourth booke.

The red blood through their harness bright.
 That as the death they fled fro his sight.
 For he that day through his cruelte,
 Caste him platly aunged for to be,
 Upon the death of Hector bitterly.
 And as Dares wyrteth specyally.
 A D. knyghtes this Troyan championone,
 That day hath slayne rydyng by and downe.
 As myne auctour Gydo lyst endyte,
 Saue after hym I can no ferther wyрте.
 In his booke he geueth him suche a name,
 That by his manhode and his knyghtly fame
 The grekes all were dymyn into flight,
 By all that daye tyll it drewe to nyght.
 And on the morowe in the dawninge,
 The grekes haue at Phrybus bypysynge.
 Parmed them with great dyspence,
 Agayne Trojans to standen at disence.
 Amonges whome that daye as I rede,
 So well hym bare worthy Dyomedes,
 That many Trojan through his cruelte,
 Hath losse his lyfe. tyll Troilus gan to se,
 This Dyomedes in the fyeelde rydyng,
 To whom anone without more lettynge,
 With his spere throuwen into the reste,
 This Troilus rode a smote hym on the brest
 So myghtely that of very nebe,
 Downe of his horse he smote this Dyomedes.
 Albe of wounde he tho had no damage.
 And furpouilly Troilus in his rage,
 Of hygh enuye gan him to abraue,
 When he was down þ lone of faire Creseide.
 Of his decepte and falle Trecherye,
 And grekes than faste gan them lye,
 Amonge the hoise in mischief which he lay,
 To drawe him out in all the hast þ they may,
 And on a thelde broled and affrayde,
 They bare hym home so he was dysmayde,
 Of the stroke home vnto his tent.
 And Menelap the same whyle hath hente,
 A myghty spere tauenge this Dyomedes,
 And towarde Troilus fast gan him spede,
 Fully auyled to hym unhorse anone.
 But Troilus syfte made his stepe gone,
 So swyfte a course towarde Menelap,
 That he anone at the earth laye.
 So myghtely þe hnt hym with his spere.
 That thelde nor plate might his body were,
 That he ne had there a mortall wounde,

But his knyghtes anone as they hym founde,
 Out of the pzele when they had him rent,
 They bare hym home to his owne tent.
 The grekes aye standyng in distresse,
 Through the knighthode and þ hye pzoewesse,
 Of this Troilus whiche so hath them belaine
 On every part where he rode on the plaine.
 Tyll vnto tyme that Agamenowne,
 Into the fyeelde is a baled downe.
 With many worthy about his banere,
 That thone full thene agayne the sonne clere,
 And to his knyght hym rydyng enuprowne,
 He soze enchalet them of Trope towne,
 Woundeth a sleeth and put them to þ flight,
 Hym selfe acquytynge lyke a manly knyght.
 But for all that without more abode,
 Amonge Trojans fyerly as he rode,
 This worthy kyng great Agamenowne,
 Troilus with a spere hath smytten downe,
 Augre his grekes there gameth no socour,
 And whan they sawe their lordes a gouernour
 In suche myschypse at the grounde lynde,
 They hente hym by and made hym to assende
 Through their manhode on his stronge stede
 And he of wpt gan to taken hede.
 And considered wisely in his thought,
 In what dyspoynt Troilus had them brought
 And how his grekes for all their great pyde,
 Tofoze his swerde myght not abyde,
 He prudently of hygh discrepon,
 This noble knyght this kyng Agamenon,
 As he that hadde aye his aduertence,
 On gouernaunce throug his prouidence,
 Whan he sawe his grekes gan to fayle,
 And were feble to standen in battayle,
 For lacke of stuffe that shulde them recomfoft
 Full prudently he made them to resozte,
 Eneryche of them to his owne tent.
 And after that he hath to Pryam sent,
 For a trewse to Trope the Cye,
 For syre monthes if it myghte be,
 And by his counsaile Pryamus the kyng,
 Without abode graunted his arynge.
 Albe that some as Gydo lyst endyte,
 Were euyl apayde so longe to respyte,
 Their mortall foen in any maner wyse.
 But yet his graunt as þe haue harde deuyls,
 Stode in his strength fully as I read,
 In whiche tyme of very womanhead,
 Creseyde

The fourth booke.

Creseyde lyste no longer for to tarpe,
 Though her father were therto contrarpe,
 For to bypste and to haue a spght,
 Of Dyomedes that was become her knyght
 Which had of Troilus late caught a wound
 And in his tent when she hath hym founde,
 Benygely vpon his beddes lyde,
 She let her downe in the selfe tyde,
 And platly caste in her owne thought,
 Touchynge Troilus þ it was for nought,
 To lyue in hope of any more recure,
 And thought she wolde for nothing be vnure
 Of putrepaunce nor without soze,
 She gaue anone without any more,
 Hooly her herte vnto this Dyomedes.
 Low hat pytye is in womanhead.
 What mercy eke and benygne routh,
 That newly can all her olde trouth,
 Of nature lette slpye and ouer lyde,
 Rather then they lysten so abyde,
 Any man in myschiefe for their sake,
 The chaunge is not so redy for to make.
 In Lumbardstrete of crowne nor doket,
 All poyle is good be so the pyent be set.
 Their letter of chaunge doth no man abyde,
 So that the wynde be redy and the tyde.
 Passage is aye who so lyste to pace,
 A man is losse that lyste seke for grace.
 Daunger is none but counterfeyte dyldeyne,
 The sea is calme and from these rockes plain
 For mercyles neuer man ne depde,
 That sought for grace record of her Creseide
 Whiche fynally hath gyuen all her herte,
 To Dyomedes in relese of his smerte.
 And prayed hym to be right glad and lyght,
 And calleth him her owne man & her knyght.
 And hym behyghte rather then he deye,
 In euery thyng howe she wolde obeye,
 That were honest hym to do pleaseaunce.
 For leuer he had chaunge and barysaunce,
 Were founde in her than lacke of pytye,
 As spytynge is to all femynte,
 Of nature not to be dengeable,
 For sayth nor othe but rather mercryable,
 Of mannes lyfe standyng in distresse.
 Hecof no more for now I wyll me dresse,
 To tell forth in my translatyon,
 Ceriously how Agamenon,
 Durynge the trewse and the tyme of peace,

Hym selfe twente vnto Achylles,
 Besechynge him some regarde to haue,
 Of his knyghthode Grekes for to saue,
 And his pzele no more to withdraue,
 To suffer them so mortally to be slawe,
 Of their enmyes Pompos and Flate.
 But Achylles alway indurate,
 Flyche nethe both in herte and thought,
 From his purpose platly chaungeth nought,
 Fully enclyned for to haue a peace.
 But for as moche as this Achylles,
 Of entpernelle and hygh affection,
 So loupynge was vnto Agamenon.
 He vnto hym graunted at the leste,
 A great parcell touchynge his requeste.
 This to saye that this Achylles,
 Graunteth to hym his Prympdones.
 Full knyghtly men onely in his absence,
 With the grekes to maken resystence,
 In the fyeelde agayne them of the towne.
 For whiche graunte kyng Agamenowne,
 And duke Nestor thanked hym of herte,
 But he alwaye conteynynge in his smerte,
 For the lone of fayre Polixene,
 He knewe no gayne to his wounde sgrene,
 But dyspered languisheth euer in one.
 And whan the trewse passed were and gone,
 Upon a day the morowe full benygne,
 Achylles his knyghtes dyd assygne,
 The fyeelde to take with Agamenon,
 And as the story maketh mencion,
 He gaue to them bandes freshe of tead,
 That men may knowe by their manly head,
 With whom they were withholde in specyall,
 And lyke a man deadly and mortall,
 Within his tent this Achylles abode,
 When they from him into the fyeelde rode,
 Only for dole they shulden from him twinne,
 In his absence a werre to begynne.
 Augre his wyll agayne them of the towne,
 But forth they went with Agamenowne,
 Upon Trojans sterne and full of pyde,
 And with them mette on the other tyde,
 The manly knyghtes of the Trojan bloud,
 Whiche were on them so furpous and wood,
 That cruelly the grekes they oppresse,
 So that a backe for feare they gan the dresse,
 They were on them so inly fell and kene.
 Tyll that the myghty Duke of Athene,
 Entred

The fourth booke.

Entred in the grekes to dissende.
But upon hym vnwarcely o he wende.
Came myghty Troilus lyke a wood Lyotown
And from his steede anone he bare him downe
And after that he put hym in in prese,
Tyll he hath mette with these Myrmidones,
And of them slewe that dawe full many one.
And so fer in Troilus is gone,
That he grekes put vtterly to flyght.
Through his knyghthod til it drewe to night
A fro his swerde no raunform might the bozow
And Cupdo wypte that on the next morowe,
Full mortall was the laught on outher syde.
Amyd the fiede as they toggyther ryde,
Of many knyghtes that wonder was to sene
And as they faught the kyng Polydame,
With helpe onely of Polydamas,
Taken hath the worthy kyng Thoas.
And gan hym in leade toward Troie y towne
But Myrmidones him to helpe came downe
Wonder proude and after gan to sewe,
And through their myght Thoas they rescue
And hym deliuer for they were so stronge.
But Troilus then hurtled them amonge,
Furpouly full lyke a chammprone,
Now here now there cast a threwe the downe
Some he slewe and some he made blede,
Tyll cruelly they slewe his myghty steede.
On whiche he sat and yet neuerthelesse,
He fought on foote agaynst Myrmidones,
That cast had Troilus to haue take.
But Paris tho gan them so awake,
With his brother that about hym rode,
That in the place where as Troilus stode,
Upon his fete but him selfe alone,
Of Myrmidones they sleine haue many one
That of knyghthod through their malyhead,
They vnto hym brought an other steede.
Amyd his foen and made hym to ascende.
And he full knightly gan him selfe dysfende,
He set with grekes in the selfe founte,
That neuer yet a better knyght was founde,
They felte it well that tho were his foen.
But than his brother called Margaryon,
So as he fought puttyn hym selfe in prese,
Was slayne alas amonge Myrmidones.
The death of whom in a cruell yre,
This Troilus with anger sette a fyre,
Playnely purpoeth tauenge if he may.

And with his sword began to make way.
And Paris aye fast by hym rydng,
With his brethren upon hym awayryng,
Whiche all yfere were so mercelesse,
And I fynde these Myrmidones,
That of force and necessitye,
They were compelled playnly for to fle,
Troilus was on them so furpous.
So vengeable eke and so dyspyteous.
That he them gaue many mortall wounde,
And yet in soth that day they were founde,
Noble knyghtes and quyt them wonder wel
For they the crasse knewe euerydele,
Longyn to armes of them as I reade.
But for all that he made their sydes blede,
Through the mayle and their plates shene,
That they ne myght playnly him sustene,
The sword of Troilus them chasyn ouerall,
Albe they kepte them close as any wall.
Hole together and went not a sonder.
But Troilus aye them chaseth here a ponde
And seuered them mauger all their myght.
Tyll into fiede with many worthy knyght,
Came Menelap and kyng Agamenon,
Wylkes eke and cruell Chelamon.
And dyuinede whiche of his woundes grene
Recured was as sayth myne auctour clene.
And on Troians sodaynly they fall,
With their wardes and their knyghtes all.
And tho began the fyght to reneue,
On euery halfe that with bloudy hewe,
The plates bryght were of newe pyned.
And they of Troy so many haue the pyned,
Agayne there foen in this myghty stryfe,
That many greke was beraste his lyfe.
And where they were most myghty in bataile
Troilus came in and gan them to assaile,
On euery parte with many bloudy wounde.
And by his knyghthod gan them to confounde,
That aye they fledde so they were a ferde.
The mortall strokes of his sharpe sword,
Their deadly foe and destruction.
And this contynueth tyll kyng Chelamon,
By his manhode whan that he behelde,
The grekes madre recure agayne the fiede.
And gan Troians assaile wonder fore.
And tho began the slaughter more and more,
On eche syde till Troilus newe agayne,
The grekes hath so fyercly ouerlayne.

Myrmidones

The fourth booke.

Myrmidones and them euerychone,
Afore his sword that he made them gone.
To their tentes and the fiede forlake.
And with his hande that day he hath sake,
In hundred knyghtes that came in his weye.
Through his prowesse a sent them into troie
And euer in one gan so to enchace,
Myrmidones that they losse their place.
And to Achilles lying in his tent,
They be reperyed forwounded and to rent.
Their herneys broke both in plate and masse
And of their nombze I fynde that they sayle,
In hundred knyghtes slayne dead alas.
That after were founde in Caas.
Amyd the fied through girt to many wounde.
Of Troilus sword Hector the secounde.
Wherof Achilles when he had a syght,
So heauy was all the nete nyght,
In his bedde walowynge to and fro,
Denoyde of slepe for constreynt of his wo,
At his herte his wounde was so bene,
What for his men and sayre Polydene,
Wytynge well if he dyd his payne,
To be venged he shulde not assayne,
In no wise vnto his desyre.
And thus he bent in a double fyre,
Of lone and yre that made hym sygh hefore.
But for cause loue was the more,
He was aserde agayne them of the towne,
In his person to do offencioune,
Cesse Pyramus and Hecuba the queene,
Offended were and namely Polycene,
And thus he stode in a double weer,
That at his herte satte him wonder nere,
With many wonder dyuers fantasie,
As haue louers that be in poynt to dye.
Kyght euen so fareth this woofull man,
For very wo that no rede ne can.
So entryked that wende for to deye,
Of his recure he knewe no better weye.
And whyle he laye this in his thowes wyte,
Lyke as Cupdo playnly lyfte endyte,
That the story maketh mencyone.
That dayes seven they of Troy towne,
So encrese and augment of the sorowe,
With the grekes metten on euery morowe.
That through the force of alder both their might,
On outher parte, was slayne many a knight,
And all this whyle laye this Achilles,

Of grekes death yfke reckeles.
For loue onely and toke no maner hede,
Who so were hole or mortally doth blede.
Of who that plaineth with his wounde large
Hym thought it was no parcell of his charge.
So moche he hath on other thynge to thinke,
That ofte he waketh whan he shulde wyneke,
Thoughtfull aye and ymagynatyfe,
And very wery of his owne lyfe.
Tyll on a day kyng Agamenon,
Seynge the death and destruction,
On grekes halfe withouten remedye,
To Troy sent by enbassadrye,
For a trespas certayne dayes space.
But he myght therof haue no grace,
Lenger tyme platly to endure.
Then for leyfer of the sepulture,
Of worthy knyghtes that were dead asorne.
In the fiede on outher party lozne,
Whiche in the Caas full busily they soughte,
And after this plainly how they wrought,
Durynge the syege with great vyolence,
I shall descreyue with your pacyence.

How Achilles slewe the worthy Troilus
vnyknyghtly, a after trauelyd his body through
the fiede tyed to his houle. Cap. xxxi.

The cruell force and mortall yre,
Of martyrs myght alway set a fyre,
With newe enuye gonne of olde hatrede.
Brennyng in hertes hole as any glete,
Atwix grekes and them of Troy cytye,
Whiche lykely is not staunchd for to be,
Tyll deth consume with mortall darte,
Full many worthy vpon outher parte.
To execute alas by fynall fate,
On eyther parte the enuious deadly hate,
Whiche they ne myght by despyne remewe.
For it was set, it nedely must infewe.
And Atropos wyl suffer it none other,
That maytresse is a gydder of the rother,
Of deathes thyp. tyll all goth vnto wake,
And fortune gan soune her face abake,
Of highe disdayne fro Troye the cytye,
As in this story shortly shall se.
For whan the trowle that they had ytake,
Were wored out they gan them rede make,
The proude grekes and into fiede they gone.

Upon

Upon a moztowre tohan pthebus bright thone
 Armed full shene eueryche at his deuple.
 And Menelap hath first met with Paris,
 That day in stoyre as I read.
 And eche of them smyte other of his stede.
 At whiche tyme Dan Pollydamas,
 To Ulires rode a sterne pale,
 And eche at other of cruell empte,
 With styffe wordes gan together flee.
 That nouthere was of manhode for to herte,
 And with a spere squared for to herte.
 The myghty Duke called Menelle,
 Rode lyne ryght that all myght it le,
 To Anthenor the Tropan full of pyde.
 And from his sadell caste hym doune asyde.
 In his fure and his hatefull tene.
 And tho in haste come kyng pthlome,
 Only in helpe of them of the towne,
 And gan assaile kyng Agamenon.
 Through his knyghthode and his hardynesse
 That he hym had brought in great distresse,
 To bitter mychtyesse and confusyon.
 He had be only that kyng Chelamon,
 Full proude came hym for to rekeue.
 And after soze gan for to pursue,
 With a spere vpon pthelome,
 And for his horse he layde hym on the grene,
 Augre his force the stoyr telleth thus.
 For he to hym was moztally pous.
 And after that ponge Archylogus,
 A moztall cours ran vnto Brumius,
 One of the sonnes of ppyamus the kyng,
 Ponge and delpuer and beste in lykyng.
 But he hym smyte with so great a myght,
 That he fell dead this frethe lusty knyght.
 The death of whom wha they of Trope espye,
 They made a thoute and pyteously gan crye,
 Of woofull routh and his death complayne.
 Till the nople gan bitterly attayne.
 To Troplus eares platly where he rode,
 And he no lenger after that abode,
 But to the place felly gan approche,
 And with his sworde for to sette a boche.
 Without routh the grekes hatefull bloud,
 And mercyles all that hym withstode,
 He slewe that daye by cruell auenture.
 That greke was none p which might endure
 To soze his sworde he gan them to oppresse.
 For of knyghthode and of hygh prowesse,

He had them put bitterly to flyght,
 As had byn the manhode and the myght,
 Of ppympdon which al that longe day
 By one assent vpon Troplus lay.
 Wherof he was full melancolus.
 And of courage and manhode moste famous,
 He ne lyfte no longer for to lette,
 But all attones vpon them he sette,
 And furiously gan amonge the ryde,
 And some he smote euen through the syde,
 Through the body and some through p herte.
 And in his sworde through doublet & the thert
 Through shelde & plate, and through haberton
 He perced hath and lyke a wood lyon,
 He slewe that day of them many one.
 That maugre them they fledde eueryche.
 With the grekes eueryche to his tent.
 And then of Trope after them he went.
 Swiftilly on horse tyll they haue them take.
 And such a slaught of grekes ther they make,
 That synally there was a bette reskue,
 But only death so passyngly confuse,
 The grekes were at mychtyesse desolate,
 Troplus so natowre brought the to chekmate
 That they coude tho no better remedye,
 But hydously for to waile and crye,
 To death forwounded with a grisely chere.
 That Achilles whan he gan fynt to here,
 The dyedefull nople and the woofull towne,
 That caused was by reflectiowne,
 Of eyre agayne who so coude it knowe,
 In rochys harde and in hauernes lowe,
 Lyke as it were one woode spoke of two,
 That men are wont to callen an Ecco.
 So confuse was the lamentaciowne,
 On grekes syde of whiche the deadly towne,
 So pyteously to Achilles is conne,
 Of them that lay agayne the hote sonne,
 With moztall woundes pelyng by the breth,
 With rounble & swowhe resownyng into deth
 Such a nople grekes maden there.
 And what it ment Achilles dyd enquire.
 And what the cause was of their clamour,
 And then him tolde for lacke of socour,
 The grekes were eche in his tentorye.
 Of Troplus slayne. so that the victorye,
 Goth synally with them of Trope towne,
 For enermoze in conclusiowne,
 So many greke slayne laye in his tent,

Gapping

Gappinge hward to his bloud spent,
 Throughe the constreint of his wounde smert
 And whyle Achilles gan their case aduerse
 Full sodaynely there came to hym a man,
 The whiche his tale euen thus began.
 Alas quod he how may ye thus sustene,
 To se your men hereupon the grene,
 Afoze your face slayne and lye deade.
 And lyde not ones for to take hede,
 But stande styll pensyfe in your tent.
 Upon the poynt your selfe to be spent.
 In hasty houre yf ye here abyde.
 For tyf thousande knyghtes here besyde,
 Redy armed in plates and in mayle,
 Caste them playnly you for to assaile,
 This no doubte vnarmed as ye stande.
 But ye of knyghthode manly take on hande,
 Them to respye in this selfe place,
 And lyke a man to meten in the face.
 For whiche anone in a cruell mode,
 This Achilles lyke as he were woode,
 Hath armed hym sompnyng as a boze,
 Farewell his loue he sette of it no soze.
 Of hasty herte his pye was so kene.
 That he forgot fayre Pollycene,
 And her beaute p whylom made him smert.
 And in a rage by anone he starte,
 And toke his stede as any Lyon moztly,
 Agayne Troplus and into fyele he goth,
 Lyke a wolfe that is with hunger gnawed,
 Ryght so gan he agayne his foen to drawe.
 And where he rode without exceptiowne,
 He woundeth sleeth killeth and bereth doune
 Now here now there in a lytle throuwe,
 That they of Trope gan his sworde to knowe
 Whiche was infecte of newe with their bloud
 For there was none as yet p him withstode,
 So moztally he gan aboute hym layne,
 The dead bodys enlonge the playne,
 Till casually Troplus gan espye,
 This Achilles as he caste an eye,
 And gan his horse with all his might & payne
 But Achilles of hym was ware also,
 Smette his stede and made hym for to go,
 Towarde Troplus in the selfe tyde,
 And with full cours as they together ryde,
 Full lyne ryght their spere Charpe whette,
 With suche a myght they haue together mette
 Of hygh dyspayne there is no moze to sayne

That to the grounde they felle both tway.
 But Achilles caught hath suche a wounde
 In his body depe and so pprofounde,
 That longe he lay myn auctour saith certain,
 Or he to helth restored was agayne.
 And Troilus eke through plates maile & al
 As wyte Gydo had a wounde small.
 Whiche vnto hym dyd no greunaunce.
 And thus that daye by conynuaunce,
 And dayes syre surynge by and by,
 The proude grekes mette cruelly,
 Amyd the fyele them of Trope towne.
 To great damage and confusiowne,
 Of outhert partye playnely this no nay.
 For many woorthy slayne was day ty day.
 In their rancour and herpe hooote enue,
 Albe Gydo doth not specefye,
 None of theyr names playnely in this boke,
 As ye shall fynde yf ye lyfte to loke.

Ad al this whyle for this sobeine thinge
 Pensyfe & tryste was ppyan? the kyng
 That Achilles tourned hath so clene,
 His luste awaye from ponge Pollycene.
 And for this chaunge so sodayne and so newe
 Thought his behestes were not all trewe.
 But on deceyte and on doublenesse.
 On fraude falsly and newe fangelnesse.
 On slepyghty treason an vncovert gyle,
 Or rage of loue that lasteth but a whyle.
 Was bitterly founde in his behest.
 For lyke as a wynde that no man may areste
 Fareth a woode disordraunt fro the dede,
 Of whiche a wyse man take shall no hede.
 But lette passe as he were reckelesse.
 For albeit that this Achilles,
 Was whylom caught within loues snare,
 Hym lyfte not nowe ones for to spare,
 Of hygh rancour his lady to offende.
 It was not lyke as they of Trope wende,
 Decuba nouthert yet Pollycene,
 And in an angre and gan her to abryde,
 That she her truste so entperly hath leyde,
 On Achilles that can so falsly mene.
 Wherfore full tryste was this Pollycene,
 That was enclyned with her euen clere,
 By the counsaile of her mother dere,
 To haue be wedded to Achilles.
 To fyne onely there shulde haue be a peare,

Atween

Athene grekes and them of Troy towne,
 But all was false inconclusiowne.
 In the syne was the trouthe yene,
 For whan Achilles of his woundes grene,
 Was fully cured by a certayne day,
 He gan compass in all that euer he may,
 And ymagine in his enuyous herte,
 To be venged of his woundes smerte.
 Upon Troilus that stakke aye in his mynde.
 At auantage if he myght hym fynde.
 To hym he bare so passyngly hatede,
 In his herte breynynge as the glode.
 Whiche day noz myght may in no degree,
 Fully be queynt tyll he auenged be,
 The hooote rancour gan so on hym gnawe.
 Myged platly that he shall besawe,
 Of his handes whan so that it be falle.
 And on a day to hym he gan calle,
 Prympdones his knyghtes euerythone,
 Upon a morowe whan the grekes gone,
 To fore the towne in stele armed bryght.
 Agayne Troians of purpose for to fyght.
 And they were come proude into fiede,
 In opposyte with many ryche shelde.
 Newly depeynt with colours freshe & fyne,
 Upon whiche full bryght gan to shyne,
 Fry Titan golde tressed in his sphere,
 At his bypysse with his beames clere.
 Whan this selle enuyous Achilles,
 To his knyghtes called Prympdones,
 Upon Troilus gan hym to complayne.
 Besekynge them for to do theyr payne.
 Agayne this Troilus in the fiede that daye.
 To catche hym at mychysse if they may.
 And busly to do their dylgence,
 On him to haue their full aduertence,
 By one assent where that he ryde.
 All other thyng for to sette asyde.
 And of nought elles for to take hede.
 Saufe synally agayne hym to procede,
 If to they myght catche hym in a trappe.
 Within them selle troilus for to clappe.
 To enclose and sette hym rounde aboute.
 In all wyse that he go not oute,
 And whan he were beset amonge them all,
 Not to see him what euer that be fall.
 But through the myght manly hym coserue
 Tyll he hym selfe come and make hym sterue.
 With his swoorde he and none other wyght.

Lo here a manhode for to pseye a ryght.
 Vengeance of deth of rancour and of pryde,
 Compassed treason knyghthode layde asyde.
 Worthynesse by false enure yslawe,
 Falshede a losse trout he a backe ydraue.
 Alas in armes that it shulde befall.
 Of trecherie there the bytter galle,
 Shulde in this world in any knight be fonde.
 That be to trouthe of their order bounde.
 Alas alas for now this Achilles,
 Conspyred hath with his Prympdones.
 The death of one and y the worthiest wight,
 That euer was and eke the beste knyght.
 Alas for wo my herte I fele deade,
 For his sake this storie whan I rede.
 But whan fortune hath a thyng ordeyned,
 Though it be euer wayled and compleyned,
 There is no gayne noz no remedye,
 Though men on it galen aye and crye,
 I can no more touchynge this mattere,
 But wyte forth lyke as ye shall here.
 How Prympdones haue their lord behyght,
 With all their power and their full myght,
 To fulfyll his commaundement.
 And into fiede with grekes they be went.
 But Troilus syt in the opposyte,
 Without abode manly them to mete.
 He was byzent with so feruent hete,
 Of hardynesse and of hyghe courage.
 Of worthynesse and of vasselage.
 That him ne lyste no longer to abyde,
 But with his folie he began to ryde,
 Amonge grekes this folke of hyghe renoune
 And to his sword he woude a bereth doun
 Sleeth and kyleth vpon euery haine,
 So mortally that there may no salue,
 Their foresounde for there was but death,
 Where so he rode and yeldyng by the bryeth,
 So furiously he gan them to enchase.
 And made them lese in a lyttell space,
 Their lande echone and afoze him flee.
 In Troilus swoorde there was suche cruelte.
 That maugre them he the fiede hath wonne.
 The same tyme whan the bryght sonne,
 Bye in the southe at mydday marke thone.
 Even at the houre when it drew to noone.
 When Prympdones gathred all in one,
 In compass wyse rounde aboute hym gone.
 And furiously of one entenciowne,

They

They made a cercle about him enuyowne.
 When they hym sawe of helpe desolate,
 But he of herte not dysconfolate.
 Upon no syde throught his manly head,
 Lyke a Lyon toke of theym no hede.
 But throught his famous knyghtly excellēce,
 He as a Tygre standeth at disfence.
 And manfully gan them to encomber,
 And gan to lese and dyscrease their number,
 And some he maymeth & woude to ydeath,
 And some he made to yelden by the breath.
 And some he layde to the earthe lowe,
 And some he made for to ouerthrowe,
 With his swerde of theyr bloud all wyte.
 At great mychysse vnder his hodie fete.
 Upon his stede sturdy as a wall.
 This worthy knyght this man most mercial
 Pleyeth his play amonge Prympdones,
 Hym selfe god wot alone all helples.
 But tho alas what might his force auayle
 When thre thousande knyghtes him assaile.
 On euer y parte both in lengthe and brede,
 And cowardly syt they slewe his stede.
 With their speres sharpe & so square yground.
 For whych alas he stante now on y grounde.
 Without reskuse refute or socoure,
 That was that daye of chyualrye the flour.
 But well awaye they haue him to beset,
 That from his head they smote his basenet.
 And brake his harneys as they hym assaile.
 And seuer of stele the myghty stronge mayle.
 He was dysarmed both necke and also hede,
 Alas the wofle & no wyght toke none hede.
 Of all his knyghtes longynge to the towne.
 And yet alway this Troian champpowne,
 In knyghtly wyse naked as he was,
 Hym selfe defendeth, tyll Achilles alas,
 Came rydynge in furpous and wood,
 And whā he sawe howe that Troilus stode,
 Of longe fygthynge abowped and a mate,
 And from his folkes alone dysconfolate,
 Sole by hym at mychysse pyteously,
 This Achilles wonder cruelly,
 Behynde vntwaryly or that he toke hede,
 With his swerde smyteth of his heade.
 And cast it forth of cruel cursed herte,
 And thought sure it should hym not asterte.
 To thewe his malice this wolfe vnmeyorable
 Full vnknyghtly to be moze vengeable.

Upon the body that dead laye and roide,
 Alas that euer it should of knyght be tolde,
 Wyte or rehered to do so foule a dede,
 Or in a boke alas that men shall rede,
 Of any knyght a storie so horryble.
 Unto the eares passyngly oddeble.
 For this Achilles of cruelte alas,
 The dead corpe toke out of the taas,
 And vengeably bonde it as I fynde,
 At the tayle of his hodie behynde.
 And hatefully that euery wyght behelde,
 Drowe it him selfe endlonge the fiede.
 Throught the renges and the wardes all.
 But Oh alas that euer it should fall.
 A knyght to be in herte so cruel.
 Or of hatred so spytefull and so fell,
 To draue a man after he were deade.

O thou Homer for shame be now red,
 And I amale I holdest thy selfe so wyse,
 On Achilles to set suche great a pryse.
 In thy booke for his chyualrye.
 Aboue echone that doth hym magnifye.
 That was so sleghly and so full of fraude,
 Why geuest thou him so hye a prayse & laude.
 Certys Homer for all thy excellence,
 Of Rethorike and sugred eloquence,
 Thy lusty tonges and thy dyces swete,
 Thy honp mouth that doth wyth sugre flete,
 Yet in one thyng thou greatly art to blame,
 Causeles to gyue hym suche a name,
 With tyle suche of tryumph and glozpe,
 So passyngly to put in memorpe,
 In thy booke to save and wyte so,
 That he throught knyghthod slain hath Hectors
 First him I was lyke vnto none other, (two.
 And sith Troilus I was his owne brother
 If thou arte meued of affection,
 Whych that thou hast to Grekes nation,
 To pseye him so for thou canst endyte.
 Thou shouldest aye for any fauour wyte,
 The trouthe playaly and be indyfferent,
 And save the sothe clerclly of entente.
 For when he slewe Hectors in the fiede,
 He was afore dysarmed of his fiede.
 And busly eke in spoylynge of a kyng.
 For yf he had beware of his compynge.
 He had hym quyt throught his chyualrye.
 His false decept and his trecherpe,

F.1.

That

That he ne had so lyghtly from him gone.
 Also Troilus naked and alone,
 Amyd the thousand cloed and yfhet,
 When Achilles hath his head of smet,
 At his backe of full cruell herte.
 When he nothing his treason dyd aduerte.
 Was that a dede of a manly knyght.
 To see a man forwerped in the fyght,
 Faynt of traunple all the longe daye,
 Amonge so many standynge at a baye,
 A knynges sonne and so hys bozne,
 Paked the head his armure all to tozne.
 Euen at the death on the selfe popnt,
 At great myschyfe and playnly out of ioynt,
 Of his lyfe standynge on the wyake.
 When Achilles came falsly at the bake,
 A slaynge hym when he was halfe deade,
 And lyke a cowarde snote of then his hrade.
 That was tofore hurte and wounded soze.
 Wherfor Homer ne prais him not therfore
 Let not his pcase thy royall booke difface,
 But in all haste his renoune outrace.
 For here his name when I here it neuen,
 Verryly vp to th: thirde heauen,
 As semeth me infect: is the eyre.
 The sowne therof so foule is and vnfayze.
 For if that he had bled aduertence,
 Other the eye of his prouidence,
 Unto knyghthod or his worthynesse.
 Oter to manhode or to gentyllesse,
 Or to the renoune of his owne name,
 Or to the repute of his knyghtly fame,
 In any wyse to haue taken hede.
 He hadde neuer done so foule a dede,
 So vengeably for to haue ydraue,
 A knynges sonne after he was slawe.
 And namely hym that was so good a knyght.
 Whyche in his tyme who so loke arpyght,
 Past Achilles I dare it well expresse.
 Both of manhode and of gentyllesse.
 But for all that he is now dead alas.
 The death of whom when Polydamas,
 And Parrys eke fyrst gan elpye,
 They faced in sothe as they woulden dye.
 And sperpally wyth fare dead and fade,
 Parrys alas suche inly sorowe made,
 For the contreynt of his deadly wo,
 When he sawe well that Troilus was ago,
 And that he shall in lyfe him neuer se.

Suche sorowe also the Troyan Dan Cnee,
 For hym hath made and many other mo,
 That all at ones they togyther go,
 The dead corpes to recure if they maye.
 But grekes were so fell on them that daye,
 That all theyr haste was better in bayne.
 In any wyse the corpes to get agayne.
 Tyll that Menon the noble worthy knyge,
 Whych loued Troilus ouer all thyng,
 Caught such routh of affection,
 That he in haste fearler than a Lyon,
 On his death cast him to be weake.
 And fyrst for Jere thus he gan to speake.
 To Achilles for all his hys treefolwe,
 Oh thou Cratoure, Oh thou Scorpyowne,
 Oh thou Serpent full of Trecherre,
 Whych in dishonour of all chualre,
 Through false ergyne hast this daye yslawe,
 The onely best that here hadde no felowe,
 When he was whylom in this woilde aloue.
 Alas alas who maye arpyght descryue,
 Thy benyn hyd thy malice and vntrouthe.
 Wythout pyte or any knyghtly routh.
 To drawe a knyght so gentyll and so good,
 A knynges sonne of so worthy bloud,
 Through out þ feld at thy hysle tale behynde,
 That euer after it shalbe in mynde,
 This cruell dede and vngentyllesse.
 And wyth þ word Menon gan him dresse,
 Towarde Achilles wythout moze areste,
 And wyth a spere smet him in the brest,
 Enuyously of so great hatred,
 That he vnneth kepte him on his stede,
 And Menon after pulled out a sward,
 And cast hym manly to mete him in the berde,
 And rode to him fully deuoyde of drede,
 And suche a wound he gaue him on the head,
 That maugre hym in many mannes fyght,
 To the earthe he made him to alpyght.
 For all his pyde in a mortall traunce.
 And of that wound he felt such greuaunce,
 That at the death he laye an huge whyle,
 In a swobone the space of halfe a myle,
 Tyll Mympdones assembled into one,
 With great labour and hente him vp anone.
 Full deadly pale so he gan to blede,
 But for all that they set him on his stede,
 And at the last his hert he caught agayne,
 And smet his hysle of hate and hysle dydayne.

And

And towarde Menon fast gan him hys.
 But when that he his cominge gan elpye,
 Full lyke a knyght lyst not to abyde,
 But hit his hysle sharply in the fyde,
 And mette Achilles poudly on the playne.
 And wyth theyr swozdes they togyther lapyne,
 And gan to huttle on hysle backe tho ptere,
 Wyth herte enuyous and despytous chere.
 But knyge Menon was at auauntage,
 Of Achilles for all his wood rage,
 In popnt to abzought him to confusyowne,
 Tyll þ the wardes of newe be comen downe.
 On other parte both of these and ponder,
 Whych sodaynly leuered them asunder.
 And as the story telleth playnly than,
 Began the slaughter of many manly man,
 For nother party the felde ne would leue,
 Of very pyde tyll it drew to eue.
 That Jhebus gan aswage of his herte,
 And gan to bathe in the watres wete,
 His byght beames of the Ocean.
 That fro the felde home goth every man,
 To theyr lodgyng and after leuen dayes,
 They taught ptere & made no moze delays.
 Full mortall by cruell aduenture,
 Whyle Achilles full busy was to cure,
 His woundes grene and his sores founde,
 And then he had a newe treason founde,
 To be venged vpon knyge Menon,
 For all his wyte he sette ther vpon.
 And so this cruell enuyous Achilles,
 Ycharged hath his Mympdones,
 Worthy Menon amonge them to embrace.
 If they hym founde of opportune in place.
 With all theyr might and theyr busy thought,
 From theyr handes that he escape nought.
 Tyll he hym selfe auenged on hym be.
 And so defell as they Menon se,
 The nette mortowelyke a manly knyght,
 Agayne the Grekes armed for to fyght.
 On Trope fyde as he was wonte to do,
 Of auenture that daye yt fell so,
 That Achilles and this Menon mette,
 And eche of them gan on other sette,
 On hysle backe wyth full great enuye.
 When as so longe in theyr melancolye,
 Some auctour wyrt they togyther fyght,
 That eche made oother of force to alpyght.

And when Menon stode vpon þ grounde
 Mympdones wente aboute him rounde,
 As they were charged of the fyerle Achilles,
 When he alas wythout goddes wille,
 Dysseuered was from his knyghtes all.
 And at myschyfe they vpon him fall,
 Destitute alone and helples,
 And in suche popnt slewe him Achilles.
 But in the story lyke as it is founde,
 This Menon fyrst gaue him such a wounde,
 Tofore his death in all this fell styfe,
 That he dyspeped was as of his lyfe,
 This Achilles for all his false treason.
 Take hede Homer and demeth in thy reason,
 The false fraude and the slepyty gyle,
 The treason caste afoze wyth many wyle,
 Of Achilles and iudge now a ryght,
 If euer he slewe any worthy knyght.
 But if yt were by preodycyon.
 Recorde I take of the knyge Menon.
 So that the tyle of his laude alas,
 Enkred is wyth fraude and with fallace.
 That thou Homer mayst with no colour,
 Though thou paynte with gold & w asoure,
 In thy wyrtynge his benyn not enclose,
 But as the thorne hyd vnder the rose,
 Whole malyce aye daret by the roote,
 Though the floure aboute fayze and loote,
 That men the fraude vnder may not se,
 Of his treason ye get no moze of me.

But I wyll tell how Grekes do that daye,
 How Meneste and knyge Menelay,
 Dyomedes and Chelamonys,
 On Trojans were passng despytous.
 For cruelly wyth theyr wardes all,
 In theyr myschyfe be vpon them fall,
 And made them flee home vnto the towne,
 For whylom Troilus chysse champpowne,
 Is deade alas and hath them now forsake,
 Of whom they haue the dead body take,
 The same daye with great difficulte,
 And dolefully they into the Cyte,
 Haue tho it bzought crying oft alas,
 And for his death such a wo there was,
 That I trowe there is no man aloue,
 Whych could arpyght halfe dele descryue,
 Theyr pytous wo noz lamentaryowne.

F.ii.

Certiffe

Certepe not Boys that hath such tendone
With dery wordes to be wepe and crye,
In complaynge to Philosophye,
Throughe his boke accusynge aye fortune,
That seide or nought can in one contune.
She is so full of transmutacione.
Oh state of Thebes make no boist nor sobone
Of derynesse for to myte at all,
Nothor of death nor festes funerall,
Of makynge sorowe nor aduersyte,
Let be thy wepyng on thou Pyrope,
Pe spiter also of Aeliager,
That custome haue for to fle so fer.
fro yere to yere your brother to complayne.
And thou that wepest out thine eyen twaine
Oedippus kyng of Thebes the crite,
Thou wofull Myrrha and Calyrtone.
That so well can in rage you bemene.
And Wydo eke whylome of Cartage quene.
Lette be your dole and your contricion.
And Phyllis eke for thy Dymophon.
And eke Cecio that newe doct begyn,
To crye and wayle. and also thou Cozanne,
That whylom were in so great affray.
For death onely of thy Dopyngay.
As in his boke sellety us Wydo.
Let all this wo now be layde asyde,
And make of it no comparisone,
Unto the wo that was in Trope towne.
For death onely of this woorthy knyght,
For lone of whom every maner wyght,
Hygh and lowe olde and yonge of age,
Are falle of netwe into such a rage,
That they ne couide of their wo none ende.
Whose salte teares wyll their eyen shende.
So pyteous was the lamentacione,
In every strete throughout all the towne,
Blas who coude all their sorowes telle.
I trowe certeyns Pluto depe in helle.
For all his torment and his paynes kene,
Nothor the Dolerpyna his quene,
Nothor the wery wood Cyrius,
Ircyn nor hungry Tantalus,
Ne coude not well for all their bytter pepne,
So furiously wepen and complayne,
As do troians Troilus for thy sake.
For who can nowe such a sorowe make,
Or who can wepe as kyng Pyramus.

Who wepeth now with face full pyteous,
Or sorowe makeith. but Heruba the quene,
Who wepeth now but Darys and Helyne,
Who can now wepe into teares repne,
As Troians do with deadly swole there.
It neded them no wepers for to byer.
They had nough of their owne store.
Alas for nowe they be for euer more,
Of helpe all sole of comforte despyte.
For who shall now be to them refute.
Howe that Hector and also Deiphobus,
And Troilus eke that was so vertuous,
Be dead alas who shall their succour be.
Or helpe sustene the werre of there Cite,
There is no more in concluson,
But after death fully destruction.
Of theyr towres and their walles stronge,
In this matter what shulde I playne longe.
It bayleth not alway so to mozne,
Wherfore I wyll now agayne retorne,
To my matter and tell forth how the kyng,
To grekes hath without more taryng,
For a trewe and a peace ysent.
A certayne tyme by great auplement.
Whiche graunted was of Agamenowne.
And they ayene repped to the towne.

Howe Darys slewe Achilles, and Archylogus Duke Nestors sonne, in the Temple of Apollo. Cap. xxxii.

Kynge Pyramus dyd his busye cure,
For to make a ryche sepulture,
For Troilus corpe full noble and royall.
As sayth Gydo of bones and metall,
And him enclosed of great affection.
And nighe besyde was the kyng Menon.
Solempnely buryed and laide in graue.
And after that day by day they haue,
Like the custome of feste funerall,
And other ryghtes ceremonypall,
For them bothe with dewe obseruance,
Seruple done aye by continuance,
In their temple lyke as was the gysle.
Whiche were to longe me for to deuyse.
And tedrus eke to you for to dwell.

But

But I purpose certiolly to tell.
Howe Heruba as I can endyte,
Her caste fully Achilles to requyte,
His tirannye sotly of the map.
And unto her she calleth on a day,
Alexaunder in full secrete wyse,
And unto hym as I shall you deuyse.
With wepyng eyen and full herry chere,
Sayde euen thus as ye shall after here.
Darys quod the alas saue goddes wyll.
Thou knowest well howe the fyerie Achylle;
Whonnes hath slayne well nye euerphone,
There is none leste but thy selfe alone.
He hath me made alas there is no gayne,
Full cowardly of chyloden now baraine.
Both of Hector and Troilus eke thereto.
Whiche were to me in every trouble and wo,
Fully comforte pleasaunce and solace.
Wherfore I caste playnely to compate,
By some engyne his death to ordayne.
And lyke as he by treason dyd his payne,
Crayerously with his sworde to smyte,
Beght so I thynke with treason him to quyte.
As sytynge is of ryght and equyte.
And syth thou wotest platly how that he,
Hath sette his herte and his loue clene,
Upon my daughter yonge Polydene,
To syne onely to haue her unto wyue.
For whiche I caste to hym sende blyue,
For to come and treate of that mattere.
In the temple of Appollo here.
In the temple moste chiefe of this Cite.
At whiche tyme my wyll is that thou be,
Thy selfe armed there full pyuelye.
With certayne knyghtes in thy companye,
Armed also agayne the same daye.
That in no wyse he ne scape maye,
From your handes but that he be dead.
As I haue saide and therfore take good hede
Unto this thyng with all my herte I praye.
From poynt to poynt my byddyng so obeye.
And he assenteth with all his houle herte,
Behotynge her that he shulde not altere,
And with hym toke twenty and no mo,
Of manly men that ryght well durste do.
And in the temple by full good aduise,
They were yhid by byddyng of Darys.
Whyle Heruba couert in her entente,
Her messenger to Achilles hath sent,

As ye haue herde in conclusyone.
To come in haste unto Trope towne.
After the effecte whiche was of her myllage,
Onely to treate of a marpage.
And he in haste commeth at her sonde.
As he that coude nothyng vnderstonde,
Her treason hyd nor playnly it aduerte:
He was so hote marked in his herte,
With loues bynde and his fyer glede,
Of lyfe nor death that he toke no hede.
But sette a syde wyse and all reason,
To caste afoze by good discrecion,
What was to do with lokynge full prudent,
For he in soth was with loue blent.
Into Trope whan that he shulde gone.
Like as it fareth of louers euerphone.
Whan they haue caught in herte a fantasye,
For no peryll though they shulden dye.
They haue no myght nor power to beware,
Tyll they vnwares be trapped in the snare,
Their maladye is aye so furysous.
And thus Achilles and Anthylogus,
Nestors sonne haue the waye nome,
Towarde the towne and be togither come,
Into temple as ye haue harde me telle.
And Darys tho lyke no longer dwelle,
But all vnwarely with his knyghtes all;
On Achilles is at mychpese fall.
Euerpche of them with a swoorde full bryght,
And some bokes saye it was done by night,
Whan his deatht longe afoze despyed.
By Heruba and Darys was conspyed.
But Achilles in this mortall case,
Amonge them all naked as he was,
Hent out a sworde in the selfe steuen,
And lyke a knyght he slewe of them seuen,
Of very force manger all their myght.
But whan Darys therof had a syght,
Thre dartes caught that were kene a square,
And sodeynly are that he was ware,
Full secretely hyd vnder the shade,
Darkynge at hym and no noyle made,
Caste at hym euen as euer he can,
That head and chaffe throughe his body ran;
And therewithall knyghtes not a fewe,
With sharpe swozdes gan vpon hym betwe,
And leste him not tyll he lay at grounde.
Full pale dead with many mortall wounde
And ryghtfully of reason as it syr,

Full Thus

The fourth booke.

Thus was the fraude and the falsed quyt,
Of Achilles for his hygh treason.
 As deth for deth is skylfully guerdon,
 And egall mede without any fable,
To them that be mercyles vengeable,
 For thilke daye Gypho wyrteth thus,
 That Achilles and Anthylogus,
Of Darys were in the temple slaue.
 And afterwarde the bodye was outdrowe,
 Of Achille fro the holy boundes,
 And cruelly thzowen unto the houndes,
 To be deuoured in the hode strete.
 In canell rennyng of fylthy waters wete.
 Without pytye or any maner routh,
 Lo here the ende of falsed and vntrouth.
 Lo here the syne of suche trecherie,
 Of falsed decepte compassed by enuye,
 Lo here the knotte and conclusyon,
 How god aye quytterth slaughter by treason.
 Lo here the guerdon and the synall mede,
 Of them that so delyten in falschede.
 For euery thyng platly for to sayne,
 Lyke as it is his guerdon doth attayne.
 As ye may se of this Achilles,
 Whiche on a nyght in the temple les,
 His lyfe for he was aye custonable,
 By fraude and treason for to be vengeable.
But it befell at request of Helepe,
 That the bodyes of these ylike thowne,
 Conserued were from the hungry rage,
 Of beste and foule greedy and ramage.
 And yet they lay ampyddes of the cytye,
 Full openly that all men myght them se,
 To great gladnesse of them of the towne.
Into tyme that Agamenotone,
 To kyng Pryam sent his massageres,
 To haue licenle to sette them home on beares
 By graunt of whom they haue the cozles take
 For whom grekes suche a sorowde make,
 That pytye was and routh for to here.
 And eueryche spake thus vnto his feare.
 Farewell our truste nothe Achilles is dede,
 Farewell our hope and hooly all our spede.
 Farewell our ioye and our chiefe diffence,
 That hadde in manhode so great excellence.
 Farewell alas our souerayne assistance,
 Farewell in knighthode all our sustynance.
 For now alas vnphely is that we,
 Shall euer wyne or gotten this Cite.

To his alas so frowarde is fortune,
 But that they myghten not contune,
 Alway in wo noz in payne endure,
 They caused to make a ryche Sepulture.
To Achilles of stoness precyous.
And an other to Anthylogus.
 What shulde I now any longer dwell,
 Ceryously the cytes for to telle.
 Of their burpyng noz what wo they make,
 Their wepyng all noz of their clothes blake.
 For how that some loure in their hode,
 And how some go with mylke and bloud,
 With dolefull herte and into fyre it thre.
 And how that other casten gummes swete,
 Ampydde the great flaumes funerall.
 For of the playes called pallestrall.
 For of the wastpyng that was at the wake,
 It were but bayne me to vnderake,
 To tellen all wherfore I will lette be.
 Fully in purpose lyke as ye shall se,
 To reioyce as in conclusyon,
 To tellen how the great Agamenon,
 For his lordes in all the haste hath sent,
 And when they were assembled in his tent,
 Full prudently this kyng this manly man,
 With great aduple thus he his tale began.

Spyes quod he fortunes barpatrice,
 Her there frowarde a double countenance,
 And sodeyne tourne of her falsed bylage,
 Your hertes hath put in suche arage,
 For the murdre to god and man odyle,
Of Achilles and the death horryble,
 By compassyng of Heruba the quene.
 Now semeth me that it shall be sent.
 If any manhode in your hertes be.
 Or knighly force in aduertpye,
 For to endure by vertue of sustynance.
 Tyll of his death ye taken may vengeaunce.
 And manly quyte this outrageous offence.
 Whan time cometh to make full recompence.
 But syth that ye be manly and pydent,
 I wolde spyse the playne entent.
 In this matter of you that be so wyse.
 And hereupon what is your aduple.
 By one assent and voyce in comune,
 Whether ye wyl the werre forth contune,
 And the spege pgoane vpon this towne,
 Tyll they be brought to destructione.

The fourth booke.

Or into grece now refozte agayne.
 For cause only that Achilles is slayne.
 That whilom was poir strong champlotone
 Your diffence and chiefe protectiowne.
 But synally now that he is dead,
 Hereupon let se what is your reade.
 Saye openly and no longer tarpe.
And some anone gonnie for to barpe,
 And to gruthe castyng to and fro,
 Standpyng in doute what were beste to do.
And some sayde on the tother syde,
 For lyfe or death they woulde an ende abyde.
 And some of them that of wyrtte were rude,
 For their partye gonnen to conclude,
 That they woulde este home agayne retourne.
 And other sayd that they wyl sojourne,
 Syll at the spege happe what happe may.
 And thus they treate all the longe day,
 Cury man lyke his oppnyon.
 Tyll at the laste in conclusyon,
 They be accorded fullylly to one,
 Fro the spege neuer for to gone,
 Vnto the tyme they haue of the towne,
 Through their knyghthode full possydwne
 At their free wyl to spylle or elles to saue.
 Albe Achilles burped was in grene.
 For the fruste of euery worthy knyght,
 Was synally as goddes haue behyght,
 That they in haste shall the towne possede.
 This was their hope fullylly deuorde of drede.
 Undispyred in their oppnyon.
And then anone Pyar Chelamon,
 A worthy knyght and famous of his hande,
 Amonge all tho that were of grekes londe,
 Sayde euen thus playnly in sentence.
Spyes quod he that here be in pzeience,
 My counsaile is platly and my rede,
 Now it standeth so that Achilles is dead,
 For his sonne in all the haste to sende.
 Wyther to come for to se an ende,
 Of the spege and helpe vs in this nede.
Whiche nowde abyt wylly kyng Prycomede,
 His bysape and named is Pirrus.
 And some hym call Neptolomys.
 Knyght lusty frethe and by lyshynesse,
 Able to attayne to great worthynesse,
 As by repozte and the fame is kouth.
 If he drawe hym to armes in his youth.
And sothfastly but yf boke lye,

As I haue redde and herde by prophete,
 That synally Troye the Cyte,
 Without hym shall neuer wonne be.
 Thus boke's saye that be of olde meinozpe.
 And howe grekes shall haue no victoye,
 Tyll he come this sonne of Achilles.
 Wherfore in haste and be not reckeles,
 Sende for hym that it be done anone.
 And they commende his counsaile euerichone
 And to his reade fullylly them assent,
 And by aduple fullylly they sente,
 In all the haste on this embasat,
 The wyse kyng full famous of estate,
 I meane the prudent noble Agnelay,
 And forth he goeth the selfe same day.
 And on his iourney gan hym faste spede.
Tyll that he came vnto Prycomede.
 The olde kyng as ye haue harde me telle,
 Where for a tyme I wyl lette hym dwelle.
And to Grekes in the meane whyle,
 So as I can derecte agayne my stile.

Howe Darys and Chelamon Pyar, Newe
 ethe other in the fylde. Cap. xxxii.

The tyme of pere tohen the thene sonne,
 In the Crabbe had his course pronne,
 To the hyghet of his ascencion.
 Whiche called is the somer scayon.
 Whan the vertue out of euery roote,
 Is drawen by and the watome soote,
 Into the croppes and the steeple floure,
 Most lusty is of helwe and of coloure.
 Tyll Jhebus chare in his discencion,
 Out of the Crabbe towarde the Lyon,
 Holdeth his course in the firmament.
 I meane whan he is retrogradent.
 And dyeth by the mosture and the wete,
 Of herbe and floure with his fetuent hete.
 And all that beer afoze hym made grene,
 To whete he tourneth with his beames thene
 Both seide and grayne by decoction,
 For naturallylly by dygestion,
 That syll was rauen in frutes & in floures,
 And watry eke by plente of humoures,
 He dyeth by and ryppeth at the full,
 With his seruence that men may them pull,
 Eche in his kynde after the season,
 Fro yeate to yeate by reuolucyon.

The fourth boke.

On their branches freshely as they sprede,
Whan that Cherpes powbly be and rede.
First in June that feweth after Maye,
Whan the hote mery somers dave,
No dwerp is but lyke a geaunt longe.
The same tyme grekes foute and stronge,
With rancour brent of their enuyous hete,
Haue shapen them with their foen to mete,
And bryght armed into fpylde they go,
And they of Trope out of the towne also,
And their wardes ordeyned euerychone,
The fpylde haue take to meten with their foen
And gan to assemble vpon outher fpyde.
But Chelamon of folp and of fpyde,
The same dave off hym as I reade,
As he that had of his death no drede,
Disarmed was for battayle of arest.
Dismayle and plate bare vpon his hysell,
For of folp and surquedons outrage,
Bare his heade and bare of his bylage.
And bare also without basenet,
And naked eke of byser and palst.
He rode all dave of nathynge tho aserde,
Haupnge no weapen but a naked sworde,
For wylfully he leste at home his shelde,
And his spere when he toke the fpylde.
Full lyke a knyght fpytynge on his stede,
And after hym foloweth Dyomedes.
Lyke Mars hym selfe about hym his meyne,
And faste by came the duke of Meneste,
Kynge Ulixes and Agamenon.

AD Pyramus to them of Trope towne,
Toke eke the fpylde to a full heu chere,
For he was both feareful and in were,
In great dyspeyre and inly full of drede,
To pylle out syth Hector now was dede.
Worthy Troilus and also Dypphobus,
For in hym selfe he demed playnely thus,
That he was felde greatly of his myght,
After their death with grekes for to fyght.
But out he goth hap what hap maye,
And Darys eke full knyghtly of array,
Kynge Phylomene and Polydamas,
Worthy Ector and with them Cneas.
By one assent there is no more to saye,
The same dave knyghtly to lyue or deye,
In their diffence and bitterly ioparte,
As goddes lyke the felde that dave departe.

And proude lyke the grek they gan perre,
And Darys tho with the that were of Perre,
Fell in a fpyde with the sonne shene.
And his archers with arrowes square a bene
The grekes gan a fonde to disseuere,
For in the felde they myght not perlenere,
Onely for shot of the stronge archers.
Of Perre londe and the Abalasters.
Whiche made them fle ryght of very mede.
Into tyme that proude Dyomedes,
Whan he of grekes sawe this fodepne fpyght
Them to releue lyke a manly knyght,
Is come vpon felly in his tene.
And fpylde of all he sette on Phylomene.
A worthy kynge that came on Trope fpyde,
The whyche agayne gan at hym to ryde,
That Dyomedes hath but lyttell wonne.
With swordes fpylde as they togyther conne,
That to beholde it was a noble fpyght,
How eche of them quyte hym lyke a knyght,
As they togyther ran on horse backe.
That no man coulde in nother se no lacke.
But euer in one Troians were so felle,
Vpon grekes that they ne myght dwelle,
To kepe their londe as they made them blede,
Dauger the force of this Dyomedes.
The slaughter was so hydous and so stronge,
That through þe felde the woful noyle tonge
And mortall crye of wounded folke that laye,
Slayne on the foyle endlonge the waye.
Tyll Meneste fpytynge on his stede,
The worthy duke gan to take hede,
In what mychpese grekes were beset,
And hent anone a spere sharpe ptohet,
Smytynge his horse felly in the fpyde,
And through to renges knyghtly he gan ryde
And synt not so furpous he was.
Tyll that he mette with Polydamas,
A Troian knyght and a manly man,
And vnwarely at hym as he ran,
He hytte hym so in many mannes fpyghte,
To the erthe that he made him to a fpyght.
And with a sworde at grounde whan he laye,
He had him slayne the selfe same dave,
In his rage and his cruell tene,
He had be that kynge Phylomene,
Had him reketwed in this aventure.
Whiche so frendely for hym dyde his cure,
Dauger the myght of this Meneste,

from

The fourth boke.

from his handes that he went free.
All for bathed and be spreynt with bloude.
And all this whyle Hyar proude rode,
Of surquedon and of wylfulnesse,
Of folp rage and foule hardynesse,
Paked his body heade and euerydele,
Ampt his foen armed bryght in stele.
And of Troians suche a slaughter made,
That they laye dead both in sonne and shade
Throughout the felde where this Chelamon
Amonge th:m rode woodder then Lyon.
That Troian none might him tho withstade
While that he held his bloudy sworde in hand
That wonder was naked as he rode,
Without wounde that he so longe abode.
And as Gupdo maketh reherfayle,
And wyrteth eke for a great meruayle,
That he vnlayne might so longe confune,
But whan a thyng is shapen of fortune,
It myght befall what euer thyng it be,
In weale or wo towe or aduerfite.
Whan one shall dye or whan he shall escape,
But the alas can alder fpyt by iape,
And bynge a man vnwarely to myschance,
Whan he beste weneth to haue assurance,
In this ladye of transmutacyon.
Lyke as it fell of worthy Chelamon,
This same dave wylliche of folp pryde,
Amonge his foen gan so fere to ryde,
Fyche frethe ryght as he began,
And slewe of Perre many a manly man.
And of hym selfe toke no maner hede,
His knyghtly herte so was deuoyde of drede,
Tyll Darys saue his great hardynesse,
And howe that he his knyght dyd oppresse,
Enchafynge them so mortally and narowe,
Without abode anone he toke an arrowe,
Ectorycat sharpe and benymous,
And in this fere fell and despyteous,
And shot at hym in the selfe fpyde,
As sayth Gupdo and smyt hym through þe fpyde
That of that hurte there is no more to saye,
He felte well that he must deye.
And whan he sawe none other remedye,
For he rode suppyrred with enuye,
Throughout þe pzele his sword aye in his hand
Into tyme that he Darys fonde.
And vnto hym with a pale chere,
He spake and sayd anone as ye shall here,

Darys quod he as this mortall wounde,
Of thyne arrowe sharpe and square yground
Hath fynally my lyfe put in dyspeyre,
Neuer into Grece to haue reseyre.
Ryght so shall I by thorte conclusyowne,
Iwayne shapen that into Trope towne,
With thy lyfe thou entre shalte no more.
At my herte the benym byt so sore,
That other gayne is there none but death.
But yet tofore or I yelde by the byeth,
Truste me ryght well there may be no socour
That thou ne shalte be pzedecessour,
And go afoze depe downe into hell.
Therewith Pluto eternally to dwell.
So as of ryght it is necessarye,
Thy time is set which thou maiest not tarye.
And herz my trowth for mozgage of thy cozle
That in all hast I shall make denozle,
Atwpyre the and the quene Helyne.
And twynne a sonder eke the falle cheyne,
Whiche linked was by colour of wedlocke.
And hath so longe be the vnder locke.
Only by fraude and false engyne also.
But now the knotte shalbe broke a two.
With my ryght hande the trowth to darayne,
For through the cause onely of pou twayne,
In this werre many worthy knyght,
His lyfe hath losse and many an other wight
On outher fpyde for your both sake.
But of all this I shall an ende make.
Of your loue and foule anoutrpe.
For fynally Darys thou shalte dye,
Of my handes as it is thy chauce.
And with þe word his sword he gan enhaunce
Aboue his heade and snote hym in the face,
That he fell dead in the selfe place.
For his heade he hath parted on twayne.
And ryght forthwith there is no more to saine
Alas alas of his mortall wounde,
Fell dead also grufflyng vnto the grounde.
Full pteously and then they of Trope,
Haue Darys take vp out of the weye,
And boze hym home into the pte.
But Dyomedes and duke Meneste,
With many greke rydynge en:proune,
Sewed the chafe eten to the towne.
But for cause Tptan gan to lowe,
Downe by the arke of his daves botwe,
For into west vnder the rowes redde,

And

The fourth booke.

And Hesperus gan his light to shede.
This to saue or it drew to nyght.
The Grekes be repeyred home aryght.
Euerpche of them to his lodgyng place.
To take theyr reste all that nyghtes space.
[S]aue as I reade that Agamenowne.
The grekes made fast by the towne.
To sette theyr tentes and paupyrions.
Of very pyde fast by the wall.
Habytacles and newe mansyons.
And they of Trope dyspeyred ouer all.
No refuse could Grekes for to let.
But of assent fast theyr gates sette.
And all the nyght on the walles wake.
And ouer this suche a wo they make.
Throughe the Cyte that Parys was so dead.
For fynally nowe they can no reade.
But wepe and crye and sorow euer in one.

Nowe al þ sonnes of Pryam were gone.
Fortune alas hath them so appeyred.
That of theyr lyfe they be now dyspeyred.
Of all hope and of good welfare.
Perpetually for to lyue in care.
Unto the death and that was fatte by.
For nowe there is no maner remedye.
Upon no syde nor refuse none at all.
But them to kepe close wpythyn the wall.
That for to se it was a piteous thyng.
[A]nd suche a wo maketh now the kynge.
[F]or Parys death that for deadly smerte.
Hym thought platly that his woofull herte.
Recureles would brast and ryue a ryueyne.
And into teares he gan dysstyle and reyne.
As he would tho for very sorow depe.
[A]nd of the quene alas what shall I sepe.
[H]ecuba his owne mother deare.
That crieth & wepeth with a woofull cheare.
[O]f Polyxene that was so wo begone.
And of his systren also euerychone.
That haue theyr heit & theyr clothes tozme.
As yf they had theyr owne death ysworne.
For dery wo and for piteous pepne.
[B]ut for by all the fayre quene Helepe.
Wayleth cryeth with a deadly cheare.
That her eyen whych whyllom were so cleare.
For deryd were with dolefull teares smerte.
And to the corpes sodaynly the sterre.
And clypped yt in her armes twayne.

And piteously embrace it and restrayne.
Lyke as he would with him dye anone.
For still the laye dombe as any stone.
As marbyll colde her hymmes craumpying.
Redy at all towarde her buryng.
Tyll men by force from the corpes her hent.
And the her heyr and her chekes rent.
As tho she had be fallen in a rage.
That chaunged was alas in her bysage.
Her natyfe coloure and her rody hewe.
Whyllom as freche as any rose newe.
Nowe is the lyke vnto ashes colde.
And wpyth her handes aye togyther folde.
Her selfe the smote on her pale face.
And euer amonge the corpes she did embrace.
In her swownes as she fell to grounde.
Twenty tymes and wept full his wounde.
Wpyth too she was awshaped and ainate.
Of all comforte alas disconsolate.
In herte beyng inly despyous.
Throughe her rage passyng furpous.
To dye attones with her owne knyght.
For towarde death enclosed was her syght.
As she that lyst to lyue nowe no more.
[A]nd as I trowe that neuer man before.
No woman sawe fall in suche distresse.
In suche dystoynt of deadly heuynesse.
For for no wo so piteously prauye.
Not Cleopatre goyng to her graue.
For woofull Telsie that fro the kaitte sterre.
Whan she her selfe smote vnto the herte.
For the faythfull trewe Drestyll.
Whan that she sawe her lord agayne her will.
[H]arrus Poloncus vnto thepye gone.
And for his loue fell downe dead anone.
For the sorow of trewe Julia.
For the seruente of faythfull Bozia.
Of whych the one fell dead sodaynly.
For the satue bloud spent so cruelly.
On her lordes deryfull gardment.
[A]nd Bozia to trewe in her entent.
Whan that her lord Brutus lost his lyfe.
For by cause the myght haue no knyfe.
Wpyth to his red hewe her selfe alas.
Was not also in the selfe case.
[A]ttremplia quene of Tarte londe.
Of Paulus the graue whan she soude.
Her owne knyght of whose bones smale.
Full woofully and wpyth a cheare pale.

She

The fourth booke.

She poude made & dranke it euery mozo we
[B]ut all the wo and the furpous sorow.
Of these echone yet may not atteyne.
[U]nto the sorow of the quene Helepe.
That fynally wpyth her selfe fordo.
For Parys sake whom she loued so.
For after him she wpyth not lyue a daye.
But be azyke playnly of the maye.
Upon her lyfe rather than dysuere.
And thus in wo aye she doth perseuere.
In her herte Parys sat so depe.
[A]las who sayth that women can not wepe
Yes doubtles they haue it of nature.
Though it be that they no wo endure.
Yet can they fayre and salte teares fynde.
Plenty enough of theyr owne kynde.
And sorowles moze and compleyne.
[I]f I sape not this for the quene Helepe.
That was wpyth too wounded to the herte.
That fro the death she wende not sterre.
For deathes darte her herte made ryue.
And yet the rose agayne fro death to lyue.
Onely by grace for all her fell rage.
For euery wo by ppycesse must awwage.
And ouer gone and wasted by myracle.
For the benym made is some Tpyacle.
And euery wo hath his remedye.
[F]or though Helepe as tho sayn wold dye.
Her kynde ne would assent yet therto.
So sodaynly to flea her selfe for wo.
She was a woman no man chulde her wpyte.
We lyte no moze of her wo endyte.
Lest vnto you that it were tedpous.
To heren all her paynes furpous.
Her cruell wo and lamentacion.
Whych would mene to compassyon.
In very sothe to wyte euerydele.
In her herte though it were made of stele.
[F]or kynge Pryam and the quene also.
Had suche routhe of her piteous wo.
To se her wepe and furpously complayne.
That they of her felte as much payne.
[A]s they dyd almost for hym Parys.
[H]erof no moze for Pryam by deuple.
After this rage and this mozfall wo.
Amyd the Temple sacred to Juno.
Odayned hath with full busy cure.
For the corpes a ryche sepulture.
And in all haste therin made it thette.

That in sothenesse if I should not lette.
To tell all the rytes and the gye.
That there were made in theyr paynim wise.
And the costes of his buryng.
It should be all to longe a taryng.
Ceryously theron to abyde.
Wherfore as nowe I let ouersyde.
Their paynim rites superstitious.

[H]owe Pantisilia quene of Amazonis com
ming in ayde of the Troians.
was slayne by
Pyrrhus Achilles sonne. Ca. xxxiii.

And telle I wpyth how kynge Pryamus.
Comaunded hath of mischpyse & of nede.
Throughe Trope towne onely of very drede.
To thpyte theyr gates strongly as they maye.
And therupon both by nyght and daye.
To kepe wathe for thortly they of Trope.
Dysconsolate of all theyr olde ioye.
Can no refuse but wepe and sorow make.
For they ne durst no moze vnderake.
Agayne Grekes into felde to gone.
[T]yll on a daye kynge Agamenon.
His messager by good auisement.
To Pryamus into Trope hath sent.
Requyryng him of manhode lyke a knyghte.
To yllue out wpyth Grekes for to fyght.
As he was wonte wpyth his chyualtre.
[B]ut kynge Pryam his aringe gan denye.
And thortly sayd to him that was sent.
That he ne would at his assignement.
Not ones passe the gates of the towne.
But at his owne free electiowne.
Whan euer him lyst without compellynge.
[A]nd yet in sothe cause of his taryng.
[W]as for the hardy quene of Fempye.
Towarde Trope that fast gan her hye.
Out of her lande and lyttell regyon.
The whych as bokes make mencion.
After the scyte of the pyzmente.
Is in the plage of the Dpyent.
[A]nd called is the reygne of Amazonis.
Of which the custome and the vse is.
That onely women therin shall abyde.
And they were wonte armed for to ryde.
And haue in armes great experyence.
For theyr labour and theyr dpygence.
Is fynally to haue exerceple.

fro

From daye to daye in Martes hygh seruyce.
 And ouermore they custome and blaunche,
 As to this daye is made remembraunce,
 Is that no man shall them nygh nere,
 But yf it be thre monthes in the yere.
 This to saye in June Appyl and Maye,
 And then the women haue in custome aye,
 Vnto an yle a lytell there besyde,
 Where as the men by them selfe abyde,
 Fro yere to yere togyther eueryphone,
 Vnto the men out of theyr lande to gone.
 And there abyde in that regyon,
 Tyll tyne cometh of conception.
 Wythout tarpinge any longer whyle,
 For then anone home vnto theyr yle,
 They be reseyzed out of that cowntre.
 Vnto tyne that they deliuered be.
 And as fast as the chyld is bozne,
 For lacke of keepinge that it be not lozne,
 He fostred is tyll thre yeres be agone,
 Amonge the women and then ryght anone.
 To the yle besyde adiacent,
 Vnto the men the chyld in haste is sent.
 If that it be of kynde masculyne,
 And yf it fall that it be femynyne,
 With the women abyde tyll it shall.
 Tyll that it be in actes mercyall,
 Full well expert and that the can eke knowe,
 A spere to haddel or to drawe a bowe.
 Lyke the statutes of that regyon.
 The whych as booke make mencyon,
 Is sette betwene Europe and Asya.
 And of this lande was Pantasilia,
 Whylom lady and chyefe gouernesse.
 Full renowned of strength and hardynesse.
 Through out þ world both in length and brede,
 And yet in sothe to speake of womanhead,
 For all her myght she had an huge pryfe.
 For both she was vertuous and wysse.
 Wonder dyscrete and had an honest name,
 Not wythstandynge the excellence of fame,
 Of her renoune in armes and in gloyre.
 For of conquest and of high victoyre.
 She was most surmountynge out of drede,
 Of any woman that I can of rede.
 And sothely yet booke bere wyntesse,
 Of womanhead and of gentylnesse,
 She kepte her so that nothyng her afterte,
 The whych loued wyth all her hole herte,

Worthy Hector and wyth all her myght,
 Onely for he was so good a knyght.
 All her ioye and worldly pleasure,
 Her hartie ease and soueraygne suffisaunce,
 In very sothe where she wake or wyneke,
 Was euer in one vpon him to thynke.
 Of very faith wythout any slouth,
 And vnto hym she was by bonde of trouthe,
 Confederate of olde affectiowne.
 That when the herde how that Trope towne
 Besieged was of the Grekes fell,
 Thys hardy quene lyst no longer dwell,
 But hasteth her as fast as euer the maye,
 Towarde Trope in full good araye,
 With all the worthy women of her lande.
 Full well experie and proued of her hande.
 Well horsed eke and armed ryche,
 And as I fynde in her compaignye,
 A thousande maydens rydynge by her side,
 This worthy quene that durst well abyde,
 She wyth her brought in stele armed bryght,
 For lone of Hector her olde trewe knyght,
 And on her waye fast she gan her spede,
 To helpe hym yf the se cause of nede.
 For in nothyng she could her more deyste.
 Than towarde him her faithfully to quyte,
 For that was all her lust and hertes ioye,
 But when that she come was to Trope,
 And hath hard tell as by relapowne.
 That he was dead most worthy of renoune,
 To whom she was so louynge and so trewe,
 Anone she gan to chaunge cheare and hewe,
 And pyteously gan to wepe and crye,
 And fared in sothe as she would dye.
 For very wo and hertely heuynesse.
 And thought she would through her worthynesse,
 Avenge his death playfully the maye. (nesse,
 On the Grekes and so vpon a daye,
 She prayeth Pryam to great affectiowne
 For to open the gates of the towne,
 And to go out with Grekes for to fyght.
 That they maye knowe and be expert aright
 Of this women the great worthynesse.
 And of this quene the famous hardynesse.
 And so the kynge hopynge for the beste,
 Whout abode graunted her requeste.
 The next morowe wher Pryam shone ful shene
 And all tofore out goth Philomene,
 The noble kynge to them of Passiagonye.

And

And after him other knyghtes manye,
 folowed after with worthy Cneas.
 The Tropan eke Dan Hollidamas,
 And the quene Pantasilia,
 By the gate called Bardanica,
 Towarde Grekes proulyd issued oute,
 With her women rydynge her aboute.
 The whych anone when Grekes did espye,
 Into felde gan them fast hye.

And fyrste of all worthy Meneste,
 Pantasilia when that he dyd se,
 Wyth his spores made his stede gone.
 And wyth a spere rode to her anone.
 Of whom the quene astoned neuer a dele,
 Caught a spere that was squared wele,
 Round þ haffe and the head well grounde,
 Which as they coupe sined hildowne to ground.
 And maugre hym reued him his stede.
 But then in haste in came Pryomede,
 And cruelly to the quene gan ryde,
 And she as fast on the other syde,
 Rode eke to him in plates bryght and shene,
 And as they met wyth theyr speres kene,
 She bytte to this fell Pryomede,
 For all his myght and his manly head,
 That she him made his sadell for to lese.
 There is no more he myght tho not chese.
 And in despyte of his men echone,
 She hath his shelde him beraste anone.
 And it deliuereth proulyd as the rode.
 To a mayde that vpon her abode.
 And lyke a Tygre in his gredynesse,
 Dylke in sothe to a Lionesse.
 That daye she fared rydynge by and doone,
 Amonge the Grekes till that Chelamotone,
 Gan to beholde the slaughter that she made,
 Of high despyte and rancour overlade,
 As he that myght for yre not sustene,
 Can reyne his houle to fall vpon this quene.
 But when that she his compynge dyd espye,
 She fell on him in her melancolye,
 So mortally maugre his knyghtes all,
 That to the grounde she made him for to fall.
 And Grekes put in so great dyscaype,
 Where euer she rode all that yke daye,
 That they ne might afoze her not sustene.
 And through the helpe of kynge Philomene,
 As myn auctour recozdeh in his boke,

Amyd the selde Chelamon the toke.
 And sent him forth through her hie renoune,
 As prysoner towarde Trope towne.
 Tyll vnto reskule came he Pryomede,
 And cruelly on them that gan him lede,
 He fell vntwarily with an huge route,
 Of his knyghtes rydynge him aboute.
 And from theyr hades maugre al their might
 He him deliuereth lyke a manly knyght.
 At whych tyne the hardy quene anone,
 With her women aboute her euerichone,
 The Grekes hath afoze her on the playne,
 As wyth Cupdo so mortally belayne,
 That she them made of necessitye,
 Out of the felde wyth her swoorde to fle.
 That berely it semed incredible,
 And to leue a maner impossible,
 To se the women Grekes so enchafe,
 Which might not there abide afoze their face,
 For in the felde in any wise stande.
 For they them dyspue to the selfe stonde,
 Downe to the clyffe of the salte see.
 And stowe of them so huge and great plente,
 That fynally they had all be dystroyed,
 For euermore and bitterly acloyed,
 He had Pryomede stande tho at diffence.
 And of knyghthod made them resistence.
 For he that daye in partye and in all,
 For Grekes stode as a sturdy wall.
 And was alone their helpe and chese succour.
 But for all that with woorthyn and honour
 Pantasilia as made is memozye,
 Repeyred is with conquest and victozye,
 Wyth all her women into Trope towne.
 Vpon the houre of Pryamus goynge doone.
 And by the syde of this hardy quene,
 Armed in stele rode kynge Philomene,
 Whom Pryam hath wyth great reuerence,
 Knyghtly receyued and did his diligence,
 Them to refreche with euery maner thinge,
 That might be vnto theyr lykinge.
 And as they hertes could best deuyse,
 And after this in ful goodly wysse,
 He thanked hath the noble hardy quene,
 Of her goodnesse that her lyst to sene,
 To helpe him in his great nede.
 And offred her in Cupdo as I reade,
 All that he hath treasour and ryche,
 Hopynge fully through her worthynesse,

P.i.

Vpon

Upon Grekes auenged for to be,
 And for to kepe hym safe in his Cyte,
 Haugre Grekes whych of them sape naye.
 ¶ For as I reade after daye by daye,
 She liute not proude them to assaile,
 Agayne whose swerde they myght not auayle,
 So mortally she made theyr sydes blede.
 ¶ Till Menelap fro kinge Lymede,
 Repayed is with Neptolonyus,
 Which in his booke called eke Pirthus.
 Whylom the sonne of cruell Achilles,
 Whom for to se full huge was the pisele,
 Of the Grekes goynge entyion.
 ¶ And for he was as by succession,
 Borne to be heire of this Achilles,
 He hath receyued of Agymdones,
 With great honour and great solempnyte.
 So glad were they theyr yonge lord to se.
 To whom echone they made affaunce,
 And were eke sworne by bonde & assurance,
 For lyfe or death to him to be trewe.
 And his lieges and chaunge for no newe.
 To obeye his lust in all maner thyng.
 ¶ And after this Agamenon the kinge,
 Made him knight and Thelamonius,
 With a swerde gyfte anone Pirthus.
 Sayinge to him in the selfe place,
 With þe baudrik when he hym did embrace,
 Take hede quod he mine owne colin deare
 To relembe in manhode and in chere.
 In knightthod eke and in worthynesse,
 To thy father which in sothfastnesse,
 In his tyme was so noble a knight,
 And ouermore with all thy full might,
 To auenge his death that thou do thy payne.
 ¶ And the of grekes worthy Dukes twayne.
 Full humbly began downe to knele,
 And let a spore vpon eyther hele,
 As was the maner of golde bourned byght.
 And in this whyle Pirthus is made knyghte.
 As ye haue herde in full high pefence,
 With great honour and due reuerence,
 Lyke the custome of the Grekes layes.
 And the cytes bled in the dayes.
 And then anone hath kyng Agamenon,
 With full glad chere and great affection,
 Deluyered hym fully by sentence,
 The armes hale without difference,
 Which Achilles by his life bare,

His worthy father on his shoulders square.
 As for nexte heire of lyne by discente.
 And all his Treasour also and his Tente.
 Armure and all deliuered were anone.
 ¶ Unto Pirthus and Grekes euerychone,
 Eght dayes supnge by and by,
 Throughe out the hoste full solempnely,
 They halowe in honour of this yong knyght.
 Till on a morow whene þe heere ful bright
 Which with his lyght that shyneth fro so fer,
 Disfaced hath the streames of the sterre,
 Lucifer the dayes messagere.
 When Grekes gan in plates byght & clere,
 Enarmed them that daye soure and swete,
 Fulle in purpose with theyr sone to thete.
 And manfully out of theyr tentes wide,
 Agaynst Troians they began to ride.
 Warde after warde proude into felde.
 And Pirthus bare that daye vpon his helde,
 His fathers armes lyke as sayth Guydo,
 And of the same he had vpon also.
 A cote armure that became hym wele.
 And forth he rode armed bright in stele.
 And casually forment as he was,
 He mette fyrst with Pollydamas.
 A knyght of Troye a full manly man,
 ¶ And furiously Pirthus to him ran,
 On horse backe with a myghty swerde,
 And gan to hustle with him in the berde.
 So myghtely that in this hateful strete,
 Pollydamas had lost his lyfe,
 He had ben reskued without more tarynge,
 Of Phylomene the noble worthy kinge.
 Onely of knightthod and of worthynesse,
 ¶ To whom Pirthus hastely gan him dresse
 With his swerde and smit him in the syghte,
 That from his horse he made him to alighte.
 For he the stroke might not sustene.
 And sothfastly this worthy Phylomene,
 Of Pirthus had ytake be anone,
 Saue his knyghtes assembled into one,
 Of Pallasagone came him to reskue.
 But Pirthus aye so sperryll gan purswe,
 Upon this king with Agymdones,
 Belet in myschefe amonge the great pisele,
 That many knight of this noble kyng,
 Slayne was at his reskuyng.
 He stode of death in so streyght a case.
 ¶ Till of fortune came Pollydamas,

To

To his reskue and did his full myght,
 Him to deluyere and quyte him lyke a knight.
 But in sothenesse there was suche respyence,
 ¶ Of Pirthus knyghtes standing at discece
 That aye in myschefe stode king Phylomene.
 ¶ Till Pantailla of femenie the quene,
 With her women a great compagne,
 Gan this thyng of auenture espye,
 Which were echone for the more deelyte,
 On theyr armure that daye clad in whyte.
 That verily there was no lyve floure,
 For knowe þe slaketh fro Iubbers his towre
 Of whytenesse that is fresher on to sene,
 Then in felde was this hardy quene.
 Which firste of all amonge the Grekes chees,
 Proudly to fall on Agymdones,
 Amonges them rydinge by and downe,
 She the vnholseth throughe her hie renoune
 And slewe them vpon euery syde,
 Makinge theyr renges for to seuer wyde.
 ¶ Till Thelamon in a furious heate,
 With a spere vnwarely did her mete,
 And in a rage smote her to the playne.
 But she anone fullyfely rose agayne,
 ¶ And to her swerd so marketh Thelamon
 That fro his horse he made him light downe
 Plat to the grounde on his handes twayne.
 And then her women did theyr busy payne,
 To make theyr quene her stede to recure.
 ¶ And all this while stode in auenture,
 Of his life worthy Phylomene,
 Pirthus knyghtes were on him to hene.
 Haugre his men that they haue him take,
 It geueth not discece for to make.
 The Grekes haue so strongly him beset.
 ¶ And forth they lad him it might be no bet,
 Toward theyr tentes througheout al the felde
 The which thyng when the quene behelde,
 With her women that aboute her rode,
 Pursued after without more abode,
 That fynally they haue so after sewed,
 Throughe their force that he was reskued,
 Haugre the manhode of Agymdones.
 ¶ And Pantailla was so mercurys,
 Upon the Grekes that of necessity,
 Throughe her force and her crueltie,
 Afore her swerde they durst not abyde,
 ¶ But when Pirthus sawe her great pyde,
 To his knyghtes loud he gan to crye,

And sayde it was shame and villanye,
 For the women so to lese theyr lande.
 And to be slayne so felly of her hande.
 Wherfore echone your hertes doth resume;
 And of assent let vs nowe consume,
 The pyde of them that none awaye escape;
 For but if we some remedye do shape,
 This pike daye theyr force to confounde,
 Shamefull repoyte to vs shall rebounde,
 Perpetually where we slepe or wake.
 ¶ And as Pirthus gan his swerde to take,
 Furiously and with a knyghtly chere,
 This hardy quene happed for to heare.
 ¶ All that Pirthus to his knyghtes spake.
 All her left not ones to tourne bace,
 For of his thret for to take hede
 For platly she had of him no drede.
 But right proude gan to drawe nere,
 And to him sayde anone as ye shall heare.
 ¶ O thou Pirthe sonne of Achilles,
 That slewe Hector in knyghtlyd pereles,
 Throughe his troyes and his trecherie,
 By malice onely and by false enuye,
 Vnware when he nothinge did aduerte.
 The whych neuer maye out of my herte,
 So grene it sticketh in my remembraunce,
 Upon his death for to do vengeaunce,
 And it spt well as semeth vnto me,
 That his death be venged vpon the,
 Firste of all and on thy fathers blond,
 For loue of him so gentyll and so good,
 The deth of whom shuld al þe world coplayne
 Not onely men do theyr busy payne,
 To quyte his death but women eke also,
 With all theyr myght and helpe eke therto,
 As right requyret without exception.
 There on to do full execution.
 And I nowe stande in the same plyte,
 And for thou hast vs women in despite,
 Of our power shortly in sentence,
 Thou shalt in haste haue experyence.
 And knowe our force sothly euerydele,
 Right in this tyme truste me right wele.
 Here in this felde by the drynge of thy blond,
 Wherfore Pirthus weren gan a wood,
 As any Tygre boxe or wood Lyon,
 So fret the coloure in his complexion,
 And in his Ire fell and despytous,
 He toke a spere pale and furious,

P. ii.

And

The fourth boke.

And ran at her with al his myght and payne
 And agaynewarde as she that list not feyne,
 Encountred hym all deuoyde of feare.
 But Pirrhys fyrste brake on her his spere,
 Albe that he myght her not remeue.
 In her sadell noz but lyttel greue.
 But the agayne so fore gan him lytte,
 On his stede that he maye not lytte.
 But descendeth endlonge the playne.
 And by he rose with full great disdayne,
 And toke a swerde in his hande anone,
 And made his stede lyne ryght to gone,
 Upon this quene of passynge woorthynesse.
 And inwardly of hate and of woodnesse.
 In herte yfret smit at her many stroke,
 But euer the sat styll as any oke,
 And of force in her yre pale,
 Este agayne she made him to auale,
 To the earthe maugre all his payne.
 And thus the fyght lasteth of theym thwayne,
 A large whyle till hymnydones,
 Haue take theyr lordes by force out of yre prest.
 And made him his horse recure agayne.
 And in his tyme on the selfe playne,
 With his baner he descended dwayne,
 The worthy kinge great Agamemnone,
 With kinges dukes endlonge the grene.
 With theyr wardes that wonder was to sene,
 So prudently in the felde battayled,
 That hath Troians mortally assailed.
 But tho in haste kynge Phylomene,
 As ye haue herde reskued by the quene,
 When he hath thanked to her woorthynesse,
 With his knyghtes in he gan him dresse,
 And Pantasilila assembled both in one,
 Upon the Grekes gan for to gone.
 Where men may se to spere sharpe groundes
 Eueriche other beare vnto the grounde.
 There men may se prouly without lacke,
 The manly knyghtes renne on horse backe.
 And the women mortally appress,
 The fell Grekes through theyr hardynesse.
 Onely through force of the myghty quene.
 That dead they laye conuerpyng al the grene.
 Wherewith came in Pan Pollydamas,
 Fro death reskued and eke Eneas,
 Kinge Eneas eke of Troye the cpte,
 And tho the wardes gan together fle,
 On eyther partye fell and furious,

But most of all Neptolomius,
 That Pirrhys hight y grekes championne,
 Troues and wood on them of Troye towne,
 Made his swerde in theyr fleshe bte.
 And Pantasilila prouly her to quyte,
 He spareth not wyth mortall woundes wide,
 Grekes to slee vpon euery syde.
 Now here now there to theyr confusyon.
 And Pirrhys then is fall on Glawron,
 The halfe brother to Pollydamas.
 For Anthenoz eke his father was.
 And Pirrhys so in a cruell yre,
 With melancolye newe set a fyre,
 Smote Glawron so oz that he toke hede,
 Amonge the pzele that he fell dwayne dead.
 And Pantasilila from her women all,
 The same tyme is on Pirrhys fall.
 And he of her when he had a fyghte,
 Rode eke agayne lyke a manly knyght,
 And as theyr hurtle on horse backe pfe,
 Of auenture with swerdes styffe and dere,
 Eueriche made other to algyhte,
 And hatefully on fote so theyr fyghte.
 Longe oz other myght of other wyne,
 Tyll they were made of force for to thwyne,
 By the wardes that wente them attwene,
 I meane Pirrhys and this hardy quene.
 And all this tyme Pan Pollydamas,
 So wood for yre in his herte was,
 Among Grekes for his brothers deathe,
 That whom he mette for his loue he sleth.
 Without mercy in his hateful tene.
 That he alone and this woorthy quene,
 Suche a slaughter on the Grekes make,
 That theyr the felde vnterly forsake,
 And gan to fle to theyr tentes dwayne,
 Tyll Polydome and Pat Chelamotone,
 And Pirrhys eke made tourne agayne,
 But they in sothe were so ouerlayne,
 That they ne myght all that dape releue,
 And thus they faughte tyll it dyewe to eue,
 To most damage of the Grekes fyde.
 Tyll Phebus gan his byght chaffe hyde,
 Loke in the west and to throude his lyght,
 Under courtayne of the blacke nyght,
 That eyther parte thought for the best,
 To departe and dyawe to theyr rest.
 And toke theyr ease that nyght as they may,
 And all the moneth supynge day by daye,
 Without

The fourth boke.

without any interruption,
 They fought yfere albe no mencion.
 Remade therof noz wyte in speryall,
 Of no person but in generall,
 Who that euer dyd euyl oz well,
 In Troye boke I fynde in uer a dele.
 Sane the quene lyke as wyrt Gydo,
 Of her women an hundred hath fozgo,
 That slayne were thylke moneth dape,
 The death of whom playnly if she maye,
 Shall well be quyt if so that fortune,
 Be fauorable frendly to contune,
 That her face chaunge not contraye.
 But she that can euery dape so varpe,
 Alas the whyle and selde in one sojourn,
 Gan fro this quene her loke alwaye to tourne
 To enhaute through her vngoodly head,
 Atropole to breake her lyues threde,
 As the stoye playnly shall you lere,
 Benynghly if ye lyst to heare.

The fatalle houre harde for to remeue,
 Of cruel deeth which no mā may elchewe
 For in this lyfe synally escape,
 Specially when Parthas haue it shape,
 Approche gan it inaynone other bene.
 Alas the whyle of this hardy quene,
 Whych on a dape fursyous and wothe,
 Into the felde out of Troye goth.
 And gan on grekes prouly for to sette,
 And alderfyrst Pirrhys with her met,
 Of mortall hate and indignaciowne.
 And she in haste by the ringes dwayne,
 Rode vnto him swyftly on her stede,
 Whose spores sharpe made his sides blede,
 And as theyr mette their spores in the reite,
 They bare so even markynge at the byeste,
 That theyr chaftef tothly this no tale,
 Gan to shyner all on peces smale,
 Without bowynge other backe oz chyne,
 For neyther made other to encline.
 Sane the head forged harde of stele,
 Of Pantasilila that was grounde wele,
 In Pirrhys herte perced hath so depe,
 That plate in soth noz maile might him kepe
 But the sharpnesse of his spere head,
 Was of his bloud in party redden.
 The which stroke when Grekes gan spyre,
 For astoned loude gan to crye.

And all attones for the nople and towne
 Upon the quene in the felde came dwayne,
 In compasse wyse goynge enuyroune.
 But though her promesse & her high renowne
 She her defendeth that it was inernayle.
 But they alas so fore gan her assaile,
 That all to hewe they haue her basenet,
 Among Grekes so thynke she was beset.
 That wyth ares and swerdes square,
 Her thelde in sothe made was all bare,
 And her shoulders were naked eke alas,
 The mayle hewen of and the rere byas.
 And Pirrhys then like as it is founde,
 For anguiche onely of his grene wounde,
 In doubte playnly wher he should escape,
 Towarde this quene faste gan him rape,
 To be auenged whatsoeuer fall.
 Among the felde amonge the Grekes all.
 And when she sawe that he came so faste,
 Of force onely to mete him yet the cast,
 And wyth her swerde fyrste gan him assaile,
 But of her stroke it happed her to faile,
 Amonge the pzele so narrowe she was besette.
 And Pirrhys sworde was so sharpe whet,
 That todaynly of her arme he smet,
 Alas there was none armure him to lette,
 But raceth through al the shoulder bone,
 So that this quene fel dwayne dead anone.
 And of malice for to henge him moze,
 At his herte the yre fret so fore,
 That with a chere of very anger pale,
 He hath her hewen all on peces smale.
 The whych was to foule a cruell dede.
 But euer in one Pirrhys gan so blede,
 Nigh to the death of his mortall wounde,
 For lacke of bloud that he fell to grounde,
 In a traunce full longe groflynge he laye,
 Tyll knyghtes in all the haste they may.
 Haue take him by and laid him on a thelde,
 And dolefully home out of the felde.
 They haue him bozne wounded as he was,
 And the women of the quene alas,
 For very sorowe and inwarde deadly wo,
 When they sawe theyr lady was ago.
 For to be dead they were so desyrous,
 That in all haste wood and fursyous,
 In a rage without gouernayle,
 Grekes they gan of newe to assaile.
 To auenge their quene they wer so herty kyde
 P.iii. That

That they slewe sothly as I fynde,
Two thousand grek on the they were so wood
But oh alas in great dysioynt they stode,
Onely for lacke they haue no gouernour,
For the was gon þ was theyr chiefe succoure.
Whych was also to speake of hardynesse,
Of women al lady and maystresse,
As of her hande that I can of rede.

O ye Troians ye stande in great dread,
Amid þ selde all out of gouernaunce,
The dape is come of your vnhappy chaunce,
For nowe haue ye leder none nor guyde,
Farewell your truste now on euery syde,
And Grekes be vpon you so stronge,
That ye the selde maye not kepe longe.
For they caste them felly vpon to quyte,
This same dape as Dares lyst endyte.
For as he wryt homeward as they drawe,
Ten thousand Troians were of grek slawe
For all theyr wardes came attones downe,
And mortally wythout excepciowne,
They kille and slea al that them withstode.
And most they were vpon the women wood,
To be auenged playnly as I reade,
On euery halfe and theyr bloud to shedde,
Without mercy or remysyowne,
Chasyng Troians home into the towne
Out of the selde for there mas none abode,
So pryceously tho wyth them it stode,
That they ne can none other recure caste,
But kepe theyr towne & hit their gates faste
For all theyr hope clene was agone,
Any more to fyght wyth theyr sons.
For now theyr trust of knyghthod was away
Theyr worthy men slayne welawaye.
Refute was none but in theyr cyte,
To kepe them close it maye none other be.
For thein thought they might it kepe longe,
Their walles were so mighty and so stronge,
If they had plenty of byfale,
Though all þ woide attones them assaile,
They may be sure while they kepe thein in,
For euermore that no men shall them wyne.
Yet neuerthelesse earely and eke late,
The Grekes made tofoze euery gate,
Full myghty watche and awayte full stronge
Wyth preyntoyes goynge in amonge,
That of theyr toen none escape away.

By none engyne as ferforth as they maye.
And in this whyle wythin Troie towne,
More then I can make descripciowne,
For the quene there was so great a sorowe,
Of euery wyght both at eue and moztowe,
That she alas was slayne for her mede.
And aldermost for they ne myght hane,
The dead corpes to burye and to graue,
With reuerence and wyth honour dewe,
For wyth they gan to the grekes setwe.
With great prayer and wyth great busynesse,
But all in vayne and in ydelnesse,
Was theyr request þ Grekes were so wothe,
And finally wyth many sondry othe,
Onely of malyce and of hote enuye,
The dead corpes to thein they denye,
And moztly sayde of mortall enmyte,
That of houndes it shall deuoured be,
There was no gayne their racour to copeste.
But Pyrrhus then of very gentylnesse,
He would assent to so foule a dede,
But wood and wothe cruell Dyomedes,
Sayde openly how it was fytyngne,
That the fable of her buryngne,
That slaine hadde so many woorthy man.
And thus the stryfe amonge the Grekes gan,
With great rumoure and alteraciowne.
Tyll at the laste vnder Troie towne,
Of her they haue the dead corpes ytake,
And cruelly in a profounde lake,
They haue her cast where I let her lye,
And vnto Troie agayne I wyll me hye,
To tell forth how they lye in pyne.

O cruell Mars þ hast made for to fyne,
Through thynne ye al þ woorthy blode,
Of Troie alas why hast thou be so wood,
Agaynst them to slea theyr knyghtes all.
Why hast thou let thy bitter venim fall,
On thein alas thou sterre infortunat.
Wyth all the woide to make them at debate,
Oh hatefull sterre hote combust and drye,
Fyryuous grounde of all enuye,
Hasty euer ful of disencion,
And rotterk of thy complexion.
In murdre and death is aye thy delyte,
In takinge vengeaunce most thin appetite,
First meuer of anger and of hate,
Roote of contek causynge to debate.

In stryfe and murmur most is thy delyte,
Fearfull of loke as any wyld fyre.
And gasfull ener of thy wood syght,
As any leuen to statynge is thy lyght,
Lye in twyncklyng to the spakes redde,
In grete fyres that abrode so spede,
Consumynge aye by melancolye,
Hertes that be embraced wyth enuye,
Thy wrathe is aye so fretynge and so kene,
And causeth men to be longe and lene,
Consumpt skendze browne & citren hewed,
Unmercenary and right euell thewed.
Wonder slepyghty and engenpous,
Compassynge and suspicioun,
Cryste and tolen and full of deuynesse,
And assentynge to all cursednesse,
To awaytynge death and robery,
To murdre also and to trecherie,
Without remors of any consence,
So benymous is thine influence,
And helper arte vnto false treason.
The house of whom is the Scorpion,
And crowned arte in the caprycowne,
But in the Bull is thy kingdome lozne,
For therein is thy deiection,
Thy power losse and dominacion.
And hast also in thy subiection.
Cryte, werre, chaynes and pryson,
Proscripcioun and captiuyte,
That for thy malyce on Troie the cyte,
So would god I could thyde aryghte,
That hast on them kyde thy fell myghte,
Of thy rancour hooly the outtraunce,
First on them for to do vengeaunce,
With spere, charpe and swerdes kene tohette,
And now in pryson to enclose them and het.
So vengeably that they dare not out,
The Grekes fell aye lying them about,
They be not holde in maner wyse,
In thy temple to do sacrifyse,
Nothor wyth Bulles nor wyth bores wyld,
Nor wyth beastes that euer be brynnyde.
As Tygres Beares nor the wood Lyon,
Of which thou arte souerayne and patron.
They are not hold to do the byrnstone smoke
On thynne Altars whiche art so felly woake,
Of them alas and now worst of all,
Thou hast had out chese of all thy gall,
Amonge them selfe to byryn in treason.

Fayned trouthe and symulacryon,
To make hertes amonge them selfe deuide,
Lo how the serpent of dyscorde gan glyde,
Full slyly in tyll he haue caughte a place,
To voyde awaye both happe and grace,
With his benym of dyscensyon,
When it is spied in any regyon,
In any common borough towne or cyte,
Amonges men of high or lowe degre,
For when hertes in loue be not one,
Farewell fortune theyr grace is clene agone,
For where dyscorde holdeth resydence,
It is well woofe than swerde of pestilence,
For what is worse other ferre or nere,
Than a foe that is samplere,
For who maye more harme yf him lust,
Then any enemye vpon whom men trust,
That to deserue shortly in a claue,
The very roote and the frewe cause,
Of all mychysse and confusyon,
In euery lande is disencion,
And more peryllous yf it be pryue,
Reorde I take on Troie the cyte.
That to vnde fortune frendly aye at nede,
Tyll longe hid hate gan abrode to spede,
For prudence sothly hath prouyded,
That a reinge in it selfe deuoyded,
Shall recureles tourne wyld and waste,
And the dwellers desolate in haste.
For Mars that is of enuye loide,
Amonge them selfe sowen hath dyscorde,
Agayne the whych maye no succoure be,
For worse than werre sothly semeth me.
Treason cured vnder a fayned peace,
And roote of all was olde Achilles,
With his sonne called Eneas,
Dan Antherior and Polydamas,
That haue contriued amonge theym biterly,
And vnder veil conceyued secretly,
If it fall Grekes Troie to haue,
Fyrt how they maye theyr owne lyues saue,
By some engyne slepyghtes or treate,
And if so were that it maye not be,
As they caste by no maner waye,
They would rather traytours be to Troie,
Wryely so it were not spied,
And couertly with Grekes ben allyed,
Then stande hole wyth the towne of trouthe,
And wyllfully of necligence and slouth,

Surauice & othe of olde made to the towne,
Refuse playnly in conclusyone,
And allpauice let slake and syde,
And they lygaunce let also asyde.
In they aduyls they thought for the beste,
For they them easie for to lyue at reste,
And merveyr eke for ernest and for game,
To saue theyr life & wandze forth in shame,
Then wysfully dye at myschpyse,
To traysh their towne they held it no repyse
So they might escape them selfe alpye,
Them lyst nothynge for the towne to stryue,
They fought in sothe for soure or for swete,
A meane waye to lyue in queet.
And therupon they haue theyr waye nome,
Unto the kinge. and when y they were come,
To his preience in full couert wyse,
Under coloure they began deuise,
To tell theyr tale so that fynally,
C Theyr counsaile was that Pyram bitterly
In no maner be not reckles,
To purswe to Grekes for a peace,
If it so be that he it get maye.
And yelde againe to king Menelape,
Without stryfe the frethe quene Helepyne.
And ouermore that he not disdayne,
The harmes done by Parys gon full yore,
In Citheron iustly to restoze.

But oh alas of false iniquitye,
This counsaile rose for vnder in secrete,
The venim was as sugre vnder gall.
For well they wyte that the Grekes all,
He would accorde in conclusyone,
To haue a peace with them of Troie towne.
Whyles they were to such myschpyse brought
To treate therof in sothe it was for nought.
C For Pyramus the and Heruba the quene,
With his sonnes and with Polyprene,
That yet were left wyth him in the towne,
Myght haue repnyed by longe successyone,
If that Grekes full and not repented,
Unto a peate hooly had assented.
C But that counsaile gyuen was to late,
Erthen Grekes of well elder date,
Had profered fyrst at Tenedowne,
By the aduyls of kynge Agamenowne,
A synall peace shortly for to seyne.
So he would restoze agayne Helepyne,

With amendes requyzed of reason,
Of damages wrought at Cytheron.
His messengers fyrst whan that he sente,
To Pyramus that wolde not assente,
To the requeste iustly that they brought,
For of peace the meanes that they sought,
Of very pyde were to them denyed,
By wysfulnesse alas so they were gwyded,
For lacke onely of wyrt and of prudence.
But now they haue to cost a great dyspence,
With slaughter of men & many great damage
The sharpe chautes and the cruel targe,
Abyde fully of this mortall werre.
It is full sure that they wyll not differre,
The tyme forth to treate for a peace,
Them lyst nothynge to be so reckelesse,
For vndurpyd what them ought to do.
C Come ye they wyll so lychtly go,
Home into Grece without recompence.
They wolde seme it were a neglygence.
Speake not therof for it wyll not be,
Specyally now Troie the cyte,
In myschpyse stande vpon his synall fate.
This remedye shap was to late,
For grekes thought ryght of very truste,
That they of Troie stode at their luste,
Holdyng them selfe verily victours,
And of their foen fully conquerours.
Without doubte or ambyguyte,
For the counsaile of this pke Enee,
C Of Anthenoz and of this Anchyses,
As ye haue herde to treate for a peace.
He rose in sothe but of doublenesse,
Onely of treason and of hyghe fallenesse,
As Pyramus conceyue by theyr chere.
Lyke in this boke as ye shall after here.
C For on a daye whan that Pyramus,
With his sonne called Amphymarus,
A counsaile helde with other of the towne,
This thre haue made a suggestyone,
Unto the kynge touchyng the treate.
But he anone discrete and aduyls,
Prudently or he woulde assente,
Can vndergrope playnely what they mente.
Onely of wyte and discrecion,
Or he it put in execucion,
Makyng therof a maner of delaye.
But proude then standyng at a baye.
This Anthenoz without reuerence,

Spake

Spake to the kynge in open audyence,
And shortly saide with a sterne chere,
If you lyst our counsaile for to heare,
And do thereafter platly thou mayst chere,
And but thou wilt where thou wyne or lese
This is the fyne thou gettest no more of me.
Worke after them that of thy counsaile be.
To whom the kynge wonder sobertly,
Answered agayne full beningenely.
Syr Anthenoz ye ought you not greue,
For myne entente is not to repreue,
Your wyse counsaile nor your prudent rede.
If it conclude to the common spede,
Of my people and saluacyon.
But wyte ryght well iustly of reason,
Under suger if there be cured gall,
In pryncyple of my lpyges all.
Causyng them in myschpyse for to fyne,
I wyll there from bitterly declyne,
As ryght requyeth for our alder ease,
And me semeth this should not displese,
To thy concepte nor do the none offence,
For euery man is holden of prudence,
The worst to leue and the better take,
Wyledome to seue and folpe to forsake,
And remedye to seke for his soze,
And with that worde the Troian Anthenoz,
Of sodayne pre gan to chaunge his bloud,
And abreydyng on his fete he stode,
And full felly sayde vnto the kynge.
C Now sykerly this is a wonder thyng,
How your wyledome and auylenesse,
Are blynded so of very wysfulnesse,
That ye maye not on no lyde se,
The great myschpyse and aduersyte,
That we are in vpon euery lyde.
For we maye not dissimule nor hide,
In what dysioynt playnly that we stande,
Be not our foen also here at hande,
And haue beset our wall rounde aboute,
And we for feare dare not yssue oute,
For be so bolde to vndo a gate,
With them to fyght that vs deadly hate,
We be so feble and they are so stronge,
For sothly yet they haue them amonge,
Fifty kynges worthy of renoune,
Confederat to our destructione.
And therupon platly wyll abyde,
Whych bowed haue in theyr great pyde,

Neuer parte hense fro the towne,
Tyll the walles be tourned by so downe.
Your worthy sonnes also now be dead,
That you were wont to helpe in your nede,
Your manly knyghtes slayne euerychone,
That vs to saue remedye is none.
It is in vayne to treaty of dysfence,
Wherefore I read of reason and prudence,
Or we be slayne and our cyte lese.
Of two harmes the least for to chere.
This to saye that in our entente,
As syt tyge is and expedyent,
We treate of peace and no longer seyne,
And herewithall restoze agayne Helepyne.
For loue of whom many worthy man,
Hath lost his lyfe sythen the werre began.
For now Parys is vnder stone ygraue,
The best rede in sothe that ye maye haue.
To sende her home agayne to Menelape,
And to profer as fer forth as ye maye,
To restoze within a litell whyle,
The harmes done by Parys in the yle,
Whych men are wont Cithra to call.
This is my rede here afore you all.
And wyth that word by rose Amphymarus,
To this counsaile full contraryous,
And shortly sayde that it shall not be,
C As Anthenoz hath rade in no degre.
And euer thus without more respyte,
He spake to him of very hygh despyte.

Thou Anthenoz I haue espyed wele,
We maye truste in the neuer a dele.
Wyth vs to stande in our great nede,
For trouth and fayth in the be now deade,
Falschd hath slayne in the stabillnesse,
And in stede of thy sykerlesse,
We fynde in the sothly barpaunce.
Where is become the fayth of thy lygeaunce,
The helles made to stande wyth thy kinge.
Where be thine othes so double in meaninge.
Where is now hys old assurance.
Where is become thy sayned false constauce.
In stede of whych mutabylte,
Hath take his place like as ye maye se.
With detwe chaunge thou art so remewable.
Vpo no ground thou mayst not stande stable.
Thy trouth is gone of olde affectiowne,
That shuld haue to stand with thy towne.

Of

Of sayth with vs for to lye or depe.
 For truste and hope cryed be alweye,
 In thy persone shortly for to wyte,
 That busy arte the kynge to exerte,
 In discreate of his estate to ask.
 Unto Grekes now be so thall,
 To seke a peace as it were for dread,
 Thou shouldest rather of thy manlyhead,
 Haue profered him the Cite to defende,
 There on thy lyfe at outraunce to dispende,
 Wherfore in sothe here I the assure,
 Rather then we shoulde this endure,
 Twenty thousande shall with spere & helde,
 Upon a dape be slayne in the felde,
 Thy worde I holde for no prophete,
 For it procedeth of very trecherie,
 Of doubtlesse and of false treason,
 Undermyninge with proderyon.
 Though that thou outwarde shewe saye,
 The benyng hnd thy fayle doth repaie,
 Lyke a serpent syngynge vnder floures,
 Thereby to fele of such counsaylours.
 And in this whyle with wordes despytous
 Full bytingly hath Amphymacus,
 All openly Anthenoz reproued.
 With his counsaile so he was agroued.
 Seynge the treason that he would mene,
 Tyll Eneas gan to go betwene,
 With floztyd speche full of flatterye,
 And gan his tale so to moderye,
 Lyke as he mente trouth in his entente.
 But therin was double attendement,
 He spake but one and yet he mente twayne,
 Amphymacus onely to refrayne,
 To attempte him of his melancolye,
 Onely tyll he myght a tyme clype,
 Like his purpose that he maye procede,
 To execute it fully vp in dede.
 And when that he founde had a space,
 Under pretence of a treme face,
 With his tale he gan to breake oute,
 Many a Trojan standinge him aboute.
 And shortly sayde for conclusyone,
 Touchynge diffence playnly of the towne,
 Howe that henge onely in balauce,
 For both hope trust and assuraunce,
 Of the Cite taken haue theyr fyght,
 For synally our manhod and our myght,
 And our knyghthod together be ago.

With the Grekes moze to haue ado.
 And with themn stoutly for to fyght,
 The whych hath lost many a worthy knyght.

And they be redy vpon vs to set,
 And we dare not our gatt moze bether
 We be alas supprised so with dread.
 Then semeth me how it is great nede.
 By good aduise for to seke a meane,
 In this matter how we shall vs demeane.
 And for my parte sothfastly I saye,
 I knowe as nowe none so redy waye,
 As prudentlye for a peace to treat.
 But Pyram then in a sodayne heate,
 Without abode of cheare and face pale,
 Of francoire gan interrupte his tale,
 For he attempte myght not his herte,
 So fretingely the treason made him smerte,
 And for he myght him selfe not refrayne,
 Thus he sayde vnto both twayne,
 To Anthenoz and also to Enee,
 I wonder greatly that ye hardy be,
 In very trouthe for shame so to barre,
 And that ye be so rebell and contrarie,
 So me onely of false collusyon,
 As to byngne in desperacyon,
 Me and my leges yf I shall not sayne,
 Of false entente to catche vs in a trayne.
 Alas howe maye you in your herte fynde,
 Agayne nature for to be brynnde,
 That whylom were of my counsaile chese,
 Of euery thyngge or it was brought to prese,
 For ye ablynte I could nothyngge fynde,
 And nowe alas ye caste to declyne,
 Awaye from me barayne leste and sole,
 That to remembre it is to great a dole.
 How any wyght alas so chaunge can,
 For who shall moze truste any man,
 When ye be founde double of entente,
 Can ye not thynke how by your assente,
 By your counsaile and by your aduise,
 Whylom how I sente forth Darys,
 Into Grece of full yore ago.
 And Anthenoz thou wotest thy selfe also,
 How thou were fyrste made in balladour.
 And therupon chpese counsaylour,
 Touchinge the sonde made for Creon.
 But after that cause and moeyon,
 Though were in sothe that Darys shulde go,
 Into

Into Grece thou wotest well it is so.
 For I ne durste of presumption,
 Haue sente Darys vnto Citheron,
 Without aduise and auctoryte,
 Of Eneas playnly and of the,
 Upon Grekes a werre to haue gonne.
 I trowe in sothe that you neuer konne,
 Eruse him selfe and you be aduysed.
 For euery thyngge wrought was and deuised
 And execute by counsaile of you twayne.
 For when Darys went for Helepe,
 Grounde and roote to speake in speciall,
 Were thou Enee and cause principall,
 Present also when euery thing was wrought
 Out of Grece when she was hither brought,
 For this the sothe out of that regyowne,
 She neuer had come to this towne,
 If thou haddest be therto contrayre.
 Albe thou wouldest with thy wordes saye,
 Thy selfe eruse here in audience,
 As thou knewe nought of that offence,
 But fully were vnnwittinge of the dede.
 And to me my sonnes euerychone be dede,
 And ye me se alone destitute,
 Your counsaile is as for chpese refute,
 Me to purswe to Grekes for a peace,
 As I were foryefall reckles,
 To remembre the infinite outrages,
 The mostall werre slaughter and damages,
 The cruelle and destructione,
 That they haue wrought herupō this towne
 That verily when I all recorde,
 For to be dead I can not acorde,
 With them to treat like as ye deuise,
 For I elype in many sondry wyse,
 In your entente a right peryllous snare,
 So couertly vnder falsched dare,
 That it wyl be to my confusyon,
 If ye achewe your entencion,
 Synally as ye haue it shap.
 For impossible it were to escape,
 Shamefully at myschypse me to dye,
 Without recure of any remedye,
 For this the fyne I knowe it out of doubte,
 Of the treat that ye be aboute.
 And ryght anone the Trojan Eneas,
 Of yre and rancoure so agroued was,
 Agayne the kynge with a swellynge herte,
 That sodaynly out at the doze he herte,

After he had for to be awoke,
 Full many worde agayne the kynge spok.
 He wente his waye and Anthenoz also.
 And Pyramus of very yre and wo,
 Sodainly byaste out for to wepe,
 He myght him selfe not for anguyshe kepe,
 The anger frett vpon him so fore,
 Within him selfe conceytinge moze and moze
 By euidence of discrecyon,
 The couert guyle and the false treason,
 That they for him and for his Cite,
 Whapen haue but he ayled be,
 Dredynge aye that these ylike twayne,
 By some engyne or conspyred trayne,
 To the Grekes would hym betraye
 Wherfore the kynge caste and would saye,
 Shave awaye theyr malysce to withstande,
 So the treason that they toke on hande,
 Onely of ryght in dede or it were founde,
 Upon them selfe myght agayne rebounde,
 That the full executyon,
 Of theyr contrayned conspyracion,
 Resorte agayne in ful dewe wyse.
 Onely of theym that gan it fyrste deuyse,
 Treason for treason is conuenient,
 For to falsched the guerdon pertynente,
 As shamefull deathe and the synall mede,
 Wherfore to shap in this great nede,
 A remedye this olde Pyramus,
 Callesth his sonne Amphymacus,
 And prytouly alone but they twayne,
 In teares drownded gan to him complayne,
 On Anthenoz and on this Eneas.
 And sayde sonne take hede on this case,
 And thynke how I am thy father deare,
 And how there be now no moze ptere,
 Of my sonnes leste wyth me alpye,
 But thou alone and therfore as byrue,
 Touching treason conspyred and pwoyne,
 What eu-er fall let vs be toforn,
 Onely of wyledom away for to make,
 That we maye fyrst in the trappe them take
 And to pursue for theym euen plyche,
 That iustly they maye fall in the dych,
 Whych they haue made and for vs pteyned,
 And in all haste let so be ordeyned,
 That this matter close be kept in metwe,
 To fyne onely that they not elchewe,
 For to be slayne of equite and ryght.

In this place enen towarde night.
 For I purpose playnly for theyr sake,
 Agayne that houre a counsaile for to make,
 And vnder coloure make them both call.
 And thou vnwarly shalt vpon them fall,
 With knightes swozne vnto the and me,
 In this matter for to be seere.
 And right anone this Amphimachus,
 Assented is vnto Pyramus,
 To accomplishe in full secret wise,
 Fro poynt to poynt as ye haue herde deuyse.

But sothe is sayde of full poze agone,
 Of olde wile þ counsaile is there none,
 In all this woelde so pyruely preste.
 Cill it will out platly at the laste.
 For the people whych that is rural,
 Sayth þ secretes which be not knowen at all,
 The earthe will as they make mynde,
 Discure them of his owne kinde.
 And of nature by cast and disclose,
 The thinge that men are wont in it to close.
 Let every man beware as it is good,
 Of his counsaile go to ferre abroad.
 And specially lordes haue great nede,
 Of all men they stande most in drede.
 So great awaite is vpon them layde,
 That when it happeth that a thinge be sayde,
 Of ones spoke of a lordes mouth,
 It falleth ofte that it is full kouthe,
 And reported and yspread full wyde,
 In many cosse by them that stande asyde,
 Of he be ware by sodayne auenture.
 For some in hap in whom he doth assure,
 Wyl fynde of all hym reposte amys.
 Therfore in sothe best for them is this,
 For to beware and hepe theyr tonge.
 A purpose caste should not be ronge,
 For spoke abroad amonge folkes tude.
 For gladly aye the worste they conclude,
 Of every thinge while that it is newe,
 In reposte baspount and vntrewe,
 For after reason nothinge they expone,
 But after will the folke that be of towne,
 Alike the purpose which they desyre.
 For they saye as a wyse of fyre,
 When it brenneth brightest in his blase,
 Sodaynly it wasteth as a wale,
 On suche folke platly is no truste,

That fire and water holde in their fist,
 Beynge with both ylike indifferente.
 Now hote nowde colde lyke as theyr entente
 Of newe chaungeth so in theyr courage,
 After the calme foloweth sodayne rage,
 To daye they loue and to morowe hate,
 To truste a common laster by no date,
 Let not a lorde make them to seere.
 For nowe the counsaile is runne to Enee,
 That Pyram wende had be ful close,
 For the rumour and the winde arose,
 By false reposte is to ferre yblowe,
 That Eneas and Anthenor well knowe,
 Ende and gynnynge and every maner thyng,
 And the hole counsaile of Pyramus the kyng
 And both two full of one entente,
 With other eke that were of theyr assente,
 Conspyred be and togyther swozne.
 And conertly caste a waye afozne,
 That synally Trope the Cyte,
 By theyr engyne shall destroyed be.
 And of accorde caste playnly thus,
 If it hap that kyng Pyramus,
 Sende for them shortly to conclude,
 They would come with such a multitude,
 Of armed men if they se nede,
 That of him they shoulde nothing drede.
 For Eneas was in that Cyte,
 Of great power and auctoryte,
 Both of bloud and kynred allped,
 And for his golde greatly magnifyed,
 Throughe the Cyte moste in speryall,
 That he in myght and power perygall,
 As sayth Gydo was vnto the kyng.
 And Anthenor almost in every thyng,
 Was vnto hym egall of power,
 And both twayne of one herte entyre,
 Conspyred haue in sothe agayne the towne,
 Synally to this conclusyone,
 That they of Grekes myght haue suerte,
 Wyth theyr treasure to go at lybertee,
 With theyr allpes bozne of Trope towne.
 When all were brought to destrutyone,
 With life and good laufe without moze.
 At whychetyme for Dan Anthenor,
 And Eneas Pyramus hath sente,
 To accomplishe the fyne of his entente.
 And they in haste with so great a route,
 Came of knyghtes stuffed hym aboute,

That

That therof was astoned Pyramus.
 And made sende for Amphimachus,
 Commaundynge him to chaunge his purpose.
 For well he wyse his counsaile was not close
 And by signes gan well vnderstande,
 That the matter which they had in hande,
 Discured was to his confusyon.
 Bothe the murder and conspyration.
 Apparepyng in his inwarde syght,
 The great power of this Troyan knyght,
 And the fauour of this Eneas,
 And of the comon howe he fostred was.
 The which he proude in open audyence,
 Tofoze the kyng declareth his sentence,
 Fully concludynge maugre who sayth nay.
 How that there was none other meane waye
 Refute nor gayne nor other remedye.
 But onely peace who so it denye.
 Other escapyng playnly was there none.
 And therupon the commons everychone,
 With one voyce gan calle and crye,
 And his counsaile gan greatly magnifye.
 Albe the kyng was therto al contrary.
 But Eneas lyte no longer tary,
 For dyfferre the fyne of his purpose.
 But wonder I rous from his see he rose.
 And full vngoodly spake vnto the kyng,
 And shortly sayde without moze taryng.
 Where so befall thou be lese or lothe,
 Of with his purpose pleased outhur wrothe,
 Thou mayst well truste it shall none other be.
 For synally herken this of me.
 Maugre thy wyll and also all the myght,
 This same daye or it be nyghte,
 For a peace with grekes we shall trete.
 And whan the kyng sawe the seruent hete
 Bothe of the comon and of Eneas.
 He gan anone dysmule in this case,
 For of prudence he gan to se,
 For that tyme it may none other be.
 Wherfore syth he myght it not amende,
 He wisely gan for to condescende,
 To the purpose platly of Enee.
 And sayde he wolde goodly take at gree,
 And except what them lyte ordeyne.
 And so the kyng lerned to sayne,
 Agayne the concepte platly of his herte,
 For otherwyse he coude not aserte,
 Coarte of force and of ypolence,

And when he sawe in his aduertence,
 That he myght dyuerse on no fyde,
 From the fraude that soben was to wyde,
 Without grutchynge he fallselly gaue assent,
 That Anthenor shulde forth be sente,
 By comon choyse to treate for the towne,
 Which was tofoze inconclusyone,
 With the grekes accorded synally,
 Touchynge the effecte of his ambassadrye.
 Fro poynt to poynt where he wolde stonde,
 Variunt fro that he toke on hande.
 And for they had afoze hym full conceyued,
 With better chere he was of them receyued.
 And in this whyle that Anthenor was out,
 For to treate with the grekes stoute,
 As ye haue harde for a peace synally.
 In the towne aboute on every wall,
 They of Trope gan ascende blyue,
 Withe the braunches of many freshe olyue,
 In token of peace and grekes eke agayne,
 Amyd the fiede endelonge the playne,
 Shewed them that all myght sene.
 Eke of Olyue lusty bowes grene.
 And to confyrme this fro poynt to poynt,
 And that nothinge stode in dyspoynte.
 The worthy kyng great Agamenon,
 Comynitted hath of hyghe discrecion,
 Fully power and auctorytie,
 For the grekes playnly vnto thre,
 Fyfte of all for a peace to treat,
 Vnto the wyle kyng of Crete.
 To Ulixes and to Dyomedes.
 And to chese mo the thought it was no nede,
 For what they do they wyll holde stable.
 And synally not be variable,
 From the ende platly that they make.
 And therupon was assurance take,
 Of eyther parte by bonde of sacrament,
 And so they be with Anthenor ywent,
 Out asyde this worthy lordes thre.
 And when they were at theyr liberte,
 From all tumulte alone pyruely.
 This Anthenor full of trechery,
 Respecte of falthode and of doublenesse,
 Gan his purpose vnto them expresse.
 Behotyng them to trashe the cyte,
 So they wolde make him surety.
 That fyfte hym selfe and with him Eneas
 Shall freedom haue in every maner case,

With playne power committed to the towne.

But kinge Priam hath are suspectiowne,
To Anthenor and also to Cene,
How that they shall destroye his cytye,
And to him selfe trist of hertye wo,
He sayde al as what is best to do,
In this myscheyse that I am in fall.
And yet is this to me worst of all.
That I am now through myn aduersitye,
Bounde and compelled of necessitye,
Augre my head in maner of raunson,
For my lyfe to make redempcion,
Unto my foen that I haue most at herte.
I se ryght well it maye not aserte,
For I must paye there garyeth no succour.
My good my golde ryches and treasoure,
To my most foen and dare it not denye,
And yet I stonde most in iopardye,
Without refute hanginge in balaunce,
Alas constrained through my wo full chaunce,
To obeye theyr lust that mortally me hate,
Dyuen therto of byrthe through my fate,
So Parchas haue my destinye shape,
By none engyne I maye it not escape.

And while Priam thus to complayne,
To Anthenor came the quene Helepe,
Beseynge him in his embassadrye,
Of gentylnesse for to spekye,
Through his prudent medracyon,
To fynde awaye in conseruacyon,
Of her estate fynally that she,
To Menelape maye reconciled be.
If so fall that the treatie holde,
So that her lord of his grace would,
Restore her vnto her degre,
Onely of mercy and of high pytye.
And Anthenor vnto her request,
Gave audyence makinge a behest,
How he would with all his herte entere,
Be dylligent to treatie of this mattere.
And therewithal of hym she toke her leue,
And this was done on the same eue,
That Anthenor I pray god giue him for to be,
To Grekes went on the next morowe,
Onely to treatie for a peace fynall.
And in this whyle the feastie funerall,
Was holde in Trope myn auctour wyrteth
(thus,

Of a lord that called was Glaucus,
A manly knight tofore in his byrthe,
And sonne was of Pryamus the kyng.
And ouer this lyke as sayth Gydo,
The kyng Pryamus byrthe him also,
Of Pantasylla how the body myght,
Be conserued freshly to the syghte.
And for loue of this hardy quene,
Of pured golde and of stones shene,
He let make a bestell full of all,
And fylde it full with bawme naturall.
To kepe the corpe from corrupcion,
Till the werre of Grekes and of the towne,
Through the treatie were pshynted cleue.

So that the kyng called Phylomene,
This dead quene might of affection,
Carpe it home into her regyon,
With the aunceters buryed for to be,
Lyke the maner of olde antiquyte.
It were in bayne more for to ryme,
I passe ouer vnto the Treatie,
Attwene Grekes and Trope the Cytte.
And for the partye of Grekes as I reade,
Fyrste Ulyses and with him Diomedes.
Assygned were and the kyng of Crete,
With Anthenor and Eneas to mete.
And all pferre shortly in sentence,
By conduyt first and after by pence,
Of the noble wyse Agamemone,
They entred be into Trope towne,
By conneyng of this Eneas,
Of whose comynge such a ioye there was.
Of the comunes whych in thinges newe,
Reioyce aye after though they reue.
Wenryng full well in theyr opynon,
That by the good medracyon,
Of Ulyses and the kyng of Crete,
And Diomedes that came eke to Crete,
That these thre shoulde make as faste,
A fynall peace euer for to laste,
And a full end of theyr alder forowe.
And therupon eatly the next morowe,
Priam let make a conuocaciowne,
Of all the worthy within Trope towne,
And when they were assembled al in one,
The wyse Ulyses rose vp anone,
And his tale gan in suche wyse,
So prudently his wordes to deuyse.

That

That to herken euery man hath ioye.
And specially they that were of Trope.
That of his inwarde meanyng fraudente,
Full pttell wyrt noz of his entente,
To theyr pleasure so he could sayne.
And fyrste he areth of them thinges twayne.
The one was this that of the Cytte,
He would haue golde an huge quantyte,
In recompence of harmes that were do.
In other thyng he ased also,
Without abode that Amphymacus,
That sonne was to kyng Pryamus,
Perpetually that he cryled be,
Neuer to entre Trope the Cytte,
For golde, pryncer, noz for no raunson.
And this was done by suggestyon,
Of Anthenor false and malpous,
Onely for he was contraryous,
That he shoulde treatie for to a peace,
And for that he was not reckles,
To save a trouthe this Amphymacus.
Therfore in sothe this serpent enuyous,
Howe he hath founde a time for to byte,
He though the would cruelly him quyte,
For trouthe onely that was in his entente.
Therfore it is full expedyent,
Of prudence euery man to charge,
That his tunge be not ouer large.
Troughes all be not for to sayne.
For wysedome is sometyne to sayne,
And dissimule in aduersitye,
Specially when men in trouble be.
And se theyr speche maye them not auayle,
Better is then that theyr tunge sayle,
Than folly to theyr domage speake.
Men must amonge cure and ouer reke,
The trouthe of thynges onely of prudence,
And humbly suffer in pacyence,
For false reporte of folkes enuyous.
Who can so do I holde hym vertuous.
For better it is a whyle to abyde,
Than saye all out of rancour & of pryde.
Silence in sothe hath oft in hasty styfe,
Had of byctoye a prerogatyfe,
And the palme of debates wonne,
That well are they that so lustre konne,
And be of speche not presumptuous.
For as I tolde this Amphymacus,
Notwithstandyng that he trouthe mente,

Yet for a worde he into eryle wente,
Albe that god full iustly afterwarde,
Hath Anthenor quyt for his reward,
For with the same he was after hys,
For his fallenesse duely as it syt.
This to save of olde antiquyte,
He was to eryle and captiuyte,
Foriudged after into proscripion,
And relegate out of Trope towne,
Perpetually by the procuryng,
Of Eneas, loo howe the ryghtfull kyng,
That all maye se in his drowndence,
Full iustly can make recompence,
Of donblynesse and simulacyon.
And of all suche contrived false treason,
For who auengeth with falschod on his parte
He shall be hys with the same darte.
He shapeth not for to haue a wounde,
For falschod aye wyll agayne rebounde,
Where it is cose fyrste to his orygnall,
Resorte agayne ryght as doth a ball.
For who for fraude euer doth him caste,
Truste ryght well it wyll out at the laste,
And who supplanteth shall supplant be,
By good example as ye shall after se.

Of Anthenor the storye ye reade,
And whiles that they treatie & procede,
Touchyng the eryle and prescription,
Captiuyte and relegacyon,
That they caste for Amphymacus,
There was herde a noyle meruaylous,
A great tumulte and a wonder soune,
Lyke as it were a lamentacyowne,
Of sondry folke playning in distresse,
For hertye wo and inwarde heynesse,
Out of the treatie euen when they gone,
This confuse crye after gan anone.
Wherof Ulyses and eke Diomedes,
Sodaynly fel in a drede,
Supposyng in theyr oppynyowne,
That some rumour was fall in the towne,
Amonge the people in the comonter,
Of hasty rancour auenged for to be,
For the loue of Amphymacus,
That causeles was cryled thus,
Of volunte agayne all trouthe and ryght.
Wherfore the dradde when it drewe to night,
To be murdred of the comons of the towne,

For the fraude and conspiracion,
 Falshy of olde enmytee.
 By Anthenoz and by false Enee.
 And sothly yet there was no maner man,
 That could wyrt toherof it began,
 For espye firste when it arose,
 In all the paleys noz throughout the close,
 They herde it well but they saye nought,
 Wherof they were astoned in their thought,
 And affrayde of very sodayne dreade,
 Ulixes first and also Diomedes,
 Lest with commons they had be byset.
 But Anthenoz without longer let,
 To make them sure from all tumulte & crye,
 The Grekes hath conueyed secretly.
 And when they were assured of theyr place,
 Ulixes firste with a chaunged face,
 Gan pynche soze in the selfe whyple,
 At Anthenoz of reason and of guyle.
 That with his bestes so fro daye to daye,
 Of very slepyghte put them in delaye,
 Seimynge fully for ought he could espye,
 There was decept fraude or trecherie,
 In the couenauntes that he hath behyght.
 ¶ To whom anone this false Troian knight
 With sadde cheare and sobze countenance,
 Well auyled in his dalpaunce.
 Answered agayne and playnly did expresse,
 I wyse quod he I take vnto wyrtlesse,
 The hygh goddess that euery thyng may se,
 Without sayninge that I haue busy be,
 Fro popnt to popnt your purpose to achene.
 So that I do you not greue,
 And finally that ye lyst to heare.
 There is one thinge perturbeth this mattere,
 Whiche I shall so it be none offence,
 Playnely remembre here in your presence.
 ¶ This is to saye of olde antiquitee,
 fyrste at the buydyng of Troe the Cytte,
 That whilom was called Pylion,
 For cause onely at his foundation,
 Kinge Pylus sythe go full longe,
 The founder was of the wall stronge.
 After whom as made is mencion,
 It called was and named Pylion.
 In the whych with great and busy charge,
 In Pallas name he made a temple large,
 That passingly was had in reuerence,
 And when this Phane of most excellence,

Perfourned was by masonry full wele,
 And saue the rose complete euerydele,
 Of myghty stone the buydyng well assured,
 But or it was with lede and tymber cured,
 Agayne tempest for to be obstacle,
 There fell a wonder onely by myracle,
 That I dare well aspyre in certayne,
 Suche an other was there neuer seyne.
 Who so list se and conspyre all,
 This meruayle was so celestiall.

For there came downe from þ high heauē,
 By Pylades and the sterres seuen,
 And through the eyre holdynge his passage.
 Lyke a fayne and meruaylous ymage,
 That in this world though men had sought,
 He was there none halfe so well ywrought.
 For as it is truly to suppose,
 Pigmalyon remembred in the rose,
 In his tyme had no conynge,
 To graue or paynte so curpous a thyng.
 For it was wrought wyth dylygent labour,
 By hande of Juggell in the beauenly toure.
 Though goddess myght and diuine ordinaunce
 And hither sent through his purueyaunce,
 For a relyke onely of his grace,
 There to abyde for a protection,
 For a diffence and saluacion,
 Perpetually whyple the worlde maye dure,
 Agayne all mischpyse and inplauture.
 Every trouble and tribulacion,
 In susteynyng and releuacion,
 And soueraygne helpe eke of this Cytte.
 The whych neuer maye destroyed be,
 By no engyne that men maye purchase.
 The goddess haue graunted such a grace.
 And such vertue annexed eke therto.
 That Troe in sothe maye neuer be sozdo,
 Tyll this relyke stole be awaye.
 And yet in sothe there is no man that maye,
 From the place here it noz remeue,
 But the prieste to whom it is dewe.
 Onely of offyce to touche it with his honde,
 So mightely conserued is the bonde,
 That who attempteth in conclusyon,
 It to remeue of presumption,
 At the fyne platly he shall sayle.
 For force none maye him not auayle.
 For in sothe will not remeued be,

Except

Except of him to whom of deutee,
 It pertayneth as ye haue herde tosoyne.
 And ouer moze there is no man yet boyne,
 That reade can noz tell in no degre,
 Verryly where it be stone or tree.
 For howe it was deuised noz ywrought.
 There is no wight so subtil in his thoughte,
 Seriously to tell the manere.
 For Minerua that is so freshe and clere,
 The sterne goddess through her great myght,
 That is so dreadful both of lode and sight,
 Which on her brest hath of cristall,
 Her shelde Eggs this goddess immortal.
 Praunted hath in bokes as I lerne.
 Through her power which that is eterne.
 This holy relike for a memoypall,
 To her Temple of buildinge most royall,
 It to conserue from all assault of dreade,
 And to succoure in euery maner nede,
 Agayne theyr foen vnto Troe towne,
 While it is kept with deuocyon.
 So that alwaye by successyowne,
 From kinge to kinge in the line, downe.
 But iust tyle liuely succede,
 Therto annexed that they take hede,
 Prudently auoyding negligence,
 As they are bounde and yholde of ryght.
 The shall no enemy power haue noz myght,
 To do damage in hindering of the towne,
 And why it is called Palladypowne,
 Lyke as clerkes wyrt of it and sayne,
 Is for Pallas to make her towne certayne.
 This relike sente fro the heauen downe.
 And to conclude shortly my reasowne,
 This the cause our purpose is so let.
 ¶ Than quod Ulixes sith it maye be no bet,
 Our labour is in ydell and in bayne,
 Without recure if it be certayne.
 As thou hast sayd this towne in no degre,
 Though this relyke maye not destroyed be.
 It was sely the to undertake,
 Vnto Grekes behelpe for to make,
 Without this thou haddest be well sure.
 ¶ Quod Anthenoz yet there is recure,
 As I haue hight ye shall haue the towne,
 Although there be a dylapowne,
 And the maner anone I shall tell,
 If it to be ye lyst a whyple dwell,

Without nyste other perturbauce.
 ¶ The prieste the whych the gouernaunce,
 Of this relike shalbe spoke vnto,
 By good aduise and ytreated so,
 That he shall be full of our assente.
 For he with golde and treasure shal be blent,
 That he accorde shall to our purpose,
 To bypnyge the relyke which is kept so close,
 To what place that ye lyst assigne.
 Be styl of porte goodly and benygne
 In your workes tyll I haue brought about,
 Fully this thinge and be nothyng in doubte,
 I dare my selfe take it well on hande.
 And when they had his meyninge vnderstand
 They toke leue and went out of the towne.
 But fyrst to bypde all suspicyowne,
 At theyr goynge Anthenoz hath hyght,
 How that he would go the same nyghte,
 To Pylus to make ordynaunce,
 How the bondes and the assurance,
 Of the peace shold ymakde be.
 And for to knowe eke the quantypte,
 Of the golde that ye shall receyue.
 Thus shall I best the purpose apperceyue,
 Of the kinge and knowe it euerydele.
 And they consente and like it wonder wele,
 Every thinge that Anthenoz had sayde.
 And so they parte glad and well apayde,
 And went theyr waye and made no tar ying.
 ¶ And Anthenoz goth vnto the kinge,
 Hym counsaillinge he make no delay.
 To call his lordes agayne the nexte daye,
 And his lyeiges to assemble yfere.
 Finally to engroce this mattere,
 As it was lystynge and expedyent.
 And when the kinge in open perliament,
 Crowned sat in his regalye,
 This Anthenoz gan to spekyfe,
 In audyence that men myght knowe,
 To eche estate both to high and lowe,
 The Grekes will if they agre therto,
 And what the summe was of golde also.
 Which they are if the peace shal stande,
 Twenty thousande marke to haue in hande,
 Of pured golde which must anone be payde,
 And of silver that maye not be delayed,
 They must eke haue the same quantytee.
 And ouer this as they accorded be,
 Certayne measures by couenaunt also,

Of wheate and floure they lyes for to saue,
In they repaie by the large sea,
When they sayle home to they countre.
And that the collecte made be anone,
By good aduise of them euerychone,
That all be redy by a certayne dape,
There was no man that durst tho saye naye,
For contrarie that Anthenoz had sayde.
Where to they were well o euyl payde,
But ful assent in conclusiowne.
And in all haste throughtout all the towne,
The collatours gathered by the golde,
Like the summe that I haue you tolde,
Of poore & ryche there was spared none.
The whych tyme Anthenoz is gone,
Unto the priest that called was Tonaunt,
If he might in any wise him daunt,
To make his herte fully to enclyne.
Full craftely he layde out hooke and lyne,
With lusty bayte of false couetyse,
Exceptyng him in full secret wyse,
That would be of his assente,
And condescende vnto his entente,
To put him in possession,
Of the relyke called Palladion,
Without abode it maye deliuered be,
And gaue him golde an huge quantyie,
And him to blend much moze behyght.
And this was done pryuely by nyghte.
Shortly concludinge if he condescende,
That he would his state amende,
So passyngly that for euere moze,
He and his heyres shoulde haue golde & stoz
Plenty ynough that none indygence,
Shoulde haue power hym to do offence.
For vnto the this a bowe I make,
Quod Anthenoz and platly vndertake,
Of golde & good thou shalt haue suffysaunce,
And of treasour passyng habundaunce,
That thou shalt in very sykenesse,
All thy kyn excelle in rychesse,
If thou deliuer lyke to myne arynge,
Palladon whych is in thy keepynge.
And I behote thou mayste trust me,
By bonde of it shalbe secree.
Lest it were hyndrynge to thy name.
For if so be that thou dzeadest shame,
To be esclaundred of so foule a dede,
I shawe shall that thou nede not dzeade,

For be agaste in no maner wyse.
For such a waye in sothe I shall deuse,
That no man shall be suspiciuous,
To thy person or engenpous,
To deme anyse how this matter goth.
For be well ware that me were as lothe,
To be diffamed of so foule a thyng,
To knowe therof or be assentynge.
In any maner that they of the towne,
Shoulde to me haue suspiciowne.
Let be let be leuer I had deye,
We shall therfore caste an other wey,
Our honour saue so that thou and I,
Shall go all quyte I saye the bitterly.
That neyther shall beholde ne percepuere,
Of this thefte but stande hole and clere,
What euer fall without any shame.
For Wyres shall beare all the blame.
Of this dede and this thefte also.
For men shall saye when it is ago,
By his engyne and his sleghthy wyse,
Throughe his traynes and his false guyle,
That he hath stole awaye Palladowne,
From the temple in leasynge of the towne.
That synally duryng all his lyue,
When shall to hym his falschode destruy.
And all the gylt arreten his offence,
That thou and I onely of innocence,
Throughtout the worlde of this iniquyte,
Shall be excused platly and go free.
It nedeth not tarye in this mattere.
Come of attones to thy golde is here,
For thou ne shalt longer delayed be.
And sith thou seest no difficultye,
Is on no parte perle nor represe,
Shame nor dzead slaundze nor mischysse,
Delaye not to take this thyng on hande.
And first this priest gan hym to withstande,
Full myghtely and sayde for nothyng,
Nothor for prayer nor for manasinge,
For golde nor good ne no maner mede,
He ne would assente to so foule a dede.
Thus he answered at the pryime face.
But ofte sith it happeth men purchase,
By gifte of good to speake in wordes playne,
That trouth in pouerte might neuer attayne
For mede moze by falschod maye conquire.
Than tyle of ryght that men in trouthe lere
And gyftes great hertes can enclyne,

And

And golde they maye in stele & marbyll mine
This priestes herte hath so depe graue.
That Anthenoz shall his purpose haue,
For to possede the Palladion.
Throughe false engyne and conspiracion,
Of this priest that called was Tonaunte.
Which of falschode myght hym beste auaunte,
That this relyke fro the temple rente,
And to Wyres Anthenoz it sente,
Out of the towne in all the haste he myght,
By a seruaut secretly by nyght.
Whereof Troians mortally dismayde,
And throughe treason synally outtrayed,
Wrought by this priest with couetise blent,
Falle Anthenoz benige of assente.

Howe the Grekes made an hofe of brasse
wherin was men of armes, and vnder colour
of peace brought it into Troye, by the whych
it was bitterly destroyed for euere. Cap. xxxv.

Of Troy alas toel mayst þ mozne & wepe
In complaynyng to hertye syghes depe
falsly defrauded of Palladon,
And put for euer out of possession.
O mighty goddess þ the worlde gouerne,
And euery thing throughe your might cōserue
Ryght as it is of your dewtye,
And trouthe and falschod maye togither se.
In euery herte throughe your purlepaunce.
Why toke ye not on this priest benegaunce,
That traytoursly throughe his iniquyte,
For golde and good betrayeth the cōtye,
Of Troye alas without moze recure.
Who shall emforth and moze be suer,
Or any place stande in hykerree,
Syn holynesse of so hygh degree,
Maye be infecte and corrupt with mede.
Euery herte ought quake and dzeade,
To le alas by false pprochaue.
Priestes that shoulde the worlde exemplette,
With good doctryne of perfection,
To make to loone & tranmutacion,
Of double entent to dainly to barpe.
For doubtles if the Sanctuarpe,
Be pollut founde in conuersacion,
Naked and bate of deuocyon,
And that the thynnyng of theyr patrye light
Poured be by dekenesse vnto nyght,

Unto what place shall men further go,
To take example what theyn ought to do,
Certys the roote and ground of euery dele,
Is couetyse who so loke wile.
Of whych the greyn is so farre plowe,
That who so lyst auerpe to knowe,
Amonge priestes he shall it rather fynde.
For therwithall they be made blynde,
To they estate that they maye not se.
For in sothenesse there is no degre,
Gredyer nor moze raiynous,
Of worldly good moze couetous,
Than priestes be to cathe what they maye.
For it is gone syn many a dape,
That in they best fyred was the roote,
Of couetyse whych lpt so soote,
That no man maye atrace it nor remeue,
For at theyr tayle euer it dath them seue,
This false woyme mother and noyze,
Of all myschysse and of euery pbee,
For golde is now to thynnyng and so byght
So persynge eke and so clere of lyghte,
That priestes be with his steemes blent,
For in sothenesse they be in theyr entente,
Of couetyse very receptacle.
And to possede eke the tabernacle.
They herte is aye to gredye to embrace,
That auerpe hath his dwellyng place,
Whid of their best this vice of byres all,
That causeth vertue rather for to fall,
Where he abyde so he can supplaunte,
Reorde I take of the priest Tonaunte,
That for treasour to Anthenoz hath solde,
The ryche relyke that he had in holde,
Palladion while they of Troye towne,
Haue gathered by aboute enuyon,
Of riche and poore throughtout the cite,
Golde and syluer an huge quantyie,
Floure and whete to paye theyr ransom,
The whych summe of entencion,
They made kepe wyfely and conserue,
In the Temple that souge th to Mynerne,
Purposynge after of one affectiowne,
The citsyns throughtout all the towne,
Hopinge therby for to fare the bet,
Upon a dape assigned and plet.
To Apollo in theyr panym wyse
Solampnyre make a sacrafise,
With slaughter of bestes to entente & bloude,

On whych daye when the pyestes stode,
In compasse rounde about the aultere,
And gan to kynde the coles bryght and clere,
Upon the aultre playnly as I reade
To offer vp the beastes that were deade,
In the flawme and the great leuen,
To Apollo stellyed in heauen,
When they to offer were most laborous,
The fyrre was that the sacryde fyre,
He would brenne lyke to his desyre,
For the flawme vp ascende alofte.
The that they assayed full ofte,
More then ten tymes and yet it ne would be
For aye it queynt that they ne myght le,
Fought but smoky resolutions,
Horrible and blake lyke exalacions,
Of newe lyme when that it is meynt,
With water colde and of his heat queynt,
That they might in no maner wyle,
For lacke of fyre do theyr sacrafyle.
For aye they found a wonder obstacle,
And the nexte was a moze myracle,
On theyr aultre when they gan to sprede,
The entayles of beastes that were deade,
To queme Apollo in flawme bryght a faire,
There came anone downe out of the ayre,
A ropall Egge full persynge of his loke,
And in his clawes the offeringe vp he toke,
And the entayles linge enuprowne,
In his defence makynge such a towne,
That none so hardy of herte nor manhode,
But that he was assoned there he stode,
And supplid through nerse & euery wayne,
Of this meruayle and this caile sadayne,
But the Egge abydyng there no moze,
ouer the towne full hygh gan to soze,
Towarde Grekes enbryng what he might,
And on theyr shypes sodaynly alyghte,
And the entayles of the beastes all.
This Egge let from his clawes fall,
Wherof Trojans when they toke hede,
Dismayed wryth a mortall drede,
By spynnes haue clerely comprehended,
That theyr goddes greatly were offended,
Agayne the towne when the fyre went out,
And for they would be put out of doute,
To be sure what this meruayle mente,
To Cassandra in all haste they sente,
Fully to haue declaracion.

And therupon playne exposicion.
And he tolde them platly out of drede,
That the quenchynge of theyr fyres red,
Was vnto them a demonstration,
Both of fyre and indygnacion,
That Apollo hath to Trope boze,
For the blond that was shed befoze,
Of Achilles in his temple slawe,
Vengeably murdred and ydrowe,
Without any maner reuerence,
Or honour done to the excellence,
Of Apollo beyng there presente,
That the ybane and plates adiacent,
Were desolued and pollit wryth bloude.
Wherfore the sayde shortly it is good,
That they went on professyon,
With herte contryte and deuocyon,
To the tombe of Achilles at nyght,
Onely to sette on theyr tapres lyght,
Sacred fyre brennyng at the wake,
Full in purpose by assente to make,
For his mortall satisfaction.
The whych fyre by none occasyon,
Shall not quenche but his flawmes holde,
Through none assault of storme, wind, cold,
The sacrafyle vpon the aultere
Tofoze Apollo brenne shall so clere,
And they of Trope wryought by her rede.
But of the Egge she bad them take hede,
That nothynge was but token of treason,
Whonoffke and declaracion,
Fynally how Trope and Pylon,
Shall soutne in haste to destruction.
For the flyng of this foule ropall,
ouer the towne and the myghty wall,
With his fethers mayled bryght and bene.
And the entayles in his clawes bene,
To Trope was a synall demonstrance,
Sothfast shewynge and signyfauce.
The prare and ewer and hap of olde fortune,
By lyklyhead might not contune,
For perseuer in the fyrst lyghte,
For all attones they haue take theyr flight.
Dalladion might theym not withholde
That stole was lyke as I you tolde,
For no man maye his fatall chaunce refuse.
And Grekes eke faste gan to muse,
And inwardly in theyr wyttes sought,
Of the entayles that the Egge broughte,

And

And therupon gan togyther rounde,
Til that Calchas did euery thing expowne,
And vnto theym full gan assure,
That the fine of this auenture,
Conclude should vpon theyr welfare.
And bad also for no coste they spare,
To perseuer and be of herte stable,
By fortune theym selfe to enbable.
Theym counsalyng to do theyr busy payne
Solcmnel in haste to ordayne,
A certayne offeringe bozne out of the felde,
To sayre Dalias with her cristall shelde,
And to her make a ryche sacrafyle,
As the stoyre by ordre shall deuyle.

Bythop Calchas wryth his lockes hoze
Traytour forsworne syth go ful yoze.
That falsed hath trouthe & his allyaunce,
Whom clerkes haue put in remembraunce,
In theyr lockes with letters olde and newe,
To exemples no man to be vntrewe.
For though yeares passe faste awaye,
Rust of sleaunder lightly wyll not deye.
The fret therof is so corrosyfe.
That it lasteth full many mannes lyfe,
And is full harde to arrace awaye,
Of whose benym full felde is made allaye,
Reporthe therof blowen is so wyde.
Perpetually that it wyll abyde,
Remembred newe and freshely had in mynde
Recorde of him that could a waye fynde,
Olde Calchas euyl mut he sterue,
Under colour of offeringe to Mynerue,
To make Grekes entre into towne,
This slepyghty serpent father and patrowne,
And spyder vp of treason and of guyle,
Compassed hath and pfounde a wyle,
How Grekes shall the Cyte wyne & take,
Pretendynge them sacryfyce to make,
Vnto Dalias as I shall expresse.
For this traytour merour of fallenesse,
The Grekes bad for to do theyr payne,
To Mynerua an offeringe to sayne,
And in all haste that they should them spede.
And of assente they dyd make a stede,
Large and wyde of coper and of brasse,
By crasse of Synon that contrived was,
That it myght receyue large and wele,
A thousand knyghtes armed bryght in stele.

Through the slepyght and the compassynge,
The subtyll wytte and meruaylous working
Of this wyle and crafty Greke Synon,
Which through his castynge and discrecion,
Perfourmed hath this ryche stede of brasse,
As he haue herde by byddinge of Calchas,
And by the aduise of Appius the wyle,
That holpe also the stede to deuyle,
To fyne onely that of deuocion,
Grekes myght requere of the towne,
When it were made to graunt them licence,
It presente in the reuerence,
Of myghty Dalias in stele armed bryght,
Amyd her temple large and ful of light,
By the offeringe to fynde occasyon,
To haue entre frely into towne,
By pylgrimage theyr vobres to fulfyl,
In which stede daren shal ful styll,
A thousande knyghtes as Calchas by deuise,
Ordained hath that was so lye and wise.
By crasse of Synon and of Appius,
This large stede of makinge meruaylous,
Under pretence of oblacyon,
Was complet ful to his perfection,
Of workemanshippe as I tolde afore,
When the siege sothly gan to fine,
And the Cyte was brought to ruyne,
Through Grekes myght and the wall ströge
Were bete downe large thicke and longe.
The which yeare as made is mencionne,
A lyttell afore takynge of the towne,
Kinges echone that came fro so ferre,
Alyne leste after the mortall werre,
When they saw how Driam by couenaunte,
Vnto Grekes that bitterly made graunt,
All haste possible to paye his raintowme,
They toke leue and went out of the towne.
And fyrste I fynde how kynge Phylomene,
With him lad the body of the quene,
Dantassilia home to her countre,
Ful richely there to burped be.
And of .ij. thousande knyghtes that this kynge
Brought vnto Trope fyrst at his comynge,
No mo than fyfthe home with him he ladde,
And of women that the quene hadde,
Of a thousand the stoyre sayth certayne,
But foure hundred home agayne.
And thus when all were fro Trope gone,
The morowe nexte Driamus anone,

Wich

With his lordes rode out of the towne,
As was the accorde for confymaciowne,
Of peace fynall vpon outhersyde.
And in the fyeelde Grekes hym abyde.
And for grekes firste swore Dyomedes,
They of Troie takynge litle hede,
How the othe was in condicion,
Cured aboue vnder false treason.
Syth grekes tho in their swearynge,
Re bounde them selfe to no maner thyng,
To stande to as in speercall.
But for to holde and kepe in generall,
The poyntes hole engressed and no more,
In thilke treatie that Dan Anthenor,
With grekes helde this traitour fraudulent.
In whiche they were full double of entent,
Depnt with tresson as ye haue herde toforene.
Whiche to obserue onely they were sworne,
By fraude of othe and not by wordes playne.
Their aduersaries to take in a trayne.
Excludynge them from their meanyng ferre.
Peace in the face, but in the herte werre.
All openly confirmed with their hande,
Inwarde treason by assuraunce of bonde.
But though the venym was closed w a wall,
It was not hpd from him that knoweth all.
For certaynely as clerkes teache,
Who that swereth falsly in his speche,
Flourythyng outwarde by a fayre colour,
For to deceyue his trewe neyghbour.
He is forsworne what so euer he be.
The treason hpd though men may not se,
How so the worde be awaye pborne.
Who swereth by craft by craft is forsworne.
There may be made no excusacion.
For god that knoweth the entention,
Demeth the herte and the word right nought.
For he the wyll knoweth and the thought,
Of euery man nygh and eke aferre.
Therefore beware no man hym forswore,
As grekes dyd Troians to deceyue.
That the fraude coulde not conceyue.
Supposynge that Grekes had be,
Faythfull and trewe of their suretye.
But nothyng on they in herte thought,
Whiche in the ende they full dere abought,
When they founde fully the reuerse,
And to their speche the dede so dyuerse.
It were but fayne by and by to wypte,

Their sayned othes noz their wordes whyte,
For the cheris that they coulde fayne,
But to conclude with the quene Helepyne,
Durynge the treate vpon the same daye,
Deluyered was to kynge Menelape.
And after that was payde the raunswone,
Graunted tofore and gathered in the towne,
Golde and syluer wher also and floure.
And to their shypes with diligent labour,
In full great haste euery thyng was brought
Where through the cite after came to nought.
And grekes than by symulacpon,
Makynge a colour of deuocion,
Through holynesse vnder pporisyte,
Falsly sayned by fraude and flatcrye.
The kynge haue prayed to haue lybertye,
Frely to entre in to the Cytie.
To make assete by oblacyon,
For the theste of Palladon.
And offer by the riche stede of brasse,
To the goddesse that called is Pallas.
What kynge Pyram lyketh to assygne.
That she to them be wyllinge and beninge.
In their reseye saylynge by the sea,
Home into Grece towarde their countre,
When she is quemed with his large stede.
Of whiche alas Pyram toke no hede.
The treason hpd he coulde not aduerte,
But graunted them with all his hole herte.
When that them lyke to brynge it into towne,
By false entynge and suggestiowne,
Of Anthenor and also of Enee.
Hauynge no drede noz ambryguite,
In his entent noz suspencion,
Noth of saynyng noz of false treason,
But right frendely lyke to his behest,
Condescendeth vnto their requeste.
Their anowes that they myght obserue,
To offer by this horte vnto Hynerue.
And grekes tho with great diligence,
Full great honour and huge reuerence,
Haue shapen them with processiwone,
To brynge the stede into Troie towne.
The men of armes beinge aye therin,
By whom they caste Troie for to wyne,
In horte tyme for it stode on the date.
And whan this horte brought was to y gati
It was so narrowe that there was no space,
For the stede in to towne to passe,

Albe

For the stede into the towne to pace.
Albe that they assayed ouer all,
Wherfore Pyram bet a downe the wall,
To make it large ryght at their deuyse.
In whiche thinge alas he was vnwyse.
For cause chyefe of his confusytowne,
Was that this horte came into the towne,
But humbly forth they gan to procede.
To the temple with this large stede.
And to Pallas mekely knelyng downe,
They all attones made there oblacyon.
With sayned chere and false deuocytowne.
Wherof in herte glad was all the towne,
And speercall they that were of Troie.
But lothe as sayde that aye the fyne of ioye,
Who occuppeth as men full ofte se.
For vnwarely cometh aduersityte,
After gladnesse, wo and mysauenture,
When men beste were for to standen sure.
In worldly blythe there none assaunce,
So dyuers is his vnhappy chauce.
Full of deceyte euer meynf with trouble,
And for to truste barpaunt and double.
And selde in one abydyng any thowme,
For worldly luste though it be now blowe.
With pompe and pride & with bolle & towne,
Anone it passeth recorde of Troie towne,
That wende well by this ryche stede,
To haue be sure and detoyde of drede,
Perpetually as I haue tolde tofore,
But when grekes haue this horte pborne,
Tofore Pallas as ye haue herde me telle,
Them lyketh not longer for to dwelle,
In the boundes of this myghty towne.
But of purpose to the Greke Synowne,
They haue committed hole the gouernayle,
Of this stede the whiche wyll not fayle,
When he seeth best oppozuntye,
By this engyne to trapshen the Cytie.
And grekes haue in this whyle founde,
A newe sleight them fully to confounde.
This to saye they haue made theyr sonde,
To kynge Pyram they wolde go fro londe,
Vnto the sea towarde Tenedowne.
And thither sayle for this conclusytowne,
For that Helepyne by good augment,
In secretyse wyse thither shalbe sent,
For they dradde if vpon the lande,
She were deluyered shortly to their honde,

Grekes wolde of mayns do their paynt,
The more party to sleen this Helepyne.
For the was grounde & gynnyng of their wo,
The very rote and the cause also,
Of the slaughter of many woorthy man,
Sythen the tyme the spege fyrst began.
Wherfore they sayde for to stynte all strepe,
And to be sure for to saue her lyfe,
The best was to sende her out offpyght.
Secretely to Tenedowne by nyght.
Thus they sayned of full false treason,
Pyram to put from all suspencion.
As chaunce they wolde after in all their lyue,
Resorte agayne vnto Troie for to strepe.
Thus they made Pyram for to wene,
But in the hande he was deceyued clene,
Of their deceyte knowynge neuer adele.
For in his herte he thought not but wele.
Grauntynge to the all that might them please,
And when they had at leyser and good ease,
Fro Troie sayled vnto Tenedowne.
With their nauye the false greke Synowne
In Troie waker gan to taken kepe,
The tyme when men were in their fyrste slepe
And in all haste with his slepyghty gynne,
Many byle and many sotyll pynte,
In the stede he made aboute gone.
The crafty lockes vndoyng euery chone,
And out he goth and gan anone to calle,
Within the horte the woorthy knyghtes all.
So secretly no man myght espye,
And prayterouly he gan hym for to hye,
Vpon the walles the selfe same nyght,
And towarde grekes gan to shewe a lyght,
Where as they laye tofore Tenedowne.
Redy armed to falle vpon the towne.
And whan they had this sodayne light espyed
On horte backe anone they haue them hyed.
Towarde Troie armed clene at all,
And in they went by the same walle,
Whyche for the horte was but late broke.
And mortally for to be a wroke,
The knyghtes eke in the stede of brasse,
Haue with them met a full sterne pace,
And gan anone throughout the Cytie,
On euery halfe for to kille and slea.
With bloudy sworde vpon euery lyde,
And made their woundes brode large & wide
Whyle they alas no thinge aduertynge,

A. i.

A.

At mydnight houre abedde lay slepyng,
Full innocent and thought not be good.
All forbathed in their owne bloude.
Bothe man and childe without exception,
The grekes sparynge no condycion,
Of olde nor yonge woman wyte nor mayde.
That with the crye Pyramus abraide,
Out of his slepe and sodenely awoke,
Whiche laye all nyght and no hede ne toke,
Of the slaughter nor murder in the towne.
But tho he wiste that there was treasowne
Fallely compassed vnto his cyte,
By Anthenor and also by Enee.
Of whose malys he was no more in doubt,
For the benym was now taken oute,
And now the galle of conspyracion,
That vnder sugge of symulacion,
Hath so longe closed be and hyd,
In dede is now execute and kyd.
And now the fraude fully of treason,
The castes also of falle collusion,
Be raked out and abrode yblowe.
And the auctours oonly yknowe.
Now hath enyre and controued hate,
Of their engyne sette abrode the gate,
Now hate deceyte and olde conspyracye,
In daryned othes all of one allye,
All openly shewed theyr failenelle.
And disclosed all their doublenelle.
So farre abrode that now is there no geyne
For now alas the wyldes fyre is leyne.
In towres hye with the wynde yblased,
Wherof Pyram astoned and amased,
All awaped sterte out of his bedde,
And comfortelless to the temple is fledde,
Of Apollo to saue hym yf he myght.
And aye the flatwme of the fyres byght,
Brent in the towne and consumeth all.
The ryche bydyng whylom so royall,
That the walles with the roses huge,
Couered with lede for a chiefe refuge,
Were now alas bare and bareyne makyd.
The grekes aye with their swordes naked,
Murder and slea where so that they go.
That twenty thousande theyr nyght and mo
There kyled haue longe or it was day.
And in this slaughter and this great affraye,
Spoyle and robbe and take what they fynde,
Treasour and good, and leste not behynde,

By myghty hande and sturby byolence,
And the temples without reuerence,
They haue despoiled throughout al the town
And gredeley rent and rased downe,
Of golde and syluer the ornamentes all.
Tofoze the goddes foule mote them fall.
Kynge Pyram aye with a deadly chere,
To Apollo makynghis prayer,
Furpously this deadly woofull man,
As he in soth that no reade ne can.

But wayte his death & his fatall cure,
And Cassandra that holy creature,
Of inward wo despyous to serue,
Complaynyng hyed vnto Mynerue,
Makynge to her a lamentaciowne.
With other gentyll women of the towne.
And there alas as theyr wolden dye,
Full pyteously they sobbe wepe and crye,
And in their dole there I sette them dwelle.
For all there sorowes if I shulde do telle,
In this stoye and theyr wo dyscryue,
My dulled penne of ruth shulde also rite riuie
Rehersynge eke howe in euery strete,
Their clothes blacke reddy moyste and wete,
As theyr alas both in one and all,
On their lordes downe aswone fall.
With their bloude be dewed and sprent,
Where men may see the crystall teares meynt,
Of their wepyng in their woundes grene,
That laye and blede agayne the sonne shene.
With deadly enen castynge by the whyte,
It were but bayne their woofull case to wyte,
For the maner of their mortall sorowe.
But Guydo wyrt that the same mortow,
How Anthenor and with him false Enee,
Conueyed haue throughout the cyte.
The myghty Grekes vnto Jlyon.
The royall toure and ryche mansyon,
That whylom was of most excellence,
In the whiche they founde as tho no dysfence
Of hygge nor loue nor of none estate,
For it was leste alone all desolate,
With all the golde and ryche of the towne,
Shet and enclosed in the chiefe dongewone.
But there was no man that withstode,
They brake the lockes & raught away þ good
And the treasure that was shet within,
Eke for his partie that he might wynn.

The

They gave no force who was lyfe or loth.
And Pirthus after to the temple goth,
Of Apollo by great cruelte.
And fell on Pyram knelyng on his kne,
And with his sword furpously and wood,
Tofoze the aulter shadde there his blood.
So hye raught both in length and bryde,
What the streames of his woundes redde,
That the statue of golde bozned byght.
Of this Apollo for all his great might,
For all his powet and his sterne face,
Desouled was and pollut all the place.
Only by death of this woorthy kynge,
By Pirthus slaine while he lay knelyng,
Of olde hatred and olde enupous pryde.
Whyle Anthenor and Enee stode besyde,
That routh was and pyte to beholde.
To se him lye on the stones colde,
So pyteously tofoze the aulter blede.
Wherof alas when Decuba toke hede,
And her fayre daughter Polycrene,
With heire to rent as any golde wyer thene.
Inly suppyed with sorowe to the herte,
When they began consider and aduerte,
The noble kynge with bloudy streames red,
All for dzownded his eyen derke and dead.
With Pirthus sword girt through outhier side
For mortall feare theyr durst not abyde.
But inwardly through dacted with the sight,
All in a rage toke them to the flyghte.
And yet in sothe through out the cite,
They wyte neuer whitherwarde to flee.
Rescuse was none nor no remedye,
Of kynne nor friende nor of none allye,
With grekes sword the towne was so be sette
And in her flight this woofull quene hath met,
Eneas causer of all this wrake.
Vnto whom rebukynge thus he spake.
Oh thou traytour most malycious,
Thou false serpent adder enupous,
Croppe and roote fynder of fallenesse,
Soures and well of vnkynndenesse.
How myghtest thou in thy hande fynde,
Vnto thy kynge to be so vnkynde.
Gynner and grounde example of treason,
And synall cause of our destruction.
How myghtest thou denoyde of all pyte.
Beholdynge alas through thy cruelte,
Of the kynge shedde so the bloude,

That euer hath byn so gentyll and so good,
So gracious lord specially to the.
And ouermore throughe his high bounte,
They honoured and ymaginesed,
All his lyfe it may not be denyed.
That lyeth now dead in the temple alas.
Thou were not onely traytour in this case,
But to his death conspyrpyng and vnkynde.
Pirthus conueyng where he shuld hym fynde
Tofoze Apollo myddes of this cyte,
Where thou shuldest of very duetye,
Rather haue byn his p[ro]tection,
His myghty shelde and saluacion,
That haste this cite and this towne p[ro]ue,
In whiche thou were fostred and yborne,
On the greatest of reputacion,
Of all the lordes dwellinge in this towne.
In which thou haddest whylom most plesance
But all is now out of remembraunce.
Yet in thy hert yf any draye be,
Of gentylness mercy or pyte,
In this deadly rage full of tene.
Keepe on my daughter p[ro]ue Polycrene,
From grekes sword her yowthe for to saue.
If thy herte may any routh haue,
Of manly pyte on her maydenheade.
Defende her now and kepe her out of d[re]de
If thou canst fynde any weye,
In any wyse that the maye not deye.
That hereafter when men se and rede,
The false treason and the foule dede,
That thou haste done vnto Troye towne,
It maye in partye be p[ro]tectione,
To thy fame the benym to alle,
Of this treason when men wyll assaye,
By iuste reporte thy name to accuse.
This dede may the helpe to excuse,
Agaynst tonges that speake of Enee.
Than wyll they saie thou haddest yet pyte,
On Polycrene onely of gentylness,
Therwith to sugre all the bytternesse,
Of thy deserte blowe forth by fame,
By rehersale of the foule blame,
That shal of the through the world be bozne
With sklander infect whē thou art al to tozne,
That thou ne thalte the shame moue sustene.
Then shall my daughter saye Polycrene,
Be thy defence agayne such famous crye,
If it so be now thou saue her lyfe.

Of me no force though thou make as blue,
 The sword of grekes through my herte ryue
 And so by prayer of this woollfull quene,
 This Eneas toke to hym Polyce,
 Whose traitour herte for all his crueltie,
 On her yowthe was meried of pryte,
 Onely of routh that in his brest arose.
 And secretly put her vp in clofe,
 Lest that grekes founde occasion,
 Agaynst hym and Axx Chelamon,
 Toke to his warde Andromecha.
 Hector's wyfe and wyfe Cassandra,
 Out of the temple longing to Hyerue.
 From grekes sword their lyues to conserue.
 And Menelape toke the quene Helepe,
 Into his garde for whom so great a payne,
 Bode in his herte many daye tofome,
 By whom alas the cyte is now loome.
 And grekes aye were busye in their pye,
 To flea and kille and crully to fyre.
 On euery syde and to beate downe,
 Palys and house and wall of the towne.
 They spare nought for all goth to the fyre.
 So feruent hate bzent in their desyre,
 Of olde enuye auenged for to be.
 That they ne leste within the Cyte,
 Nothyng vnbyent and also plyowne,
 Was in this rage tournd by so downe.
 Chere made were none exceptions.
 Onely but take the possyons,
 Of Anth: noz euyl mote he fare.
 And Eneas whom the grekes spare,
 As th' y to them were bounde by their othe.
 And thus the grekes furyous and wrothe,
 Haue all that daye robbed and pzent.
 Till that the kynge Agamenon hath sent,
 For his lordes to assemble yfear,
 In Dallas temple onely for to here,
 There wyfe aduys: upon thynge's twayne.
 Fy:ste if they wold: holde and not fayne,
 Hooly their hope without exceptione,
 To the by whom they womne fyrst the towne
 And ouer moze he axed them also,
 Touchyng the goddes what they wolde do,
 With golde treasour and possesowne,
 That they haue won thugh their bie renown
 And they answered without more tarynge
 Th' y wold: their faith kepe in euery thynge,
 As they were twozne and bestes holde.

And ouer this they sayde howe they wolde,
 That golde treasour and good of the Cyte,
 As ryght requierth and also equyte,
 Be iustly parted by deuysion,
 To euery wyght made distribucion,
 Lyke his myerc of hygh and lowe degree.
 And that the kynge eke of reason se,
 Eche to rewarde after his labour.
 So as it longeth to a conquerour,
 That no man haue matter to compleyne.
 And so they felle in speakyng of Helepe,
 Eueryche after his oppnyon.
 And tofoze all other Axx Chelamon,
 Shortly sayde she hath deserued death,
 For whom so many haue yelde by the bzethe.
 Playnely assyngyng there in Parlement,
 Of ryghtwysenesse and trewe iudgement,
 She shulde not escape with the lyfe,
 That gynnyng was a cause of all their strife
 Rote and grounde of all their sorowe and wo
 And so sayde eke many an other mo.
 And for the noyse and the great astraye,
 Agamenon noz kinge Menelape,
 Fe durst a worde for her partye meue.
 To saue y quene lest grekes wold them greue
 Agaynst them there was so great rumour,
 Till Alces chiefely her socour,
 Through his wyrt and his eloquence,
 His deuer dyd and his dylygence,
 To haue her life and fully to purchace;
 Of the grekes for to gette her grace.
 And as Guydo also doth vs here,
 Agamenon grekes gar requere,
 To graunt hym for a chiefe gnerdon,
 Of Cassandra to haue possession,
 All her lyfe with hym to abyde.
 Eke Eneas and Anth: noz besyde,
 Of Helenus to the grekes tolde,
 How to the werre he neuer assente wolde,
 And how that he prudennt and vertuous.
 In consayplyng was contrarious,
 To all tho of hygh and lowe estate,
 In Trope first that began debate,
 Atwoyre grekes and this myghty towne.
 Eke by his helpe and medratiowne.
 Achylles was buryed and ygraue,
 The deade corps from houndes for to saue,
 Whan he was slayne in full cruell wyse,
 By nyght tyme as he haue herde deuple,

for

for sochly he and Cassandra both,
 Of this murder in herte were full wrothe.
 And soz eke of many an oher thynge.
 Wrought in the towne about their wytyng.
 And for they were of malys Innocent.
 The grekes haue fully by assent,
 Graunted to them a prerogatyfe,
 By Parlement for to haue theyr lyfe.
 But Helenus first in teares drownd.
 Tofoze the kynge pyteously hath sowned.
 And abrauyng with a deadly face,
 In humble wyse besought hym of his grace.
 Of knyghtly pryte to haue his aduertence.
 To spare his sword fro bloud of Innocence.
 And of mercy that he not disdayne,
 To graunt lyfe to the sonnes twayne.
 Of woorthy Hector his brother most entere
 And eke to rewe on their mother dere.
 Onely of grace that she be not dead.
 A wydowe leste a lone and can not reade.
 And so the kynge ameued in his herte,
 And wote not whither that she mape diuerte,
 Of his wordes and his woollfull chere,
 Benygne graunted his prayer.
 And gaue eke lyfe and freedom for to go,
 To the mother and her chyldren two.
 And to ladyes and gentyll women all,
 That for mercy to his grace calle.
 He graunted eke of compassyon,
 A safe conduite and a free pardon.
 Where that them lyfe in the towne abyde,
 Or in the countre adiacent besyde.
 He put it hole in their electiowne.
 And thanking hym they fell on knees down
 With many teare dewed in the face.
 And so the kynge partly fro the place.
 And after that grekes ryght anone,
 Fully purpose to thyp for to gone,
 In haste to sayle towarde their countre.
 But suche a tempest rose vp in the sea,
 Of watre and wynde also of cloudes blacke,
 All a month that they dare not take,
 The water salte for drede of Neptuneus.
 Of very Ire and also Golus,
 Was vnto them in euery thynge contrary.
 That on the londe made them longe tarye.
 The sea was aye so fell and boylpyng,
 Till the grekes of Calchas enquiryng,
 By one assent what it myght be,
 That cuer in one so dyuers was the sea.

In his rage both eke and moztow.
 And he answered god gyue him euyl sozow.
 This olde thewe with all his propherte,
 That can so well when hym lyfte to lye.
 How this tempest caused was at all,
 By the goddes and furies infernall,
 That neuer wolde appease noz be styll,
 Till the number platly of Achille,
 Auenged be and the dnyng of his bloud.
 For which he sayde Apollo was eke wood
 For his temple to hym consecrate.
 Was through his death in Trope violate,
 By bloude agayne be made satisfaction.
 Wherefore there muste throughe redempcion;
 Of her that was roote in spectall,
 Throughe her beautey and ozygynall,
 Cause of his death ponge Polyce,
 And gynnyng fyrst of his mortall tene.
 Therefore to Apollo she might vp offred be,
 By sacrafyce to please his depte.
 With death agayne to make recompence.
 Right as by death fyrst was the offence,
 This grekes must biterly fulfyll,
 If they desyre for to haue at will,
 The large sea to sayle in quiet.
 And Dirthus tho in a furious hese,
 Can enquire about of euery man,
 For Polyce but no wyght tell can,
 Of her a worde noz shortly where she was.
 Saufe some sayde howe that Eneas,
 And Anth: noz had hyd her pryuely.
 Wherof there rose amonge them sodeynly,
 Suche agrutchyng of grekes all aboute,
 Of their lyfe that they were in doubt.
 So inwardly this thynge they toke at grete
 Till Anth: noz god gene hym euyl prefe,
 That may of treason as wardeyn here y here
 To thewe out his malys elier waye.
 So longe hath sought till in a chamber olde,
 He hath her founde and the grekes tolde,
 And brought her forth vnto their presence,
 By cruell force and hatefull vyolence,
 Without pryte or compassyon,
 And her delpyeted to Agamenon.
 And he alas by hasty Judgement,
 Without respyte or ayslemente,
 Shortly hath dempte that she shall be deade
 That was flouryng in her maydenhead.
 And for to do excepyon,
 A.iii. She

She was assigned by Agamemnon,
 Unto Pirrhys and he of tyrannye,
 Ladde her forth and fast gan hym hye,
 To the place where she shulde dye.
 Great was the pzeale that in the weye,
 Gan croude and shone to beholde and sene,
 This ponge mayde saye Dollycene,
 That for her beautye and her semlyneste,
 Her womanhede and excellent fayzeneste,
 Of all yfere when they toke hede.
 They had routh that she shalbe deade.
 Without gylte or any moze trespase.
 Where men mayse byon many face,
 The salte teares faste falle downe,
 Of very pytpe and compasspowne.
 For man nor childe was none so harde of hert
 But he felte for her sake some smert.
 Her goodly face whan they beholde and se,
 And sayne wolde if it might haue be,
 Delpynered her of very foze anone,
 Fro Pirrhys hande but for they wende echone
 Without her death neuer to haue repeire,
 Into grece nor the wether saye.
 As Calchas had made suggestion,
 And brought them all in oppnyon.
 And at the laste whan this Dollycene,
 Of dede and wyll abyry mayde clene,
 Was to the graue of Achilles brought.
 She kneleth downe & w an humble thought
 Ca. by her eye and gan syghe ofte,
 And to the goddes humbly and softe,
 With dredfull herte and deuorion,
 Made in this wyse her lamentacion.

O ye myghty y in this worlde gouerne,
 And every thinge consyder and diserne,
 By whom this world so huge large & rounde.
 Both ayre and sea heauen & eke y grounde,
 At your deupse with a worde was wrought.
 And sothfastly knowe every thought,
 Right as it is of enery maner wyght,
 Withouth lettynge so persynge is your syght,
 That nothinge is conceived nor wyoye,
 From the beholdynge of your eternall eye,
 And every thinge maye attones se.
 Upon my soule haue mercy and pyte.
 And of your grace and beninge cure,
 Upon my wo and pyteous auenture,
 Haue some routh now that I shall deye,

My wofull spyrite to lede and comiepe,
 Where as you lyst now that I shall pace.
 For vnto you in this selfe place,
 I me confesse with all humilpyte,
 That hytherto I haue in chastyte,
 Ladde all my lye and kept my maydehead,
 In your scrupye both in thought and dede,
 In porte in chere and in countenaunce,
 Or for feture of any daliaunce,
 With one misloke I neuer yet abrayde.
 So that in sothe I dye shall a maide,
 As ye well knowe of synne all innocent,
 Though I be nome dempt by iudgement,
 For to be dead without gylte at all.
 Witnesse on you that be immortall,
 Cleue of entente of that I am accused.
 And yet alas I maye not be excused,
 But that the swerde of vengeaunce must byte
 Routhles which am nothinge to write.
 But stande cleare and pure of all offence.
 And discharged in my conscience,
 I dare a firme and fully gyltles,
 Touchinge the murther of worthy Achilles,
 Which slewe my brother and after loued me,
 And is now cause of mine aduerspyte.
 And yet in will dede wordz nor thought,
 Unto his death assentaunt was right nought
 But therof was right soz in my herte.
 Albe that I maye not now a ferte,
 For to be dead onely for his sake.
 On me alone vengeaunce shalbe take,
 Without mercy in full cruell wise.
 With my bloud to make sacrafise,
 To the goddes their wraathe for to queme.
 Oh people blinde in sothe amisse ye deme,
 Agaynst me your herte is so cruell,
 To merccles to prous and to fell,
 Without routh to mikel indurate,
 To slep a mayde alone desolate.
 Out of your herte alas pyte is gone,
 Harder in trouthe than any stocke or stone,
 And moze cruell in your opinion,
 For lacke of pyte than Tigre or Lion.
 Certis ye be greatly for to blame,
 And ought therof for to haue great shame,
 To assent to so foule a dede,
 To slep a maide quakinge in her dread,
 And graunte her none oportunitie,
 For to be wepe her virginpyte,

That

That of this cruell & this piteous woeche.
 My bloude your gyte hereafter shall apeche,
 And accuse also your great enuye,
 To the goddes that shall iustpye,
 Euery bright bothe of hygh and lowe.
 Full egally and make to be knowe.
 The trouthe plainly spare and no degree,
 But make open that is now ferece.
 I saye not this nor my selfe complayne,
 To haue redyes of my fatall payne.
 For death is now moze welcome vnto me,
 Than is my lye and moze I take at gree.
 Sithen my brother most worthy of renowne,
 Be slayne all and buryed in this towne.
 My father dead in his vnbewlyd age.
 And I alone leste in all this rage.
 And haue abyde pyteously to se,
 Fynally ryne now of this cyppe.
 Whiche at my herte syteth now so soze,
 That leuer I haue then to wepe moze,
 Dye attones in releffe of my wo.
 Sith all my kynne is passed and ago.
 Longer to lyue were to me a death.
 For better is here to peld by the bryth,
 Then to be led out of this Cpte,
 Amonge straungers to lyue in pouertee,

O death welcome and longer leste.
 Thy dredfull darte to spile & to whette,
 My tender herte therewith all to ryue.
 Agayne thy myght I wyll neuer stryue.
 Now is tyme to keth the power,
 On me that am of wyll and herte entere,
 A clene mayde so as I began,
 Without touche of any maner man.
 In all my lye to this same daye,
 Chis litle auante yet make I maye,
 In myne ende to the goddes all.
 After whose helpe I clippe and calle,
 And to their mercy mekely I commende.
 My wofull spirite & pray them that they sende
 To euery mayde better happe and grace,
 Then I haue now and a longer space,
 In hertye ioye and honour to confune,
 Without assaulte of any infortune.
 To leade their lye in prosperite.
 And all maydens remembzeth vpon me,
 To take ensample how ye shall you kepe.
 And that ye wolde a fewe teares wepe,

When that ye thynke byon saye Dollyne.
 That was of age and of peres grene,
 Whan she was slayne by cruell auenture.
 And to the goddes for to haue in cure,
 My dredfull goste holely I betake,
 Eternally and thus an ende I make.
 And with y word her head she gan enclyne
 Full humbly when she shulde fyne,
 And of her epen helde the ledes downe.
 And Pirrhys then woder then I yon,
 Dismembred hath with his sherp sworde.
 This ponge made dredfull and aserde.
 And ouer moze his cruelte to shewe,
 On peres sinle he hath her all to hewe,
 Endelonge his fathers sepulture.
 Alas how myght his cruell herte endure,
 Merccles to do so foule a dede.
 I am astoned sothly when I reade,
 After her death how it did hym good,
 Lyke a tiraunt to caste abrode her bloude,
 Or a Cypre that can no routh haue.
 Rounde enuyroune about his fathers graue
 He spent of hate and of cruelte.
 Oh thou Pirrhys thou mayste well pbe,
 Achilles sonne by lyncall descent.
 For lyke to hym of herte and of entente,
 Thou were in soth deuoyde of all pyte,
 And woze than he yet in one degree.
 For of thy father in all his lpyng,
 He radde I neuer yet so foule a thynge.
 Though I wolde of hatred hym abrayde,
 For no rancour that euer he slewe amayde.
 I fynde well that he had his parte,
 Whylom in loue of Cuppydes darte,
 That made him soze in his lye sinerte,
 When that he was wounded to the herte.
 With the castynge onely of an eye,
 Wenynge therby wyfly for to dye.
 He myght not the sodeyne stroke escape.
 And afterwarde as his fate hath shap,
 The murthered was for the loue of Dollycene,
 Whom thou haste slayne in the cruell sene.
 Furpously without routh or shame.
 For whiche thynge the foule hitefull fame,
 Through all the world hereafter shalbe spred.
 When this story rcharles is and red.
 Then shalbe sayd that Pirrhys routhlesse,
 Slewe in his pye a mayde gyltlesse,
 And wozyed shal thy name most odyble.

Be

Be for this dede passynghly horryble.
 For loue onely of fayre Polyrene.
 The death of whom when Hecuba the quene
 Hath sene alas as she besyde stode.
 For very wogan to be wood,
 And for sorow out of her wylt she went,
 And her clothes and heite she rent,
 All in a rage and wot not what she doth.
 But gan anone with handes and with tothe,
 In her furpe scrache and eke byte.
 Stones castes and with fyltes synre,
 Whom the mette tyll grekes made her bynde.
 And sente her forth also as I fynde,
 Into an yle to Trope partuent,
 Where she was slayne onely by Judgement,
 Of the grekes and stoned to the death.
 And whan she had yelde vp the bryth.
 This wofull quene by cruell auenture,
 The grekes dyd make a sepulture,
 Cerpously of metall and of stone.
 And toke the corpes and buryed it anone,
 With great honour and solemnytee.
 That longe after men there might se,
 The ryche tounbe costfull and royall.
 There set and made for a memoypall,
 Of Hecuba whylom of great fame.
 And after gaue to that place a name,
 And called it to be longe in mynde.
 (Locus in festus) in Gydo as I fynde.
 And thus the quene onely for sorowe wood,
 Whan her doughter had had her bloud,
 Of grekes stones dyd her end make.
 As ye haue herde plainly for the sake,
 Of Policene whylom in Calchas,
 Unto Apollo falsly offred was.
 By Pyrrhus sworde Achilles auengyng,
 To make the sea calme and blandyschydg,
 That the goddes take no vengeaunce,
 Upon grekes that on euyl chaunce,
 Come to this falle goddes euerychone.
 And their statues of stockes and of stone.
 In whiche the serpent and the olde make,
 Sathan hym selfe gan his dwellyng make.
 And fraudently folkes to yllude,
 Full luttill can hym selfe illude.
 In ymagis for to make his holde,
 That forged be of syluer and of golde,
 That by errour of false illusyon,
 He hath bybrought to confusyon.

Throughe mischance the worthy kinde of man
 Syth tyme that alder fyrste began,
 The false honour of ydolatre,
 And the worthyp vnto maumetrye,
 By sacracye of bestes and of bloud,
 To appeale them when that they are wood,
 And to queme bothe at ene and mozowe.
 I praye to god giue them all sorowe,
 Where so they be within or without.
 I none excepte of the false route.
 Saturne nor Mars Dallas nor Juno,
 Iubiter Mercurius nor Pluto,
 Nother Flora that doth the floures sprede.
 Nother Bachus with grapes white & read,
 Nor Cupido with his eyen blynde.
 Nother Daphne closed vnder rinde,
 Throughe Tellus might of his laurer tree,
 Nor thou Dyane with thy chastitee.
 Bryghtye Venus nor Citherea,
 With thy dartes nor Proserpyna,
 That lady arte depe downe in helle.
 Nor Bellides that draiweth at the well.
 Tryon nor thou zephyrus,
 Nor with thyne appyll thou cruell Tantalus
 Nor the furies that be infernall.
 Nor ye that spyne the lynes threde fatal,
 Upon the rocke of euery maner man.
 Nor the Gules that to spynge can,
 Attwene the Copprys of Aylus and Cira,
 Upon the hylle besyde Cyrea.
 Nor the Cybeles nor Ceres with thy cozne,
 Nor Solus of whom the dydefull horne,
 Is herde so ferre when thou lyte to blowe.
 Nor Janus Bytrons with backe cozbed low
 Nor Byrapes nor Genrus the prest,
 That cursed ape with candylles in his fest.
 Them echone that frowarde be to kynde.
 Nor Pimeneus whose power is to bynde,
 Hertes that be knit in maryage,
 Tyll the goddesse of discorde and rage,
 Disseuereth them by diuision.
 Nother Daues that haue their mansyon,
 Myd the erthe in derkenesse and in wo.
 Nor this Clues that are wont to go,
 In vndymelles when Jhebus is most thene,
 Nother fawny in tender greues grene.
 Water nymphes nor this Naydes,
 Satyrpe nother Dryades.
 That goddes be of wood and wildernesse,

Nor

Nor other goddes nother moze nor lesse,
 As Morpheus that is the god of slepe.
 I holde hym wood that taketh any kepe,
 To do to them any obseruaunce.
 He may nat sayle for to haue myschaunce,
 At the ende playnely for his mede.
 For all suche feyned fallenesse out of drede,
 Role of the deuyll and fyrt by his engyne,
 And of his slepyhty treynes serpentyne,
 Onely mankynde whan he made loute.
 To false ydoles the whiche out of doubte,
 Are but deuyples Daupd beareth wyrtlesse,
 In the saulter where he wyrt expresse.
 And confymeth there as he endites,
 Howe the goddes of Paganisme rytes.
 One and all he excepteth none.
 Be made of golde of syluer and of stone.
 Forged of brasle of metall and of tree.
 And euen haue of and yet they may not se.
 And all are sendes so as Daupd sayth,
 That who in them haueth any sayth,
 Hope credence or in them delyte.
 It is no drede that they wyll hym quyte,
 With suche querdon as the soule sleeth,
 Perpetually so that the fyne is death.
 Of their seruyce when men hense pace.
 And in their lyfe vnhap and euell grace.
 Whichepese and too and confusyowne,
 As men may se example by the towne,
 That wende well assured for to hange be,
 And to haue stande in longe prosperitee.
 Agayne their foen throughe helpe of Apollo,
 Of Venus eke and fauour of Juno,
 Throughe Dallas might Dyane & Mynerue,
 Whom they were wonte to honour & serue,
 With cermonyes and with sacracye.
 As ye tofore haue herde me deuyfe.
 That them haue brought now to ryne,
 By cruell death in a bed them to fyne.
 Here may ye se howe the benym bytes,
 At the ende of suche olde rytes,
 By euynre of this noble towne.
 What may auayle now Dalladyowne.
 What may now helpe their frauded fantasie,
 Of all their olde false ydolatre.
 Alas alas they bought it all to soze.
 Now farewell Trope farewell for euer moze.
 Farewell alas to cruell was thy fall,
 Of the no moze now I wyte shall.

For thy sake forsoth whan I take hede,
 Of inwarde wo my herte I fele blede.
 And when that I remembre in my thought,
 By ruine how thou arte brought to nought.
 That whylom were so noble and so ryche,
 That in this worlde I trowe none was liche.
 Nor perygall to speake of fayzenesse.
 To speake of knyghthode or of worthynesse,
 As clerkes say that thy byldyng knewe,
 That all the worlde ought for to rewe,
 On thy piteous wasse walles wilde.
 Whylom so royall when men gan to bylde,
 Thy towres hye and kynge Byramus,
 The fyrst began most ryche and gloryous.
 And sette his see in noble Alyon.
 Oh who can wyte a lamentacion.
 Conuenient Oh Trope for thy sake,
 Thy great myschiefe to complayne and crye.
 Certes I trowe not olde Jeremye,
 That so be wepte the captiuitie,
 Of thy lke noble royall chyefe Cyte,
 Jerusalem and his destruction.
 With all the hole transmygracion.
 Of the Jewes nor thou Czechpell,
 That were that tyme when the myschiefe fell,
 Unto the kynge ycalled Sederlye,
 In Babylon and for thy prophesye,
 With stones were cruelly yslawe.
 Nor he that was departed with a sawe,
 Be bothe two that colde so complaine,
 Nor Danyell that felte so great peyne,
 For the kynges transmutasyon.
 In a beast tyll throughe the ozpion,
 Of Danyell he restored was.
 To mynde agayne and eate no moze grasse.
 Yet verily though ye all thre,
 With your weppynge gan alme be,
 And present eke at the destructiowne,
 Of this noble worthyp royall towne.
 To haue be wayled the myschiefe and the wo,
 And the slaughter at the spege do,
 On outhur partye in full cruell wyse,
 All your teares might not suffyre,
 To haue betwete their sorowes euerychone.
 By treason wrought alwell as by their foen.
 Hereof no moze for it may not auayle.
 But lyke as he that gyneth for to sayle,
 Agayne the wynde when the masse do ryue,
 Ryght so it were but in payne to stryue,
 Agayne

Agayne the face bytter then galle,
By the vengeance vpon Troye falle.
Noz to presume their furies sharpe whette,
Certously in this booke to sette.
So great a thyng I dare not undertake.
But even here a piteous ende I make.
Of the spege after my symplese,
And though my stile be blotted with rudenesse
As of metre both rusty and unfyled,
The fourthe booke that I haue compyled,
With humble hande of drede y doth me quake
Unto your grace hooly I betake.

Of your mercy nothyng in dyspyte,
So as I can makynge my reuerie,
To the grekes and no longer dwelle,
Their aduentures of the sea to telle.
In their resorte home to their countre.
And how that they there receyued be.
Onely of suppozte so ye not despyse,
The fyfthe booke I thorsely shall deuise.

Thus endeth the fourth
booke.

Here begynneth the fyfth booke

Howe the Grekes retourned into Grece after the distruction, and
howe they were persyshed almoste all in the sea,
and after they that escaped dyed mys-
cheuoussly. Cap. xxxvi.



When Colus whiche dothe the wynde
desroze,
Appeared was y he blewe no more
Whiche is of stormes gouernoure
and lord,
And was also fully of accorde,
With myghty Iuno lady of the ayre,
To make the skye and the wether fayre,
That cloude none in heauen dyd appere.
And Neptuneus blaundyng of chere,
Was of assent the stozz sayeth forsoth,
To make the sea fro tempest calme and smoth
Without boyling or trouble of any wawe,
The mighty grek to shipward gan the draw
For to reuerie home to their countre.
After they had woonnen the cite,
And put their fomen fully at the werse.
But fortune aye frowarde and peruerse,
Hath with their mirth meynt aduersyte.
For when they wende full assured be,
And haue stande stedfaste in quyet,
This blynde lady falsly made to flete,
Into their sugred galle of disoordance:
Amonge them selfe to bynge in barpaunee.
And their hartes of rancour and of pryde,
Contagiously to seuerne and deuyde.
When they sat hyghest in their gloze,
With the palme of conquest and victoize,
Fully reioysynge thzough their hye renoune,
The crowne of laurer in possessowne.
And had also at their lust all wonne,
When byrghest shone the lustye freshe sonne.
From East to West of their worthynesse,
A cloude skye vnwarely with derkenesse,
Eclipsed hath a partye of their light.
And eke disfacd the holsome beames byrght,
Of their welfare and prosperitie.
By the enuyous falsie contagiositie,
Of the serpent pompouse and ellate.
Amonge them selfe to make them at debate.
Indulynge in rancour and disorde,

For or they entre within thyppe bozde,
Agayne Alyres woorthy Chelamon.
In presence of the kynge Agamenon.
Purposed hath playnely his mattere,
Tofoze grekes anone as ye shall here.

Syes quod he so if you not greuz,
He semeth iustly of reason I may metie,
Touchyng y winning & getting of the towne
With golde riches and possessowne,
Fully deliuered and taken to our hande,
With all the treasure founde in the londe,
The whiche me thinketh in my inward sight
He hath not ben departed halfe a ryght,
Amonge vs by iuste deuysyon,
He by egall dystribucion.
Consydered first by tytle of equyte,
Of euery wyght the estate and dignitie,
Remembred eke howe in this sharpe houre,
The woorthiest the merite and labour,
And deseretes in this mortall stryfe,
Grauntynge to eueryche his prerogatyfe,
And lyke fortune as he hath deserued.
But this orde hath not be obserued,
Amonges vs without excepcion,
In deliuerance of Balladyon,
Whiche Alyres I saye without drede,
Tofoze you all vniustly doth possede.
On hym vsucpynge by false oppynyon.
By merytouze retribucion,
And apparence his tytle for to grounde,
Under pzetense of colour falsely founde,
That he this relyke reioize shulde of ryght,
By slepyt wonne rather then of myght.
And vsurpeth by maner of a haunt,
As it were gruen vnto hym by graunt,
Of you echone for a chyeue guerdon.
But I wyll make a replecation,
That this relyke is not to hym mete.
Whiche he shall not reioize in quyet,
If that I maye disturbe hym or do lette.

For if it leyme duely as of dette,
 And for guerdon to the conuenient,
 So that ye lyfte to be indifferent.
 Of reason onely as it doth you seme,
 Attwene vs two egally to deme,
 Justly fyrt with every circumstance,
 Our outhier merite weyed in balaunce,
 Firste considered forth fro day to daye,
 By all the longe whyle that the spege laye,
 That ye thulde of plentye of vitayle,
 On no syde fro no myschyfe fayle.
 And if I shall without auaunt out breke,
 As of armes and knyghthode for to speke,
 In the fyelde by longe continuance,
 Of manly force and perseuerance,
 Upon our foen that were so felle and kene,
 Day by daye I was armed clene,
 It nedeth not to make mencyon,
 With my right hand I slewe him Phylomene
 As ye well knowe whiche had in his keynyng
 The ponge soune of Pyramus the kyng.
 Fretche and lusty and of great fayrenesse,
 And with hym had infynyte rycheesse,
 Of treasoure golde passyngly plentye.
 And every dele was brought to you by me,
 If ye remembre and lyfte to take hede,
 That ye were qupet of indygence and nede,
 By occasyon of that great good.
 And throughe my manhode shed I not þ blode
 Mercies in full cruell wyfe,
 For your sake of the kyng of fryse.
 And the treasour in his cofers sought,
 And all pfeare to the spege ybrought,
 And by my knyghthode syth go full poze,
 Haue I not eke augmented and made moze,
 The grekes lande with posselions,
 By conquest onely of two regyons,
 Throughe my prudence and my labour won,
 Sythen that ye the spege fyrst begonne,
 With prouynces to Troie adiacent,
 To your encrease I was so dyligent.
 And with Achilles the worthy warryout,
 Ye be experte full well of my labour.
 What we wrought to your auauntage,
 And sythen ye to prudent be and sage,
 Not foryetell but fully remembrynge,
 It nedeth not reherlen every thyng.
 And so to dyspryue manly as a knyght,
 His tittle and cleyne that he hath no ryght,

The dome comyttynge to your oppnyons,
 By reherlaye of his condycions,
 He nother hath manhode nor pzwesse,
 Force knyghthode nother hardynesse,
 And at a poynt for to haue a rewarde,
 In darynge do is pzeued a coward.
 Experyence hath shewed you in dede,
 How that he is when it cometh to nede,
 But woide and wynde a slepyght copasyng,
 And on falschode euer ymagynynge,
 For neuer yet to this daye was pzeued,
 That any thyng was by hym acheued,
 Whiche might be entitled to his laude:
 But the ende medlyd were with fraude.
 For vnder colour he can cure all,
 Pretende fayre lyke a paynted walle,
 Byuerle bewed that nother hye nor lowe,
 There may no man his plaine menyng knowe.
 And with such slepyght copassed by treason
 Out of Troie he gat Palladon.
 Whiche is great shame a sclander to vs all.
 For of our conquest it is thus befall,
 More of treason we haue the cytye wonne,
 Than of knyghthode as men repozte koune.
 And crop and rote yf I reherle shall,
 Wyres there is grounde and cause of all.
 And gynnyng fyfte of this vnhappy fame,
 That rebowndeth to our alder shame.
 And syth the trouthe is platly knownen a wyse
 My tale is ended demyth as ye lyfte.

V Wyres then in his aduertence,
 Concepued hath the great inpacience,
 Of Thelamon and the great enuye,
 The feruent rancour and melancolpe.
 Forbare him fyrst by full great aduise,
 As he that was full prudent and ryght wyse,
 And thought he wolde make therof no iape,
 By no woide for haste that thulde esape,
 Nother by none vnbzoyled countenance,
 Outwarde concepued in his regardaunce,
 And abraydynge with a stable face,
 Syres quod he so I may haue grace,
 Under suppozte of your hyghe pzeience,
 That my tale maye haue audyence.
 I nother am in doubte nor in drede,
 Of equypte that I shall possede,
 Palladon duryng my lynes daye,
 Augre the myght of who that say maye.

For

For yf ye lyst of reason for to se,
 At the spege layde fyrst to this cyte,
 I haue my selfe in double wyse acquyt.
 As well by knyghthod sothly as by wyrt,
 And throughe my counsell and my busy cure,
 Be ofte cause of theyr dyscomfiture,
 Aye dyligent to your auauntage,
 Wrought and compassed vnto theyr domage,
 That to this daye in sothe ne had I be,
 They had floured in theyr felycrite,
 In theyr force contuned and welfare.
 And if that I the trouthe shall not spare,
 If it be dempt and loked of reason,
 I was most cause of theyr confusyon,
 Who so ever agaynst it reple.
 How ofte went I on your imbassadye,
 With inportable charge and dyspense,
 The treate are concluding in sentence,
 To the forthryng of your entencioune,
 And disencrase and hindryng of the towne.
 And when I sawe other meane none,
 In myne aduise and wittes euerichone,
 By our force the cyte for to win,
 While they had y relyke them withyn,
 Therupon so sotlyly I wrought,
 That vnto you Palladon I brought.
 Which Thelamon that of malyce strueth,
 Of olde hatred vnto my gilt ascriueth,
 Hooly this thyng yf I haue for you wrought.
 But ye that be so prudent in your thought,
 Aduerteth wyfely and an ende maketh,
 And in your hande this quarell fully taketh.
 Palladon wylly to prouyde,
 And all fauour let be layde asyde.
 Sith all this thyng ye platly vnderstande,
 And let vs both to our demyng stande,
 By one assent how to the matter wende,
 Lo here is all my tale is at an ende.
 Then Thelamon in Ire full feruent,
 And throughe rancour made inpatient,
 And of enuye inwardely ameued,
 Wyres hath dyspreously repzeued,
 Onely of malyce and of hyghe dydaine.
 And Wyres rebukyngh him agayne,
 Full bytterly without abode anone,
 And so they twayne made full mortall foen,
 In the pzeience of Agamenon.
 But furpously Ayax Thelamon,
 Of melancolpe pale and nothyng red,

Thrette Wyres that he shall be dead,
 Of his handes he shulde it not eschewe.
 And grekes tho all rancour to renewe,
 This quarell put in arbytration,
 Of Menelape and Agamenon,
 That caused after a full mortall stryfe,
 For by sentence anone dysfynnyte,
 They put Wyres in posselion,
 Perpetually of thiske Palladon.
 With hym confzynnyng to abyde stable,
 And cause why they were fauourable,
 To Wyres lyke as Gwydo wyte,
 Was for that he so goodly hath hym quyte,
 Vnto Heleyn at gettyng of the towne.
 Beyng in cause of her sauacioune,
 Dispreyed and of her lyfe in drede,
 Grekes wyllyng to haue had her dead.
 But throughe his prudent mediacyon,
 Augre the myght of this Thelamon,
 He hath the quene fro the death pzeuered,
 Albe that she the same had well deserued.
 As grekes sayde in their oppnyon.
 And thus defrauded of Palladon,
 As ye haue harde was this worthy knyght,
 For all his manhode and his great myght.
 Where throughe there gan in his herte brede,
 Pallyng enuye and full great hatrede.
 And thought he wolde auenged be some day,
 Upon Wyres and on Menelap,
 And eke also vpon Agamenon.
 And out he brake lyke a wood Lyon,
 With his knyghtes about him y were stronge,
 And sayd playnly of this great wronge,
 For to be dead he wolde auenged be.
 And sperepally on this ilke thre,
 And therewithall furious and wrothe,
 Turnyng his backe out anone he goeth,
 In herte fret with full mortall tene,
 With many greke his quarell to sustene,
 That in herte soze gan dydayne.
 Agayne Wyres and the tother twayne.
 But they full ware what so ever falle,
 Their knyghtes made aboute them for to call
 And with gret stufte where they wake or slepe
 To awayte on them and manly for to kepe,
 With full good watche enuyron all the close.
 But full erely of the sonne arose,
 This worthy Ayax in his bed byryght,
 Murdered was the selfe same nyght,

B. l.

And

And albe blede in the morowle founde.
On peres hewe both many mortall wounde.
That for this thyng cruell and horryble,
To god and man lothsome and odryble,
Full many greke that wofull morowle wepe.
To se a knyght so muredzed in his slepe.
That the crye and the noyse ran,
Throughtout the hooste anone fro man to mā
And for constreynnt of this foule deede,
Eueryche of them felte his herte blede,
Full desyrous to make an ordynauce,
On this muredze for to do vengeaunce.
Hauynge therof great suspencion,
To Hecelay and to Agamenon.
¶ But to Alces most in sperpall.
By promon voyce to hym arrettyng all,
The foule fame he myght not ascrete.
¶ But Pirrhys most to ke this thyng at hert
Makynge a bowe furious and wood,
To be venged playnely on the bloud,
Of Thelamon upon Alces heade.
Hym manaspynge that he shalbe deade,
So loye on hym frectyng was the sozowe.
¶ But Alces cry on a morowle,
For dread of Pirrhys taken hath the sea,
And with his thyppe faste gan to flee,
¶ But or he wente platly as I reade,
Balladpon he toke to Dyomedes,
Hauynge in herte therof full great remorse.
¶ And Pirrhys then taken hath the cozele,
Of Thelamon for loue in sperpall,
And dyd make a flawine funerall,
Large and great of coles hote and red,
And amyddes the feruent fyre glede,
Full many a greke stondynge to beholde,
He sette it brenne into ashes colde,
And in the stoyre after as is tolde,
He closed them in an vne of golde,
Full reuerently and after hath it sette,
And therbyon he hath the pynte plette.
Of his armes curyously ygraue.
From all myschyfe the ashes for to saue.
And sent them home by great affection,
To be conserued in the regyon,
Where he was kyng whyle he was a lyue.
And euery thyng was perfourmed blyue,
After the rytes in tho dayes used.
¶ And euer in one Pirrhys hath ymused,
Upon this muredze traytously ybrought,

And caste it shulde be full dere abought,
The pyteous death of this Thelamon,
Hauynge aye hate as to Agamenon.
And had eke suspecte olde Hecelay,
That in a warre eche for other laye,
Makynge the selfe with their knyght stronge,
To trye out who hath right or wronge.
For Pirrhys ne wolde let it lightly gone.
And thus they were made mortall fone,
This yke thre platly to the death.
Throught false enuy which their hertes sleeth
And while they were amonge the selfe but true
Stryfe vpon stryfe gan euery day renewe,
And debates for to multiplye.
¶ Till Anthenoz gan this thyng espie,
And by his wysedome to stynten all dysdayne,
Them reconcyled vnto peace agayne,
And caused them to accorde in all.
And after made a solompne feast royall.
Besekynge them full lowely al thre.
To graunt to hym therat for to be,
Of gentylnesse that Grekes myghte echone,
Outwarde conceyue that they were al alone,
And to this feast he goodly made to calle,
As writ Gwydo the worthy grekes all,
Of hye ne lowe was none excepcion.
But yf I shulde make descripcion,
Howe the lordes and estates sette,
Of fundyng courses and the gyfte great,
That Anthenoz gaue on euery syde.
It were to longe to you for to abyde.
There was of plente so great sustyfaunce,
¶ And I fynde they fell in dalyaunce,
Syttyng at meate to speken of Eneas.
Brought in of hate and of enmyte,
And of dysdaye shortly in sentence,
They put on hym many great offence,
And specially in their hasty tene,
Whylom how he concealed Polydene,
And by his sleight made her be withdraue,
Whiche was in cause Achylles was yllawe.
Shortly concludynge by one oppynon,
His synall cryle out of Trope towne.
Notwithstandynge the graunt and lyberte,
Gyuen to hym to abyde in the crite,
Also longe as hym lyste deuple.
But grekes haue adnulled his fraunchyse,
Fro the lowest by vnto the meste,
That were present at this hye feste.

But

¶ But doubtelesse I can not well espie,
By whom was brought this conspyracye,
In Trope boke I fynde can no more,
Saue that hym selfe wyte it Anthenoz,
Plyche false bothe in one degre,
As ye haue herde betrayshynge the Crite.
Lyke as they had spounge out of one roote.
And wher he knew ther was none other boote
This Eneas his dome to modelye,
He prayed them of their courtesye,
At the least to graunten hym grace,
Foure monthes that he myght haue space,
To make his stuffe and his apparayle,
And hym selfe to puruey of bytaye,
Eke to graunt hym that they wolde assent,
Thylke thyppe that with Darys went,
To Cytheron vnto that temple olde.
That were in nombze two and twenty tolde.
And with full graunt of his petycyowne,
He is retourned home to Trope towne.
Cryste and heuy to se and beholde,
The waste Crite with his walles olde.
And for sozowe felte his herte blede,
Within hym selfe when he taketh hede,
And remembred in his aduertence,
To false treason and the great offence,
By hym compassed to the towne afozue.
And how that he so sodynely hath lozne,
The grace of grekes and stode disconsolate,
That whylom was of so great estate.
Now in his herte he fully dyspyred,
That he vntwely was so euill apayred,
Vnto grekes beyonde at his backe.
Beyng vngylty and without lacke.
And by whome he coulde not well deme,
Saue by sygnes as it shulde seme,
That Anthenoz was moste for to wyte.
And caste playnely that he wolde hym cryte,
And throught the towne he made sende blyue,
For thilke felte that were lesse a lyue,
Comynge anone at his commaundemente,
And when they were euerychone present.

¶ Sires quod he ye se howe that fortune,
Towardes me gynneth discontynue,
I ye vnstable with her eyen blynde,
As ye experte in your selfe now fynde,
Whylom frowarde now tourned into werse,
That of clerkes called is aduerse,

When her lyst her cruelte to thede.
Now so it standeth ye be here but a felde,
And I must parte and ye styll abyde,
But it so be that ye will proude,
Standynge alone dryoude of all succoure,
Amonge your selfe to make a goneroure,
I can not se beaute shalbe adoyed,
On euery parte and synally destroyed,
As sely thepe that ne can no reade,
All dysparkled when no man doth the leade,
Wherfore best is in this dzedefull thyng,
By one assent to chosyn you a kyng,
And moste able the estate to occupye,
From all assaulte manly you to guye,
Is Anthenoz of knyghthode and renoune,
If it accorde with your oppynowne.
Wherfore in haste vnto this entent,
Without abode lette for hym be sent.
And at his comynge plainely into towne,
Upon his heade lette be sette a crowne.
Grauntynge to him scepter and regalye,
By his wysedome that he maye you guye,
From all assaulte of any parturbaunce:
By his knyghthode a prudent gouernaunce,
And they assent makynge no delaye,
There was neuer one that lykerly to saye nay,
But were right gladde in all maner thyng,
As ye haue herde for to make hym kyng.
¶ But they full lytle sofly in their sonde,
Of Eneas the meanynge vnderstande,
For he ne mente but treason and falschede,
Howe at his entrynge that he shalbe deade,
Full trayterously in awayte lyng,
To slea hym falsely at his in comynge.
But Anthenoz of all this nothyng wate,
Dysarmid came and no weapon bare,
And Eneas with an huge route,
With swordes drawe set hym rounde aboute,
¶ Till they of Trope both the yonge and olde,
Ran atwene and manly hym with holde,
And on their knees fell mekely downe,
Besekynge hym to haue compassyowne,
Of worthynesse and also of manlyhead,
Lyke as a knyght for to taken hede.
Howe they were lesse but of people bare,
Besekynge hym his dzedefull sword to spare
And his rancoure and his yre leue.
Lest the slaughter wolde them all greue,
And on the commo they besought him rewe.

B. ii.

Quod

The fyfthe boke.

As sayth myne auctour at mischiefe to þe londe
And there he was founde on the sonde,
Almost at death without remedye,
To hym Mynerua hath so great enuye,
For he so woodly to her temple wente.
And Cassandra after her auctor hente,
By cruell force and hateful byolence.
¶ Lo what peryll is to do offence,
Of hye dyspyte to any holy place.
I doubt not he shall fayle grace,
Who so euer blyeth it in deede.
At the laste god wyll quyte his mede,
And rewarde him lyke as he dysserueth.
And for such thyng many greke now strueth
Bycause onely of suche occasyon,
To clempefyre for no presumpcyon,
Folow to attaine as I haue tolde.
For agayne god who so be to bolde,
Shall repent sooner than he weneth.
And many man that no harme ne meneth,
Suffreth vengeaunce for trespass of one.
The fyfthe auctour goth not quyte alone,
But many other his offence abyth.
For cerpously Guydo wyzt and sayth,
Snyng in ordre the woofull auenture,
That euery greke homewarde dyd endure.
Of hygh and lowe sparynge none estate,
Holome welfull and some infortunate,
Both of their woo and of their welfare,
Ryght as it tell the storye shall declare.

In Grece whylom was a worthy kyng,
Manly and ryche and prudent of luyng,
And had in soth lyke as wyte Guydo,
In his tyme worthy sonnes two.
Pallamydes was the eldest brother,
And Oetes called was the tother,
Bothe twayne of one mother bozne,
And as the storye reherfed hath toforne,
Pallamydes was a noble knyght,
Full famous eke of power and of myght,
And he spoke of in many sundye coste.
And had also of all the grekes hooft,
For his wysdome whylom gouernayle.
¶ But he alas was slayne in battayle,
Throug byhap of Martys cruell tene.
Wh in the sonne shone most bright and shene.
Of his smythhode and his worthynesse,
Lyke as tofore the storye beareth witnesse,

And of his death doth playnely specyfy.
¶ But now of malyce hatrede and enuye
Of such as haue tungen infortunate,
To make onely kyng Paulus at debate,
With the Grekes contrived haue of newe,
In hye treason false and full vntrewe,
The which i soth was neuer do nor wrought,
For in effecte ymagined nor thought,
But a false thinge pleynd of malyce,
¶ That this kyng so manly and so wysse,
And so prudent this Pallamydes,
Shulde of enuye god wot causeles.
At the siege of Troye the Cyte,
Upon a night falsly murdered be.
So that this slaughter & this lothsome dede,
By Ulixes and by Diomedes,
Were fully wrought as ye haue herde deuise,
Whiche euery herte ought to agryfe.
¶ This falsse also that this tale haue sayned,
To kyng Paulus haue traiterously cōplained
Albe in dede it was neuer mente,
That grekes were also of assent,
To this murdre and conspyration,
Both Menelay and Agamenon.
Albe in soth thar euery dele was false,
That hanged be they hye by the halfe,
That can tales to forge and contriue,
To make frendes causeles to stryue.
For they throug fraude of false collusion,
Kyng Paulus put in suspencion,
That grekes had conspyred doubtles,
Upon the murdre of Pallamydes.
¶ Makyng their ground which they did sayne,
That fro Troye were sent letters twayne,
To Pallamydes immediatly directe,
Whiche concluded treason in effecte.
Howe that he was for all his hyghe estate,
Falsely allyed and confederate,
To them of Troye for a summe of golde.
All this they haue sayned and ytolde.
And howe he had out of the Cyte,
Of good receyued huge quantite,
To fyne onely Grekes to betraye,
And to prolonge them platly and delaye,
At the syege in gettyng of the towne,
By his engyne and medycaryngone.
And to confirme all this in sentence,
To make Paulus gyue full credence.
They sayd playnely in consufowne,

The

The fyfthe boke.

The letters which were sent fro the towne,
Yfounded were enclosed in a shelde,
Upon a knyght pslayne in the fyelde,
Comprehendinge hole the trecherre.
The treason full and confederate,
¶ Atwene the towne and Pallamydes.
Verryly though he were gytyles,
And to gyue moze open eydence,
To make a pze of this great offence.
¶ They sayde Ulixes assymyng in certayne
Accorded was with a chaumberleynne,
That was in offyce with Pallamydes,
Wonder secrete and nothyng recheles,
For to assente to this conspyracye.
¶ Wrongly compassed of brennyng hote enuye
Wchotyng him guerdon and great mede,
Lyke his deuise to execute in dede,
To take a treasour and a summe of good,
Full secretly and knt it in a hode,
And hid it when boydded was the pze,
Under the bedde of Pallamydes.
And moze to put Grekes in suerte,
The treasour was the same of quantyte,
That it ne might after be denyed,
Lyke as the letters had specyfyed.
¶ And when all this founde was & knowe,
Throughtout the hooft noised was & yblowe,
Both of the letters and the golde also,
Fro poynt to poynt accordyng both two,
Which that this kyng assenting to trefowne
Receyued had out of Troye towne,
To be assented as ye haue herde me tell.
The Grekes tho no longer would dwell,
But shope theym forth all of one entente,
And in all haste came vnto the tente,
Of this kyng full innocent and clene,
That litell knewe what they would mene.
¶ But upon him full knightly as he stode,
In theyr pze furpously and wood,
To be benged loude gan to crye.
There maye no man theyr malice modefyre.
They were on him so merciles at all,
And as I finde most in specyall.
Kyng Menelay and Agamenon,
Onely moued of indignation,
Would haue proceded vnto iudgement,
Of hasty rancour without auylement,
On this treason auenged for to be.
Notwithstandinge al his hye degre.

But in sothynesse when this worthy kyng,
Conceyued hath this malice in wozyng,
First astoned in his inwarde syght,
All todaynly stert bylike a knight.
This wise worthy this Pallamydes,
Hardy as Lyon amid all the pze,
Nothyng agaste him knightly gan expze,
And playnly sayde he would not refuse,
To acquite him false of this mortall case,
Not acceptyng that he so worthy was,
Of byrth and bloud and of hye kured.
All this deuoyding of knightthod and māhed,
As he that gaue of life nor death no forse,
Tofore them all to icoparde his corse,
Within a felde where them list ordene,
Like as a knight this quarel to dareyne,
With whom that list or durst it undertake,
Exception him liked none to make,
Of hye nor lowe who that were so bolde,
To proue the reason that I haue you tolde.
Besechyng them to make no delaye,
For prolonge him but the same dape,
Manly requyringe it maye be do in haste.
But they had falsly this thinge compasse,
Of his answere stoned were echone.
In all the hooft that there was not one,
That hardy was if I shal not sayne,
In chaump close this quarell to dareyne,
Nothor Ulixes nor yet Diomedes,
These wozyers of this foule dede.
But Ulixes as he was customabe,
In euery thyng to be decepuable,
Double in his wozye and aye full of decept,
Lyke a serpent that lyeth in awayte,
Which vnder floures gan to glide and trace,
Right so Ulixes with a sayned face,
When he sawe the knightly hye prowesse.
The manly cheare and the hardynesse,
And high renoune of this Pallamydes.
None of falschod put him selfe in pze,
And like a frende that mente not but wele,
Botyll as glasse pretendinge outwarde stele
With one the fyrst gan him to excuse,
Theim counsaylinge no longer for to muse,
On this matter for theyr alder ease,
And by crasse gan them to appeale.
Touchinge the rumoure of this hye treason,
That he hath boydded all suspencion,
Out of theyr hertes concluding in certayne.
This

This accusynge made was in bayne,
And conspyred onely of hatrede.
Albe him selfe was roote of all this dede.
But when he sawe he myght not acheue,
As ye haue herde this worthy kinge to greue
Some spot of treason on him for to laye,
He hath anone founde an other waye,
By the assente fully of Dyomedes,
Under pretence playnly of frendlyhed,
Comynge to hym agayne a certayne nyght,
Under suraunce as he was true knyght,
Counsaile to kepe either for sote or soure,
Entourmyng him of a great treasoure.
Of golde and good and infynite rychesse,
To him disceured vnder secretnes.
The whyche sothly no man dyd knowe,
Hys and inclosed in a well lowe,
Within a felde a litell there besyde.
The which hym lyst fro hym not to hyde,
But of truste vnto hym dysceure,
So he would do his busynesse cure,
The same nyght with him for to go,
Vnto the well they thre and no mo.
To sette away that great summe of good.
And he in sothe that nothyng vnderstode,
What they mente assented was anone.
And so they thre be togther gone,
Vnto the well lyke as I haue tolde.
And for that he most manly was and bolde,
Dallamydes lyke as they him telle,
Descended is lowe into the well,
Supposynge to haue a treasour founde.
But they alas hym falsly to confounde,
Haue murdered him wth stones great & huge,
He in the botome haunynge no refuge.
And whē they had accomplished theyr entē,
Ther be reseyzed eueryche to his tent.

This tale the story telleth vs,
That feyned was to the kinge Paulus,
Touchinge the death of Dallamydes,
Them to desclaunde that were giltyes.
For Ulyses and wyth Dyomedes,
Were innocent platly as I reade,
And Grekes all both nigh and ferre.
For he was slayne knightly in the werre,
Durynge the siege of Parys with an arrowe.
But who is false, fayne can ful narowe,
To finde a tale that neuer yet was thought,

And of the treason þ should haue be wrought
Touchinge the letters sent out of the towne,
There was no such conspyracyone,
By Grekes wrought but a fable vnsothe,
Falsly feyned to make Paulus wyoth,
With Ulyses and Dyomedes also.
Agamenon and other Grekes mo,
To lette theym homewarde in theyr waye,
And hynde also there is no more to saye,
As they repayre to theyr regyons.
And Paulus then by this occasyons,
And Detes his sonne a manly man,
Accorded be in what they maye or can,
By one assente to auenge mercyles,
The cruell murdre of Dallamydes.
And to ordayne at theyr home passage,
To worke fully into theyr domage.
For Grekes must of necessitye,
Homewarde sale forby his cowntre.
Wherfore this kinge shapen hath a wyle,
On hylles hye by a lytell yle,
In winter season euery maner nyght,
To make fyres and to sette by lyght,
To cause them on the sea to erre,
For as Grekes sawe the fyre a ferre,
Unware of harme cast them for to lande,
As they that could no peryll vnderstande.
But thope them with all theyr ful myght,
For to arive fast by the lyght.
Wherwith .ij. hundred of their shippes brake,
Amonge rocks and fully go to wake,
That there was drowned many worthy mā.
And thus the vengeance alderfyrst began,
That kinge Paulus hath on Grekes take,
Of deadly hate for his sonnes sake,
Of great mischief and confusyon.
Of Grekes nauye. but Agamenon,
With great perill is the death escaped,
That had almost amonge them be beaped,
For erles dukes & worthy kinges crowned,
Through his trayne in the sea were drowned
But Menelay and also Dyomedes,
Escaped this mischief as I reade.
And when they were from all daunger gone,
This Detes wood for ire anone,
In his herte thope an other wyle,
And thought he would Agamenon begile,
Compasynge a ful mortall stryfe,
Let sende a letter anone to the wife,

Of

Of this mighty great Agamenon,
In whych there was included false treason,
For euen lyke yf I shall not lye,
Thus in effecte they dyd specyfy.
Fyrst how her lord Agamenon the kinge,
Had at the spege wrought a wonder thyng,
In pzeindyre and slaundre of her name,
Albe in her was no maner blame,
Lyke as he wrote platly nor trespass,
His knyghtly honout offolly to disface.
This to saye Cupido telleth thus,
He loned a doughter of kynges Pyramus.
And for beaute had her to wyfe take,
And her in herte fynally forsaie.
This worthy quene whilom of great fame,
And Clemestra sothly was her name,
Wonder fenely and ryght fayre with all,
And by dyscent borne of the stocke royall.
Her cellynge eke for all her excellence.
Albe that she neuer dyd offence,
Yet her lord of newfangilnesse,
Toke an other the letters did expresse,
Filly in purpose anone at his repayre,
Though Clemestra were both good & fayre,
All sodaynly her to exyle:
Out of his lande many thousande myle,
Warning her that she be prudente,
This was the substaunce as in sentemente,
That Detes wrote vnto this quene,
Albe the kynge was innocente and clene,
And was to her in all his fore livinge,
Louynge and true in all maner thyng,
And her to please passynge ententyfe,
In woorde and dede durynge all his lyfe.
As fer as oughte of reson be despyred.
But the letters that falsly was conspyred,
They haue her put parcase of Innocence,
For to gyue to hasty credence,
Thankynge fyrst Detes for his trouthe,
That to goodly hym lyst to haue routh,
Upon her wronge of hygh compassyon.
And yet the story maketh mencion,
Here afterwarde as I shall descryue,
That she was the falsest one alyue,
Vnto her lord and in his longe absence,
And in all haste the made stronge diffence,
Agayne this thyng & gan her to purueye,
By luche fraude that she not ne deye,
But of her worke in sothe she was to wyfe,

The whych alas I must anone endyte,
As the story platly doth me lere,
Whych doleful is and moztall for to heare.

O vnsture truste of all worldly gloze,
Whosodayn chaunge put out of memozye,
Oh ioye vnstable of bayne ambysyon,
With vnware tounre reuered by so downe.
Oh ydell fame blowe by to the thye,
Quere whelmed with twyncklinge of an eye,
Oh pompe oh bolle of tryumphe & victozye,
Lyke a shadowe waste and transytozye,
Oh fortune false and vnassured,
That to no man maye fully be lured.
To hygh nor lowe of no maner estate,
With bonde of fayth to be conferate,
Agayne whose myght no mā may him diste,
But at his tounre that he shall discende,
When he syt hys on thyn vnstable whele,
Thy brotyll fauour forged not of stele,
Meynt and all allyed with mutabyltye,
For welfulnesse and false felicitye,
With sodayn sweygh frowarde þ canst auale,
Now frethe of chere now for anger pale,
Of hygh dysdayne thou sparest no degree.
For Princes Dukes highest in their see,
Mighty kinges and worthy Emperours,
That richest regyne in theyr royal floures,
With Sceptre & crowne þ canst pul downe,
I take wytnesse of Agamenowne,
That was so noble and myghty in his lyne,
As sondry auctours his hie renoune desrue,
But sothfastly for all his excellence,
He might not make no diffence,
With all his knyghtes that his baner setwe,
Conspyred murdre to boyde and eschewe,
Rescuse was none that he could make,
For which alas I fele my pen quake,
That doth mine inke blotte on my boke.
Oh mighty god that wth thine inwarde loke,
Seest euery thing thugh thy eternal might,
Why wilt thou not of equit and of ryght,
Punythe and chastice so horrible a thyng,
And specially the murdre of a kinge.
Alas the payne of Trion in hell,
Of Danes that with Sathan dwell,
Were not egall nor equipolent,
To venge murdre nor sufficient,
For it exceedeth in comparison,

At

All felouye falshed and treason.
 Wherfore oh lord that feest and knowest all.
 Through thy power that is eternall.
 Suffre no luche to liue vpon the grounde.
 Worse than Tygre or Cerberus the hounde.
 That chayned Iyeth bounde at hel gate.
 Whych of malyce playnly though he hate.
 He berketh fyrst or he do offence.
 But murdre gladly is wrought in silence.
 Or men aduerse or take any kepe.
 Alas a Prince to slep him in his slepe.
 On his pylowe when he slepeth softe.
 That cryeth woeche to hye god alofte.
 And a ceth vengeaunce to take as fast.
 Though it abyde it wyll out at the laste.
 Alas a kynge spoken of so ferre.
 That was so woorthy outwarde in the werre.
 His cruell fate passynge odorous.
 Byposed hath in his owne house.
 His mortall ende to be execute.
 Agaynst whych there was no refute.
 For ryght as he his thyp to lande sette.
 The quene Clemestra on þ strond him mette.
 With humble cheare and loke full beninge.
 And shewed out full many faythful sygne.
 Of wysely trouthe in her countenaunce.
 Albe in herte thre was varyaunce.
 Not perceyued playnly in her face.
 Whom the kynge goodly did embrace.
 As he in sothe that but trouthe mente.
 And to his palcy the hye waye he wente.
 Not aduertynge the treason that was shape.
 The whych alas he might not escape.
 Of the falshede he could nothinke fele.
 But I ne maye no longer it conseele.
 Agayne her lord how Clemestra wrought.
 For on her bond of wedlocke she ne thought
 The trewe loke sothly of spousayle.
 Agayne her malyce lytell myght auayle.
 Unto her lord her trouthe to conferue.
 Newfanglnesse caused to sterue.
 Her olde fayth and her assurance.
 Her loue abode on a fykel chauce.
 Longe absence had her herte appalled.
 She loued one that was Egistus called.
 Whych afore all in her grace stode.
 That nother was of byrth nor of bloud.
 Lytell or nought of reputacyone.
 Nor renowned of manhode nor renowne.

Nor of knyghthod nor of hygh prowesse.
 But for his labour and his busynesse.
 And good awayte vpon her by nyght.
 Therfore he was best furthzed in her syght.
 Such dread had the for to lyue alone.
 Sorowles so well she could grone.
 I can not saye what life that she ladde.
 Except that she by him a daughter had.
 And Eryona Cupdo sayth she hight.
 And vnto him Clemestra behyght.
 Assuring him vpon payne of her head.
 He shoulde raygne when her lord were dead.
 And to enhaile this conclusyon.
 Her woorthy lord kynge Agamenon.
 The next nyght was murdred and yslayne.
 By false Egistus and the quene full sayne.
 No longer bode the stoye can you lere.
 But in all haste they wedded were pferre.
 And by her false and slepyght compassynge.
 Of Hellene she made him crowned kynge.
 And put him full in possessyon.
 Alas that synne hath dominacion.
 To further wronge and abate ryght.
 For in this world falshed hath more ryghte.
 Full ofte syth than hath ryghtwisenesse.
 And in the estate sette of woorthynesse.
 Lo how the synne of auourye.
 Brought in murdre by conspyracye.
 Synne vpon synne lynked both twayne.
 And embraced in the fendes chayne
 Perpetually in hell to endure.
 Alas who shall him selfe full assure.
 Fro cruell murdre his body to withdraue.
 When that kinges in the bedde are slawe.
 Whiche byngeth in alpenacron.
 By extorte tytle false successyon.
 There maye coloure of pfersefence seme.
 But full strepyghtly god shall after deme.
 And iustly venge with due recompence.
 Inrusyon brought in by violence.
 And felly quyte luche horryble thynges.
 And todayne slaughter specially of kinges.
 Greatly to dread in every regyon.
 And as I fynde that Agamenon.
 By Clemestra the false double quene.
 Had a sonne passynge faire to sene.
 Right gracious in every mannes syght.
 And Hozestus the boke sayth that he hyghte.
 Wonder semely and but ponge of age.

And

And for great feare of this mortall rage.
 Lest he were slayne as it was to dread.
 To anul his tytle that he not succede.
 Him to pferue that he were not hent.
 Kynge Calchius with power hath him sente.
 Full secretly out of that countree.
 Unto a kynge called Pryame.
 That helde his sceptre and his royall sete.
 Full mightely in the lande of Crete.
 And Carakas named was the quene.
 That had a daughter called eke Clumene.
 Sozne to be heyze of that regyon.
 And as it is made eke mencyon.
 This Hozestes to reken all thyng.
 Was with the quene and also with the kynge.
 Cherished as well the stoye can you lere.
 As Clumena the owne daughter deare.
 And was eke kepte and had in cherte.
 Fro noynt to poynt lyke to his degre.
 With attendaunce conuenient and dewe.
 To his estate that euer vpon him sewe.
 Of such as were most experte and sage.
 To gouerne him tyll he came to age.
 To reioyce if god gaue him might.
 His heritage to whych he had right.
 By clere descent if happy were his chauce.
 Thus leue I him vnder gouernaunce.
 The yonge sonne of Agamenon.
 For I must make a dygcessyon.
 Fro this matter and tell of Diomed.
 The adventures in Cupdo as I rede.
 His woofull fate and his paynes smerte.
 The whych alas he might not avertere.
 As is remembred playnly in wytyng.
 That Oetes sonne of the riche kynge.
 Called Paulus as ye haue herde tofozne.
 Such heynesse in his herte hath bozne.
 Unto Grekes reperyng hoine fro Troye.
 That his lust and his inwarde ioye.
 Was them to hyndre both high and lowe.
 And cause why to you it is unknowe.
 To them he was so passynge enuyous.
 In will and thought plynke despyous.
 If he might sothly this no les.
 The death to venge of Ballamides.
 Lyke as tofoze the stoye can deuyse.
 To you that be so prudent and so wyse.
 And how Oetes now of malice wrought.
 And trayterously new meane sought.

If he might by any maner waye.
 Diomedes vntowarely to destroye.
 Of all this thyng I cañ not to saye.
 Ceryously to make reher saye.

In Grece was a kingedome tolde & large.
 Conuinct in one Calidrye and Arge.
 Full habundaunt of rycheesse and of rente.
 Of which the kynge called was Pollente.
 A woorthy man and of noble fame.
 And had a sonne Alandrus was his name.
 And a daughter passynge fayre of syght.
 And sothly Egra I fynde that she hyght.
 And for her fathr like as wyte Cupdo.
 Had no mo but these children two.
 For them he hath of wisedome so prouided.
 This mighty regne for to be deuyded.
 Atwene them two after his decease.
 Eche with his parte for to lyue in peace.
 To exlude them fro indigence or nede.
 And the was wyte vnto Diomed.
 Albe tofoze the stoye of him sayde.
 That he whilom loued one Crysayde.
 I can not saye where it was doubilnesse.
 But well wote I Cupdo beareth wytnesse.
 And in his boke sothly sayth none other.
 And how Alandrus his owne wyues brother
 Full lusty freshe and ful of manlyhead.
 To Troye went with this Diomed.
 But in the sea fordriven vp so downe.
 They riled by in the regyon.
 Called Bocce all disconsolate.
 With tempest dzuie wery and full mate.
 Them to refreshe and for none other thyng.
 In which lande Thelephus was kynge.
 Of whose triuayle whan he herde sayne.
 In his herte he had high dysdayne.
 That they were bolde to do so great offence.
 To entre his grounde hauinge no licence.
 And yet in sothe they did no domage.
 To high nor lowe of no maner age.
 For toke nought that might disauayle.
 Unto that lande but it were byfayle.
 For which they payde iustly at the fine.
 For fleshe and fyre and for bread and wine.
 Yet for all that of indignacyone.
 Kynge Thelephus is descended downe.
 With great array to harne the if he might.
 And so they gan to bicker and to fight.

And

And Almandus full of high prowesse,
Like a Lion his fomen gan oppresse,
And wonder knyghtly the felde vpon the wa,
And slewe that daye many worthy man,
Of hygh courage and of manly pryde.
And when the kinge whiche that stode asyde,
Sawe his men slayne on euery parte,
Of hygh dysdayne hent anone a darte,
And caste at hym alas the mortall fate,
And perced hath through mayles & through
Of Almandus that he fel downe dead, (plate,
The soyle about of his bloud all redde,
His deadly wounde so began to blede.
And wood as Tpygre tho came Dyomedes,
And hym to auenge bare hym lyke a knyght,
Sleeth and killeth and put them vnto flight
And after that such sorowe gan to make,
Of knyghtly routh for his brothers sake
That he ne wyft what was best to do.
But as I finde myd of all his too,
From beast and foule the dead corpes to saue,
Like his estate he let make a graue,
And buryed hym after rites olde.
But Detes to his syster tolde,
That he was slayne by fraude of Dyomedes,
To fyne that he myght full possede,
The regne of Arge hole without stryfe,
Wyth the purparie annexed to hys wyfe.
For by his death he myght season take,
And tolde her eke that she was forsake,
This fayre Egrea for all her womanhead.
Of her lord called Dyomedes.
All this he tolde in hell he chayned.
And ouermore he forged hath and fained,
How of enuye Almandus lost his lyfe,
And how her lord hath take an other wyfe,
That was to her dyshonour and chame,
And passyngly great sleaunders to her name,
In preiudycydone of her estate.
All this he tolde to make them at debate,
Lyke as he wrote in conclusyon.
To Clemestra of Agamenon,
Whych her herte made sore greue,
For he put her fully in byleue,
Of all the treason he haue herde me tolde,
That for yre the pale was and colde,
Unkynnesse so her herte sleeth,
And heuynesse of her brothers death,
For neuer yet Guydo doth assure,

No woman loued better a creature,
Than she loued hym in no maner age,
For fyrst at nought she set her herpytage,
In comparyson of her brothers lyfe.
Lo how Detes made a newe stryfe,
As he haue herde in the stoye rede.
That gyltes worthy Dyomedes,
When he hath longe at the syege layne,
And to his kingdom would haue come agayn
By myghty hande of this worthy quene,
And her lyegees that assented bene,
He was cryled out of that regyon,
There may be made no medycyon.
Thus in hun selfe mate and dysperryed,
Dylconsolate he is agayne reperryed,
To Salerne a londe of great rycheesse,
Where that Center throughe his worthynesse
Wyth crowne & Sceptre had reygned longe,
Wyth hys lyegees and hys knyghtes stronge,
And brother was to Pyrrhelamon,
Murdered tofore as made is mencyon.
And Dyomedes poze and destitute,
Haye in Salerne fynde no refute.
For when Center first gan him espye,
He sewed hym by full great enuye,
Hauynge to hym aye suspicion,
Touchynge the death of kynge Chelamon.
But Dyomedes on a certayne nyghte,
Full secretly hath taken him to flyght.
And fro Salerne fast gan hym hye,
In hope to fynde better remedye.
Helpe or socour in some other place.
If fortune wolde graunte hym grace,
For of hym selfe ashamed and confuse,
As man forsake abiecte and refuse.
Knyght so fared he wandrynge to and fro,
As he that ne wyft what was best to do.

But I fynde the Troyan Eneas,
That all this while still at Troie was,
Onely of routh and compassyone,
To support the that were left of the towne,
Beyng alway of theyr life in doubte.
Of theyr fomen rounde beset aboute,
As they that lyued for lacke of an hede,
Continuallly in myscheyse and in dread,
Knowing no refute nor cofort in this case,
Till by counsell of this Eneas,
To supporte theym in this great nede,

They

They sent in haste for this Dyomedes,
Knowynge full well his desolacyon,
How he was proscrypt fro his regyon,
Beselyng hym of manhode and of routh,
Him to enhaste wythout any slouth,
With all the stuffe that he get can,
And souldyers also manly euery man,
Without abode and to Troie them lede,
To succoure them in this great nede.
And Dyomedes came and taried nought,
At theyr request as he was besought,
To releue them in this sharpe shoure,
And wyth hym brought many a souldour.
And Eneas on the waye him mette,
In frendly wyse and into towne hym sette,
And to him made passyngly great chere,
And there they gan to commune pferre,
Theyr auentures both of lande and sea,
Entermelled with great aduersyte.
That no man maye deuoyde noz elchewe,
But take his parte as it to him is dewe,
As softe or hap doth his byrdell lede.
And in this stoye shortly to procede,
Cely Troians that were almost spent,
With theyr fomen of ples adiacent,
That them besette aboute enuyroune,
But throughe the manhod & the hye renoune,
Of Dyomedes and his souldours,
And other knyghtes noble werreours,
They were reskued and holpen bitterly.
And foure dayes they fought by and by,
In knyghtly wyse defendynge the Cytee,
And throughe prowesse also of Eneas.
They slewe and toke all that them withstode
And in diffence of Troians the bloud,
Suche as they fonde to the cytye false,
They hange them by hye by the halfe.
And punyshed them for theyr great wronge.
And Dyomedes thus gan were stronge,
By longe processe as made is mencyon,
Chiefe protectour now of Troie towne,
That enuye none by a large space,
Durst abyde that he had grace,
To his lygeaunce so he made them loute,
And thus his name spede gan aboute,
That of his fame the great oppynon,
Platid is vnto the regyon,
By swifte reposte to Calydonye and Arge,
Which the quene greatly gan to charge.

And assoued when he taketh hede,
His power gan and his might to drede,
Lest he would her lande vpon her wyne,
And of knighthod a werre newe begynne,
And secretly gan muse on this thinge,
That her lord and her myghty kynge,
Late cryled and put to flyght,
Hath grace founde in fortunes syght,
And is remonuted to high estate.
Whereof she was in her selfe checke mate,
And wayes caste as he that was prudent,
By hole aduys of her parliament.
Without grutchynge or rebellyon,
Him to reuoke to his regyon.
And therupon to him lowly sente,
And with letters the messenger forth went,
The cause annullynge by which he was exiled,
And how he was fully reconsoyled,
By hole assent of his lyegees all,
And ful lowly euerychone they call,
For theyr offence and of theyr trespass,
Without rygour for to do them grace.
And he anone like a manly knyght,
More of mercy sofly then of ryght,
When he hath theyr sonde well conceyued,
And theyr meninge fully apparceyued,
To stynte all strife thought for the best.
In goodly wise to graunt theyr requeste,
And to his reigne within a certayne daye,
He is reperryed in full riche arraye,
Of whose comynge full glad his lyegees bene,
And reconsoyled both he and the quene,
And all rancour of any olde offence,
Onely of wisdom they put in suspence,
And of one herte a blisful life they lede,
In Troie booke no more of hym I reade.
But let him liue in felycytee.
Agayne resoptyng to tell of Eneas,
After how he hath his tyme spent,
Which is fro Troie to many Troian went,
His shippes stuffed he and his meyne,
Be sayled forth by many straunge sea,
Many daunger and many straunge passage,
Tofore or he arpyed in Cartage,
Ledinge with him his father Anchises,
And by the waye I finde that he les,
His wife Creusa by fatal auenture,
But all the two that he dyd endure,
Who so list cerryously to sene,

And how that he falschede the quene.
I meane Dido of womanhead floure,
That gaue to him her rycheffe & treasoure,
Jewelles and golde & al þy myghte him please,
And euery thing that might do him ease.
But for all that how he was unkinde,
Reade Eneydos and there ye shall it fynde,
And howe that he falsly stole awaye,
By nyghte tyme while she a bedde laye,
And of his conquest also in yrayle,
Where he hadde many stronge battayle,
His auentures and his workes all,
And of the fyne that is to him fall,
Ye maye all se by soueraygne style,
Fro popay to popnt compyled in Virgile,
Wryte and made sythen go full roze.
For Trope boke speaketh of him no moze,
But proueth as I shall endyte,
How Hozestes caste him for to quyte,
His fathers death playnly and not spare,
If ye lyst heare as Gydo doth declare.

It is requyred of equit and of right,
Of that iudge that is most of myght,
And egally holdeth his balaunce,
On death conspyred for to do vengeaunce.
The voyce of bloud doth so aye contune,
To crye woeche with clamour unpourte,
On them in sothe that it iniustly shede,
For murdre wrought wil haue his egall mede
And his guerdon as he hath deserued,
They maye not fle the iudgement referued,
Of him that sit highest in his trone,
And all beholdeth by him selfe alone,
Full rightfully the noble myghty kinge.
For though he suffer he forget nothinge,
But all conspydeth in his iudgementyon,
And for the murdre of Agamenon,
The myghty lozde þis most soueraygne good
Made of mynystre of the same bloud,
Ponge Hozestes full of high prowelle,
To execute his dome of ryght wilenesse,
And gaue to him grace pover and myght.
And he anone toke the ordre of a knyght,
Of Pdimens like as it is tolde,
When he was foure and twentye wynter olde
Fresche and lustye and wonderly prudent.
And inwardly despyous of intente,
If fortune would him not withslayne.

His heritage to recure agayne.
Which Egistus falsly hym denyeth,
And the crowne iniustly occuppeth,
By false tytle of her that was his wyfe.
But Hozest's will leoparde his lyfe,
And auenture while him lasteth bzyeth,
Fyrt to be venged on his fathers death,
Upon them tho that the treason wrought.
And alderfyrt full lowly he besought,
Kinge Pdimens of his goodly head,
To further him in this great nede.
And the kinge benignely anone,
Assigned hath with him for to gone,
A thousand knyghtes manly and right stroge,
To redresse the great horrible wronge,
Of Egistus wrought by violence,
And by his wysdome and his diligence.
This Hozestes gan him so purueye,
Within a while there is no moze to seye,
That he him gat the stoury will not lye,
An other thousande to his compagne,
Of worthy knyghtes all of one accorde,
To go with him as to theyr soueraygne lozde
In euery thinge his biddinge to obeye,
As ye haue herde Egistus to werrey.
And thus Hozestes in full riche arraye,
Gan hooste and made no delaye,
And his lodgynge alderfyrt gan chese,
In a cite that called was Tropele.
Receyued there with great reuerence,
Of the kinge that named was Fozence,
A manly knyght as booke specifies,
And bare in herte passynge great enuye,
To Egistus by double occasion.
Fyrt for the death of Agamenon,
And eke for he had a doughter deare,
That was to him inwardly entere,
Both good and fayre & but yonge of age,
That whilom was giuen in mariage,
To Egistus but he of doubilnesse,
Of false trefon and newfangilnesse,
The kinges doughter hath bitterly forlake.
And in all haste did a libell make,
And forge a tort of repulsiyon,
Albe he hadde no trefwe occasyon,
This Egistus that he her forsoke.
Sane that he falsly to wine toke,
The quene Clemestra agayne al right & lawe,
When by assent they murdered haue a slawe,
Agamenon

Agamenon as it afoze is tolde,
That whilom was so myghty and so bolde,
And for the hatefull false conspyracye,
As well of murther as auoutre.
To venge bothe by dewe recompence,
The worthy knyght þy myghty kyng Fozence,
Offred Hozestes for to make hym stronge,
And go with hym to helpe venge his wronge
And with hym ladde armed byght in stele,
Foure hundred knyghtes horsed wonder wele
Takynge the fyelde with a manly chere.
And so Hozestes and the kyng pfeare,
Be ryden forth with many manly man.
But Hozestes oz he this werre gan,
When byght Hebus in the bole thone.
To the temple is full lowly gone.
And to the goddes in most best wyse,
With humble herte dyd sacryfyce.
Fully in hope the better for to fare,
Where he was bode for lyfe noz deth to spare,
Without mercy oz remysyon.
The death to venge of Agamenon,
On Clemestra that was mooste to wyte.
And that he make fyrt his swozde to byte,
On his mother with his handes wayne,
And ouer moze to do his busy payne,
Without pytpe and no mercy thewe,
On snale petyes tyll he be to hewe,
And dismembred a sonder ioynt fro ioynt.
And eke that he for yet not a poynt,
Justly to punyche by rroute and by ryght,
Egistus eke the false vntrewe knyght,
And that he be not slowe noz negliget,
To execute the commaundement,
Of the goddes lyte what after falle.
And than Hozestes with his knyghtes att,
And Fozenes the myghty kyng also,
Of one herte be to the syege go,
Of the cite that called was Mesthene.
Within whiche was the false quene,
Clemestra god gyue her herde grace.
And when Hozestes syged hath the place,
With his knyghtes set it rounde aboute.
False Egistus was ryden out,
To gather men and to be a wyke,
And falle vpon and the syege breke.
If he myght on any maner syde,
And with great stuffe thus he gan to ryde,
Takynge by men fro euery cosse,

Till he hym made a full myghty hooste.
But Hozeste whiche at the syege laye,
His gouernaunce espyeth dape by dape,
And sent out men as he that was full sage,
To stoppe wayes and lette his passage,
And made knyghtes a full huge route;
To pursue hym euery cosse aboute.
And of the syege manfully begonne,
By assaute he hath the towne pwoonne,
And entred in on a nyght full late,
And sette wardes stronge at euery gate;
And in a doungeon most stronge & princypall
That was of buildyng myghty and royall,
This Hozestes fyrt his mother fonde.
The quene Clemestra lady of that lande,
Whiche for drede soze gan to quake.
But merces anone he made her take,
And put in chaynes tyll the next morowe.
And Egistus god gyue hym euyl sorowe;
With all the stuffe that he myght accroche,
Towarde the towne faste gan apwoche.
In purpose full Hozestes for to greue,
And them within lodeynely releue.
But all in sothe myght not auayle,
For oz that he the cite myght abayle.
Hozestes knyghtes vntwaryly haue him mette
And all attones proude on hym sette.
Fyrt slewe his men & put them to fleght,
And taken hym maugre all his myght.
And with chaynes lyke as they hym fynde,
Hercules full fast they him bynde,
And thet hym by fettyd in pyssowne.
And all false founde in the towne,
That were assented wyllinge oz helpynge,
To the murdre of the worthy kyng.
Grekes workers and conspyratours,
Agayne their lozde ryfynge as traytours;
All were take and bounde by rycour,
The same nyghte and thet by in a tour,
Till on the morowe lyke as the lot be drabwe;
Eueryche of them vnder fonge his lawe,
Lyke his decette excepcion was none.
And when the nyght passed was and gone,
And Hebus role estwarde in his sphere,
And on the toures thone full byght & clere;
When Clemestra rote of all falsehede,
Was brought forth quakyng in her drede,
Before Hozestes to iudgement pset.
He with a swozde sharpe and kene pwohet.

Like as the goddes charged him to forne,
On peres smale he hath her all to thorne,
And made her bere out of the townes boundes
To be boured of beastes and of houndes,
Pytpe was none in his breste referued,
But quit her fully as she hath deserued.
fro poynt to poynt and forgat right nought.
And the chayned Egistus was furth brought
And lustly dempt by rigour of the lawe,
Of an herdell naked to be drabwe,
Through the towne that all might se,
And after hys hanged on a tre,
for to rot and dye agaynst the sonne.
No how murdre hath his guerdon wonne,
No how falsed his mapster can awake.
And all the traytours in the towne ytake,
Were on galowes enghaged euerychone.
Tyll they were seuered asonder bone fro bone
Hye on an hill agayne the sterres shene.
Thus was þe towne fro treason purged clene,
And with trouth augmented and ymored,
And to his regne Horrestes full restored,
As the stoyre sewinge shall expowne,
And of the daye when he toke his crowne.

Add when the myst & euery cloudy skye,
Of false treason and conspyracye,
Were tried out vpon euery syde,
The falsed hadde no place to abyde,
The stoyre sayth in oydre rehercyng.
The same tyme Menelay the kinge,
Out of the sea ful of wauyes wete,
fro Trowwarde priued was in Crete,
frely escaped many drede and payne,
With his quene the goodly freshe Heleyne.
And for cause she was so famous fayre.
Great was the ptes and meruaylous repaire
fro euery parte her beaute to beholde,
for tohom Trowpe with walles not ful olde,
Destroyed was the noble royall towne,
And many man ful woorthy of renoune,
Hath lost his life there may no man say naye,
All for Heleyne wyfe to Menelay.
When thinge is done it may be none other.
But when this kinge knewe fully of his bro-
Agamenon murdre and euerydele, (ther,
He was full trist and liked nothinge wele,
But inwardly felte ful great smerte,
And his newewe he had also at herte,

I meane Horrestes that so mercyles,
Like a tyrant that were graceles,
His mother slewe and had no pytpe,
Of most all yre in his cruelte.
And fully caste that he would bliue,
Of sceptre and crowne platly him depzyue,
Full assermyng of this mortall case,
By all lawe that he vntwozthy was,
His fathers regne as heyre to possede,
Justly conspyred his horrible dede.
And all at ones furpous and woorthy,
Without abode vnto ship he goth,
Melancolike in his great tene,
Out of Crete saylinge to Athene,
And toke the lande out of shyppes bozde.
Where duke Nestor was gouernour and lord
Which them recepueth like a gentyll knyghte,
With all his power diligence and myght.
But Menelay of rancour and great heat,
Can with the duke secretly to trete,
To fynde a meane in his inward syght
For to depzyue Horrestes of his right.
And therupon to haue a iudgement,
At Athenes was holde a Parliament,
Of all the lordes of that regyon,
To giue theron a diffinicion.
In whych was shewed openly ynough,
How Horrestes his owne mother slough,
And the maner of his great offence,
Him selfe tho beyng in presence.
And when this thinge he fully did espye,
For his partye he gan agayne replye,
As he that felte him frely at his large,
for him alledgyng how he had in charge,
Of the goddes thortly to declare,
His mortall swozde that he not ne spare,
Upon Clemestra roote of false treason,
That slewe her lord kinge Agamenon,
And the murdre through her malice wrought
Wherfore Horrestes humbly besought,
The lordes all with a manly herte,
Of equit consyde and aduerte,
for no malice rancour nor for rage,
Him to depzyue of his heritage,
Sith he was sonne of Agamenon
Borne to be heyre of that regyon,
As ye haue herde that called was Methene,
Albe his mother Clemestra the quene,
Compassed had his destruction.

But

But duke Nestor ymued of reason,
In sustaynyng of Horrestes ryght,
Rose vp anone lyke a manly knyght,
Offeringe hym selfe proude for his sake,
This hys quatell for to vndertake,
With his body to the death darrepyne.
With whom that lyst his tyle to withseyne.
But there was none in all that compayne,
That durste a worde agayne hym replye.
So hoole he stode in his oppnyon,
And by his knyghtly mediacyon.
He bare hym so feynynge in nothyng,
That Horrestes was prouided knyng,
Of Meneste all beyng of assent.
And whan dissolved was the parlement.
This Horrestes of his lyegees tretwe,
Receyued was with a crowne newe,
And by treate of lordes many one.
Knyng Menelay and he were made attone,
And gan their fre and their rancour lete.
And ydume the woorthy kyng of Crete,
So prudently gouerneth this mattere.
That hermyone the ponge doughter dere,
Of Menelay and the quene Heleyne,
So ponge so freshe of beaute souerayne,
Wedded was without more taryng,
To Horrestes the ponge lusty kyng.
And by cause of this allyaunce,
Deuoyded was all rancour and distraunce,
Atwene the knynges Menelay the olde,
And Horrestes of whom ryght nowe I tolde.
Thus leue I them as it was the beste,
Eche in his regne lyue in peace and reste.
for all stryfe was ceased in this case.
But Crygona that the doughter was,
Of Egistus as ye haue herde me telle,
for sorowe and drede lyste no longer dwelle,
But toke a rope and lyst nothyng to spare.
And therwithall gan her selfe to gnare.
The stoyre sayth hys vpon a tree,
This was her fyne ye gette no moze of me,
But I wyll forth cerpously entreate,
Of the stoyre to telle you the great.

Of Ulices by oydre in my wyrtynge,
Thyne auentures come on the tpyng.
Full wonderfull both on londe and sea,
Entermedlyd with great aduersyte.
for Cupido fynde destruyng thy repayre,

Saith how thou founde wether foule & fayre
How agreable now the thonder sowne,
How styll and smoth now in clowdes frowne
And sayth also that thou dydest orderyne,
To thy passage myghty shyppes twayne.
Apparayled all for marchandysse,
That thou myghtest in most secrete wyse,
Euery myschyfe of the sea escape.
But for all that thou haddest a felle iape,
for as this auctour thy resorte doth wyte,
He sayth Ulyses for all his wordes whyte.
Probbed was of rycheffe and of good,
Contraryous wynde so agayne hym stode.
That he was dzyue to his confusyon,
In to the myghty stronge regyon,
Where Chelamon reigned by his lyue.
And there he was hent and take blyue.
By myghty hande seased by the brest,
And mercyles put vnder arest.
for they hym had suspecete in workynge.
Touchyng the murther of the same kyng,
But he so wrought by his slepyght wyte,
And his tale sette in such a style,
That them all he playnly hath be iaped.
And fro their hande feely is escaped.
Excepte that he for all his queynt fare,
Of his treasour was ymade full bare.
And for his passage was to hym vnkouth,
He fell agayne into the wolfes mouthe.
for veryly as it is spechfyed,
Knyng Paulus men haue hym este espyed,
Take and bounde and chayned mercyles,
for the murther of knyng Ballamydes.
But the stoyre reherseth in certayne,
By his prudence he scaped is agayne,
for he was both expert wyse and olde.
Although the maner be not fully tolde,
Of his escape through his busy payne,
Out of dalyng of these knynges twayne.
Tyll through fortune he came fro mischefe fre
To the ptesence of knyng ydume,
In symple arraye and tozue apparaple.
Wherof the knyng greatly gan meruayle,
To se his pouert in so lowe manete.
But for all that he made hym good chere,
Though that tyme ye were infortymate.
He hym receyued lyke to his estate.
And when they were both twayne alone,

In complayninge Ulires made his moue,
 Into the kinge as he that was full sage,
 Ceryously the softe of his passage,
 With face sad and a sobre cheare,
 Fro poynt to poynt anone as ye shall heare.
 My lord he quod he thowthly to expresse,
 Of truste I haue in your gentylnesse,
 I shall to you my auentures all,
 Reherse here ryght as it is fall.

Feste when that I Troye lande forsoke,
 And the water wyth my shippes toke.
 I was anone with winde peccably blowe,
 To an yle which was to me vnknowe,
 Called Gyrina of great habundaunce,
 And all thynge that was to my plessaunce.
 That maye for siluer or for golde be bought,
 I redy founde and wanted ryght sought.
 And there abode full longe while in ioye,
 With the treasure that I gat at Troye.
 My shippes stuffed my men safe and founde,
 And for commodyte of that pke grounde,
 We lyked so the countre enuyron.
 That for disporte and recreacyon,
 Our tarynge there we thought not ful lōge,
 For no man dyd vnto vs no wronge.
 Tyll on a daye that the eyer was styll,
 The winde also fully at our wyll.
 We sayled forth in quyte and in peace,
 Vnto a porte called Claustrafages,
 Wher wyth my meyne longe and many daye,
 I founde all thynge accordeynge to my paye,
 The wether lusty agreable and fayre.
 But who maye truste other winde or ayre,
 For vpon sayth of the synothe skye,
 Agayne to thynne false I gan me hys,
 Carped nought but toke anone the sea,
 Smyth and calme endurynge dayes thre,
 That in the wether founde was no lacke,
 But sodaynly the heauen tourneth blacke,
 The hidous tempest and the wawes grene,
 Out of hope haue me dysperred clene,
 Troubled my spyrite & made me so penliffe,
 Without refute to escape with the lyfe.
 Colled and dzyuen by many sundre yle.
 Tyll at the laste caste by at Ceryle,
 Recuringe lande with great annoye & payne,
 Where that tyme reigned kynges twayne.
 And as I can remembze doubtles,

The tone of theim called Sozpygines,
 Whiche vnto me full contrarious was.
 And the tother named Coclopas,
 Brethren of byrthe and in conclusion,
 Plike cruell of condycyon.
 For though my softe had shape for the nones
 Both twayne fell on me attones,
 Oppressinge in full great dystresse,
 Spoyled my shippes of treasure and richesse,
 And for pte liked not to spare,
 Till I was lesse destitute and bare,
 Of all my good alas my mortall chaunce.
 And most of all was to me greuaunce,
 Whe of my golde they maye no more restrayne
 They sent downe their mighty sones twayne
 Alipham that was ful large and longe,
 And Polipheme & mighty gianut stronge,
 Which on my me to auenge the wreful fame
 That they of them haue an hundred slayne,
 Disarayd to stande at diffence,
 And of malice with sodayne violence,
 They toke me for mischiefe almost lozne.
 And Alphenor mine owne brother swozne
 And hatefully as they haue vs founde,
 In chaynes caste and in stockes bounde,
 And after that plocked in prysion.
 And for to make platly mencyon.
 This mighty man this great Polyphe,
 A syster had thowthly for to deme,
 One of the fayrest that ever yet was bozne,
 She might in beaute sobe let asorne,
 Nature her gaue suche a prerogative,
 A cleane mayde sothly and no wyfe,
 Flouringe both in fayrenesse and bounte.
 Whom Alphenor when he did se,
 Althe he was fetred in prysion.
 For loue he losse wit and eke reason,
 And wer al mad so narrowe she did him binde
 Saue vpon her alway was his minde,
 And closed aye was his perillous wounde,
 And fixe monethes thus we laye bounde,
 Both he and I to save the platte trouth.
 Til Polipheme had vpon vs routh,
 And thowgh his grace and mediacion,
 He quyt vs fre out of that prysion.
 And thewed vs of mercy and pite,
 After our sorowe great humanite.
 But Alphenor plike of one entente,
 Was with the byonde of Cupide bent.

And

And felse his parte with many mortall fit
 Till he so wrought with his sorpyll wit.
 That on a night who was leef or lothe,
 He stole this mayde and his waye he gothe,
 Thowgh helpe of men with hym at that tyme
 But on the morowe at the houre of prime,
 Poliphemus gan vs for to sewe,
 Whose mighty hande we might not eschewe.
 And suche assaulte on vs they gan make,
 That of force they haue the mayde take,
 From Alphenor mauger all his rage.
 And Polipheme vnto my domage,
 With his knyghtes so sore vpon me laye,
 That I might vnneth scape awaye.
 To saue my selfe compassed enuyron,
 To death purlewed of that champpyon.
 But when I sawe there was no other gayne,
 To fle death thowthly for to sayne,
 While this gianut most fierly on me set,
 With my sworde out his eye I smet,
 And vnto ship with my compayne,
 I fled in haste that no man might espye.
 Where I became noz Alphenor my fere.
 And when the wawes gan for to clere,
 And gracious winde gan to vs awake,
 That countre we haue anone forlake,
 It was not holsome for vs to abyde.
 Bit of this man like as wyte Quide.
 Poliphemus the Giaunt out of dzead,
 Had an eye amid of his forhead
 Which Ulires smote out at a stroke,
 And like the browes of a branched oke.
 Was all his heye and his longe berde,
 On whom to loke childzen were aferde.
 And when that he had lost his syght,
 Amonge the hilles he runneth daye & night,
 In a rage to finde him some refuge,
 Caste rockes and great stones huge,
 On every parte enuyron the countre,
 On Ulires auenged for to be.
 Thus sayth Quide in conclusion,
 In his boke of transformatyon,
 Metamorphoseos there ye maye it se,
 When so euer that your leyser be,
 Ceryously the storie for to reade,
 And in my wytyng forth I will procede,
 How Ulires with face dead and pale,
 To ydume tolde forth his tale,
 Reherlinge thus supplied and awaked,

Fro Polipheme when we were escaped,
 Thowgh our unhappe and infelicyte,
 Into an yle middes of the sea,
 We were dyne when it gan to night.
 And Eldid that litell kingedome hight,
 Where that Circes the great enchauntresse,
 Thilke tyme was lady and goddesse,
 That could her crafte so wonderly pfourme,
 All sodaynly a man for to transforme,
 To haue the liknesse and lese his reason,
 Of Hozle, of Bere, Tygre or Lyon.
 Wolfe or fox or what her list deuise,
 Her dreaddful crafte was shapen in such wise.
 So mighty were her straunge porcions,
 Her letuaries and confections.
 And she also so fayre vpon to se,
 That tho her power no man might fle,
 For by the worke of this sorceresse,
 I was so founced vpon her fayrenesse,
 That fynally thus with me it stode,
 That all a yere I with her abode,
 And paynly had power none noz myght,
 For to deparie neyther daye noz night.
 So lusty was the life that I ladde,
 In whych tyme by me a childe she had,
 Right inly fayre and goodly to the syght,
 And Chelagonius in lothnesse he hight,
 Which afterwarde I wel reherse can,
 By procelle were a manly man.
 And by my subtyll secret prouidence
 Of her crafte I had experyence,
 That maugre her enchauntementes olde,
 I stole awaye the might me not holde.
 And fynally my fate to conclude,
 With my connyng her crafte I can delude,
 That with my men I escaped fro her hande,
 And went at large fre out of her lande.
 But all this thynge me litell did anayle,
 For on my waye as I gan to sayle,
 For all my sleight in a litell whyle,
 Phlowe was bp into an yle,
 Where Calipha syster to Circes,
 Was crownded quene & held her sceptre i peace
 Whose crattles were so mighty and so strong,
 Maugre my will she held me there ful longe,
 But she in sothe to speake of womanhede,
 Of bounte fredome and of goodlyhead,
 Surely had so soueraygne excellence,
 That mine abode to me was none offence.

But who soeuer therat crye or clappe,
At the laste I scaped fro her trappe,
And came to anyle ryght as anylne,
Which spereally throughe high power diuine,
Ordained is of poze by myracle,
As it were a spirituall oracle.
A man to haue in a temple there,
Sodayne answere of what him list enquire,
Of questions and demaundes all,
And of soules what shall eke befall,
When men are dead and grauen vnder stone.
And I gan are in the temple anone.
Mine auentures that should after seue,
And where a man might his fate elschewe,
And of all this like to mine entent,
I had aunswere full conuenient.
Saue what befalleth when a soule is gone,
Diffinicion vnto me was none,
Such thinge to asloyle accordeth not to right
It is reserued vnto goddes myght,
And exceedeth reason and wyt of man.
And fro thence forth to sayle I gan,
Diuen with wynde and no parte succoured.
Where I was lyke to haue be deuoured.
Of karibbes with his profounde well,
Where Syrines Merenaydens dwell,
That fro the brest with scales siluer shene,
Be of theyr shap fishes freshe and clene.
And ouermoze kinde doth compasse,
Them to appeare feminine of face,
Like birgins that were of nature,
Without spot vnde fouled pure,
And of custome in waues as they flete,
The songe of them is so heauenly swete,
So angelike and full of armonye.
That verily the sugred melodye,
Rauishe would any man alyue,
Of inly ioye almost his herte ryue,
Make a man of todayne high pleasure,
Forget him selfe and lese his remembraunce,
Deuoyde him clene from his owne thought,
Eyl vniwarely he be to mischiefe brought.
And with theyr songe or he take kepe,
He shall be brought in a moztall slepe,
And they anone yt maye not be withdraue,
Wil drench his shippe lowe vnder the wabue,
Thus the sweetenelle of theyr heauenly sowne
Bringeth a man to confusyon,
Who so euer by theyr bondes passe.

But with the lyfe I scaped by grace,
For mine eares with ware and goimmes clere
Were stopped so that I ne might heare,
Touche nor werble of theyr instrumentes,
Wherby the reason of a man blinded is.
And fynally throughe my subtyltee,
I and my men be elaped free,
Saylinge forth all mate of werinesse.
Till we came by with full great distresse,
At Phenice and toke anone the lande,
Caste anker and our shippes bande.
But sothly there it fell vs full vnfayre,
For the people cruell and contrayre,
Onely of malice fell on me anone,
And slewe my men almost euerychone,
Treasour and good litell that I had,
Was me beraste & all with the theyr ladde,
And fewe of them that were leste alone,
They toke them and put in prison bliue.
This hath fortune lad me on her daunce,
With litell ioye and plentye of mischaunce.
Of whose daunger learned and experte,
I am fall in mischiefe and pouerte,
And with great dole and sorowe full my brest
On sea and land by South and not by East,
I am come vnto your presence,
And haue declared playnly in sentence,
Min auentures to your worthinesse,
Of truste onely and of faythfulnesse,
That I haue to you in spereall,
And now I haue rehered and tolde all,
To your hyghnesse and my best wyse,
Without moze to me it doth suffyse.
And though in herte he was constrayned soz
Chilke tyme Ulices spake no moze,
But helde his peace ful heuy in lokinge.
And Pdmens like a gentyll kinge,
Comforted him all that euer he might,
And busly was his herte for to light,
And him besought his heuiness lete.
And as longe as hym lyst in Crete,
With him abide he made him suerte,
He should fare also as wel as he,
And not wante of what maye do him ease.
And when his sorowe some what gan apease,
That his rage dreyue vnto an ende,
Leue he toke and sayde he would wende,
Out of that lande home to his countre.
But fyrst the kinge of fredome and bounte,
Gaue

Gane vnto hym great rycheffe and arrape,
And what soeuer was to his paye,
Golde treasour and many other thinges.
And at partynge of these two kynges,
There were shippes when you list to sayle,
Redd stuffed with meyne and vitayle,
And thus Ulices gan him redy make.
And when he hath his leue fully take,
He hasted him and toke anone the sea,
And gan to sayle towarde his countre.
But fyrst he wente to kinge Alphenon,
Whych passingly had affection,
To se Ulices at his home comynge.
And despyous ouer all thyng,
To haue of him newly acqweyntaunce,
For vnto him was inly great pleasure,
To heare him talke for his eloquence,
For his wisdom and his high prudence,
And there he was after all his sinerte,
Receyved playnly with as glad an herte,
As euer yet was anymaner man,
Sithen tyme that the worlde began.
And to encrease of his felypete,
There herde me first of Penelopee,
His trewe wife without spot of blame,
Of whom yet grene is the noble fame,
Which from her lord for all his longe absce,
In thought nor dede neuer did offence.
But sothly was both in chere and dede,
Througheout Grece example of womanhede,
And yet was she as bokes lyst expresse,
Througheout þ world myrrour of fayrenesse,
And amonge Grekes bozne of hyst blode,
Called of Auctours both fayre and good.
And yet saye bokes of her doubtes,
Was neuer none that had so great pzele:
But she her kepte chaunginge for no newe,
Vnto her lord euer plyke trewe,
Of herte aye one not parted into twayne,
That she is called quene and soueraygne,
Of wisely trouthe in this bokes olde.
And ofte I finde her herte would colde,
She tourne pale fro her lord so ferre,
In her cloiet to heare of the werre,
Of drede she had and for feare eke quake,
Of fantasies for her lordes sake,
For his absence both eue and moztowe,
Was death vnto her and impoitable sorowe,
And aye in sothe for ioye or any game,

When it fell the herde Hector's name,
In any place anone she fell a swoone,
And gan her selfe in teares drowne,
Of womanhead so she was aferde,
To heare the slaughter of his moztall swerde
Lest her lord of knyghtly surquedrye,
Had of fortune fall in leopardye,
Of hap or sorte to a mette that worthy knight
That sold or neuer she felte her herte lyght.
And many dreame on nightes did her gaste,
All the while that the siege laste.
And euery playe was benym in her syght,
When that she was from her owne knight.
For in this worlde ioye had she none,
Of high nor lowe playnly but of one,
For whose sake all myrth the refuseth,
And who so be that in his herte mufeth,
Of any woman any thinge but good,
Of melancolye moved in his bloud,
Let him aduerte of wysedome and psee,
And remembre on Penelopee,
For his deserte lest that he be blamed.
And oh Guido thou shouldst be ashamed,
To saye of wibes any thinge but wele,
For in good fayth as ferre as I can fele,
Though one or two do amonge offence.
She that is good throughe her prouidence,
Is therof nothinge for to wite,
And though Guido in his bokes endite.
The barpaunce of Helepe or Criseyde,
Of Medea that for sorowe deyde,
Let the agayne of ryght and equitye,
The wisely trouthe of Penelopee.
The maydenhode of yonge Polycene,
And the goodnesse of Decuba the quene,
Of Cassandra eke the stedfastnesse,
And with all this take the vnkindnesse,
Of Pantaspyl withoute variaunce,
And put all this togyther in balauce,
And ye shall finde if ye lyst accounte,
Maugre who grutcheth trouthe that surmount
I dare affirme and beare the pzele,
There will no man replye that is wise,
He were to feble in his oppinion.
And while Ulices was with Alphenon,
It was to him made relacyon,
Of an hatefull conspiracyon,
That certayne lordes enuyron his countre,
Rauishe would his quene Penelopee.

Augre all tho that were there agayne.
 Albe that she was euer plyke playne,
 In her trouth she faste as a wall,
 Yet they haue caste platly that she shall,
 Be take of force it maye not be elchewed,
 But it so be in haste she be refused,
 For they them caste the time not aourne,
 For daye and night with her they soourne.
 Inly in herte for loue difamayde,
 But of wisdom she hath them so belayde,
 There was none so manly nor so sage,
 That could of her get auauntage.
 So aduys she was in her workynge.
 And when Ulixes conceyeth all this thinge
 And fully knewe by open euydence,
 And had also in speyall credence,
 Sente vnto him fro Penelope,
 The matter holt declaringe in secretee,
 His owne sonne Chelamonijs,
 He were in herte wood and furpous,
 And would make no dylarcon.
 But in all haste befoughte Alphenon,
 The mighty kinge of his high bounte,
 To releue him in his aduersyte,
 And that he would through his mighty hade,
 Of gentillesse conuey him to his lande.
 He graunteth him and saye not ones naye,
 And both two in ful great araye,
 Toke the sea when the winde was good,
 Well fortun'd for nothinge them withstode.
 They be arriued and had no lettynge,
 Where Ulixes as ye haue herde was kinge,
 And secretly in a night they were conueyed,
 To them that haue his liganee disobeyed,
 And mercies of they might awake,
 In theyr beddes they haue them all take,
 Makynge no prolongynge tyll on the morowe
 But in all haste for no tought durst the morowe
 Smet of theyr heades by iudgement fynall,
 And set them vpon the castell wall,
 Eueriche by other endlonge the rowe,
 Upon the toure when the cocke gan crowe,
 And thus all nyght they kept them selfe close,
 Till that Phobus merfly arose,
 In the Orient when the lark longe,
 And tho these kinges to theyr meyne ströge,
 Freshly besene entre the cete,
 Who was so glad but Penelope,
 Who made ioye but this goodly quene,

Full despyous her owne lord to fene.
 But if I should all in ordre sette,
 The great myrthe they made when they met,
 Make reherfayle of complayntes olde.
 And how they gan theyr hertes to vnfolde,
 Eche to other and lyst nothinge concele,
 And the gladnesse that they inly fele,
 If I shulde put all in memozye.
 The reioyng and the herte glozye,
 That his lyes made at his comynge.
 The cosse eke they had at his metynge,
 The giffes great and ptesentes ryche,
 In all this worlde I trowe none plyche,
 It were to longe tarynge for my boke.
 And how that he newe assuraunce toke,
 Of his lordes and lyes all,
 And how that they to his grace fall,
 The cheare he made eke to Alphenone,
 Of gentylnesse through his high renoune.
 And how the daughter inly debonayze,
 Of Alphenon Pausica the fayze,
 By Ulixes medycarcon,
 Pwedded was vnto Chelamon,
 Bozne by discent there may no man saye nay,
 To reioyce his crowne after his daye.
 And thus came in by his puruepaunce,
 Of two regnes the myghty allyaunce,
 And how all this brought was to the knotte,
 When would deme playnly me to sette,
 To presume of oppnyon,
 For to delate a descriptyon.
 Sythen Gydo touchinge but the chiefe,
 In this matter of stile was but bryfe.
 Shortly reherfynge how kinge Alphenon,
 Repeyred is home to his regyon,
 And Ulixes in his chiefe crite,
 Abode styll with Penelope.
 Where I him leue in ioye and in solace,
 Till Atropos liketh to purchase,
 For to fyche fynally the date,
 The threde to vntwine of his liues fate,

How the translatour wyrteth the stocke of
 Pirchus by lyneall dyscent, and how his fa-
 ther hight Pellenus, and his graundmother
 called Chetydes. Ca. xxxviii.

Now must I full busy be a while,
 To directe the traces of my stile,
 In discerninge shortly of entente,
 The stocke of Pirchus by lyneall
 discente,
 Whyn Auctour folowe and be compendions.
 Whose olde father bryght Pellenus
 His graundmother called Chetydes,
 Of whych two came worthy Achilles,
 That at Troye by treason lost his lyfe.
 And Dardanica called was his wyfe,
 Pirchus mother and doughter as I reade
 Vnto the kynge called Lychomedz,
 Hauinge a father that Atastus hight,
 Whych in sothnesse all that euer he myght,
 Bare heany herte to kinge Pellenus,
 To Achilles and also to Pirchus,
 To all the kyn playnly on that side,
 And of malpce rancour and of pyde,
 And of enye in an hatefull rage.
 When Pellenus fall was in age,
 He beraste him both sceptre and crowne,
 And from his see lowe alight him downe,
 And into exyle awayle maye no styffe,
 He made him go with Chetydes his wyfe.
 Of high iudapne gayne maye no grace.
 And in his herte gan daye and night copace,
 The death of Pirchus kepe him if ye can.
 And therupon maliciously began,
 To shape a waye by awayte linge,
 Him for to sle at his home comynge.
 But this Pirchus from his treynes free,
 Many daunger escaped of the sea,
 Many walwe and many tempest wood,
 With great losse both of men and good,
 At Malasus alderfyrst gan londe,
 A stronge crite a lyell from the stronde,
 Where that he was refrethed wonder wel,
 And there he knewe grounde and euerydele,
 Fyfte of Cheryle lyke as men him tolde,
 Of Chetides and Pellenus the olde,
 And how Atastus bare to him hatrede,
 Vnto the death wherof he gan drede,
 And thought he would as he was right wyse

By some engyne eschewe his malpce,
 And therupon do his busy payne.
 Now had Atastus other sonnes twayne,
 Chenalippus and Polistenes,
 And a daughter pralled Chetydes.
 And all this whyle woofull Pellenus,
 In a castell olde and rypnoug,
 With Chetydes full of sorowe and care,
 For drede of death daye and night gan dare,
 Dispeyred in his vntweldy age,
 Recure to fynde of this moztall rage,
 Except that he had an hope of roze,
 That Pirchus shoulde helpe him and restoze
 At his repery when so that it fall.
 After whose comynge often he gan call,
 The tyme curse that he so longe abode.
 But when Pirchus all this vnderstode,
 At Malasus by rclacowne,
 Ful faste he gan haste out of the towne.
 Toke the sea and fast gan him hie,
 Towarde the lande called Chelaple.
 Of entent to make ordynaunce,
 On Atastus for to do vengeaunce,
 But alder fyrst this Pirchus ful prudent,
 Eppes twayne he tofore hath sent,
 To Chelaple forth togyther gone.
 And Crilippus named was the tone,
 And Adastus named was his fere,
 They were expert them nedeth not to fere,
 In whose exployte to moze auauntage.
 This Pirchus hath dyrted his messlage,
 Of Chelaple to a cytesyne,
 Called Asandrus a maner chamberlayne,
 With Pellenus and whilom ful secree,
 While he was flourynge in seplepree,
 And when Pirchus in conclusyon,
 Knewe all the sothe by rclacpon,
 On sea nor lande hym ne lyst to tarye,
 Albe that he founde the winde contrarye,
 But he escaped many dreddful soundes;
 Of Chelaple approacheth to the boundes,
 For Colus that his lust obeyed,
 And of fortune wonderly conueyed,
 He drynen was as it were by grace,
 So arriue in the same place,
 Where Pellenus in a doleful caue,
 For drede of death laye him selfe to saue,
 Sole saue his wife withouten any feres,
 Enclosed with bushes and with bzatres,

And Pirthus there went by fpyt to londe,
Sole by hym selfe walkynge on the stonde,
Penfise and trist and his waye toke,
Where Pelles in a caue quoke,
Hauynge with him tho no other guyde,
Sawe his sworde hangynge by his syde,
And vnwarely with a dreadfull herte,
Pelles out of the caue sterte,
Dismaide of his life in doubte,
When he behelde a knight there walke about,
And astoned abode and stode ful styll
Pmagyninge that he sawe Achille,
By this Pirthus stondynge in the place,
By all the sygnes shewed in his face,
For nature without barpaunce,
Made them so like of cheare and countenance
Of fourme of shape and lunnys euerychone,
That difference in effect was none.
And Pelles without longer space,
Gan anone Pirthus to embrace,
And enbrayde out of his deadly thoughte,
And for ioye let all his sorowe at nought,
And gan to him by and by declare,
Both his eryle and his euyl fare,
His pteous lyfe his pouerte and mischaunce,
And fortunes false barpaunce,
And of Atastus the feruent hoothe enuie,
The cruelte and the tyrannye,
Ceriously he tolde Pirthus all,
And he full sobze stode still as a wall,
With face pale and in herte wrothe,
Specheles to thyp agayne he goth,
And there he was enformed doubtles,
That Menalippus and Polistenes,
And Atastus together all thze.
With huge arape and a great meyne,
The same daye ful surquedous of pryde,
Hunte in a forest lytell there besyde,
And when Prythus therof toke good hede,
Without abode chaunge gan his wede,
Ful porely rent and dismayde,
Like a man that were dysarayde,
Gyfte with his sworde made no delaye,
But to the forest toke the right waye,
Sole by hym selfe without companie,
So secretly that no man might elype.
And as he drough many diuers boundes,
He herde hornes uncouplinge of houndes,
And like a man that list make his mone,

For fygth of folke he dreme him aye alone,
And casuallly disseuered fro the prele.
Firste he met with Polistenes,
Menalippus ridynge by his syde,
And both two on Pirthus gan abyde,
And boytously of him to enquire,
For when he came and also what he were,
So febtly cladde and of so pore estate,
Walkynge there as he were desolate,
And lowly he of chere and countenance,
Styll and humble in his daliaunce,
Answered agayne and sayde how that he,
Fozdriven was with myschiefe of the sea,
And assured pale and nothynge redde,
His felowship drowned was and dead,
Fue hundred the watres were so rage,
Of olde and ponge and of mydell age,
And he escaped the tempest was so rife,
As he them tolde bnneth with the life.
And ouermoze he tolde them platlye,
Touchynge his birthe that he was a greke,
And went there destitute of ioye,
Late come fro the siege of Troie,
And besought them towerde his luyng,
To helpe him with some refreshynge,
As him that had cattell lost and good,
Like as they sawe naked as he stode,
Prayynge also in hope it should auayle,
Him to releue with clothynge and bytyle,
To his refute some what to prouide.
And they bad him that he should abide,
For they wyll wytte playnly what he can,
And that while beside them there ran,
A full great harte downe by the ryuer.
And Menalippus prycked his courser,
As it seemed it was to him dewe,
Through thynne and thicke onely to pursue
He spareth not but alwaye after rode,
And his brother with Pirthus stil abode,
Polistenes and toke of it no hede,
But in all haste alight fro his stede,
On the grene to reste him there belyde,
As he that was wepy for to ryde,
Without meyne beyuge him selfe sole,
Lystynge of Pirthus pcomplaynt and the dole
But sodaynly of he might aduerte,
Cruell Pirthus ran him to the herte,
And leste him dead lyng on the playne.
When Menalippus reperyed was agayne,
Seynge

Seynge his brother bakynge in his bloud.
And Pirthus este furpous and wood,
With a face of coloure pale and wan,
To Menalippus in his eye ran:
And slewe him eke or that he toke hede,
And thus they laye on the grounde and blde,
The brythren two with the Pirthus sworde y-
And he anone asyde gan him drawe. (slawe.
Metyng a knight were it of softe, or rafe,
As sayth the storye called Cinaras,
Of whom Pirthus gan in haste to enquire,
Whose man he was or what he maketh therc.
To whom he sayde withouten taryng,
He seruauit was with the myghty kinge,
Called Atastus lorde of that countre.
And Pirthus tho of deadly enemyte,
With cruell sworde al ferche a red of bloud,
Ran him through out as any Lyon wood,
And after that the foze he fozloke,
And in all haste the ryght waye he toke,
To shippe agayne pale and blacke of hewe,
And gan anone to arraye him newe,
All in purple whych as clerkes telles,
For kinges is and for no wyght elles.
And then Pirthus freche and well beleyne,
To the forest reperyed is agayne.
Where sodaynly of hap in his walkynge,
In thozte while he meteth wyth the kyng,
Olde Atastus that asked of Pirthus,
What man art thou that by thy selfe thus,
Disconsolate here walkest to and fro.
Certes quod Pirthus full of sorowe & wo.
Jnly supplyed of herte complaynyng,
One of the sonnes to Priamus the kyng,
I lately was now out of memozye.
Sith Trojans sal that whilom was in glozy
Now refeweles and into mischiefe brought,
Thus walke I sole full of care and thoughte,
Farre in eryle out of Troie towne,
With cruell Pirthus to liue in prison,
Bounde into him though me be full lorhe,
My hande assured with ful many othe,
To serue his lust aye in capturyte,
Lo here is all thus standeth it with me,
Atastus tho of full entencion,
After many an other questyon,
Enquered of him as in his daliaunce,
If he ought knewe of Pirthus goniernance
Or if that he could ought vnderstande,

Where he him kept sith he came to lande.
Pwille quod he if ye list him haue,
He kepeth him close lo in yonder cane.
Amonge bzulthayle with a shrouded face,
Makynge a signe to the same place.
And all was done for an ydell mase,
For while the kyng thitherwarde gan gase,
Hasty Pirthus gan his sworde outdrawe,
In purpose fully Atastus to haue slawe,
But wonderly the storye can you lere,
Quene Chetides d d anone appere,
Albe terged with teares on her face,
And gan the sworde of Pirthus to embrate,
Prayynge him his deadly hande restrayne.
Hast thou not killed my pong brythren two y
And now alas my father hoze and graye,
Mercurles fro me wilt take awaye.
But by the sworde and no bloud ne shede,
And haue some pytye vpon thy kynrede,
And do aduerte clerely to the frye,
How thou art come of the same line,
And hatefull is v ho so ran loke aryght.
Unkinde bloud in eucry mannes sight.
And Prythus tho as any Tregre wrothe,
Asserme gan with many sacred othe,
That who so grutche or agaynst playne,
He shall hym sle with his handes twayne.
For hath not he by falle extorcion,
But Pelles out of his ryggon,
Whyche is your lorde and ye his frewe wyfe,
That fynally he shall lese his lyfe,
And here anone of myne handes deye,
In this matter there is no moze to seye,
And Pelles darynge in the caue,
But ye of grace lyse his lyfe satie,
All other helpe platly is for nought.
Thus Pelles anone forthe brought,
Croked and olde vnweidy eke to se,
And tofoze Prythus fell downe on hys kne,
Besekynge hym wyth a pyteous face,
At hys request take hym to hys grace.
And that he wolde in his manly herte,
Goodly beholde the deadly wo and smerte,
Of Atastus and the mostall payne,
That he tho hadde for his sonnes twaine.
Whiche say dead tofoze hym on the grene,
Slaine with your sword p is so sharpe & kerie
Which he ne may recure in no wyfe.
The sorow of which ought ynough suffre.
D. d. i. Though

Though ye on hym do no moze vengeaunce.
All this well pseyd iustly in balaunce,
Sith he is hooly submytted to your myghte,
Taketh now him to mercy anone ryght,
And let your sworde his age not consume,
This my request as I dare presume.

And then Pirrhys shortly for to sayne,
When he had put by his sword agayne
Seynge mercy myght him most auayle,
Without wordes or any reherfale,
Fyfte of all tofore them euerychone,
The kynges made accorden into one.
By his wyldome concludynge by in dede,
That eche of them shuld his right possede,
In Thesalye parted into twayne.
That neyther had matter to complayne,
Eueryche to reygne in his dewe see,
And while they were togyther all thye,
Out of presence of any other man,
Atastus fyfte thus his tale began.
Syrres quod he to you is not unknowe,
How through my age I am now brought so
And through natures kindly motion, (lowe.
Am wored feble of wyt and of reason.
Beynge unweleby of my tymmes all.
So many peares are vpon me fall.
And can vnneth any thinge discerne,
To feble in sothe a kyngdome to gouerne.
Of lyfe nor death takynge now no hede,
Sith that my sonnes slayne be and dead.
And sole lesse now withouten heyre,
Of worldly luste fully in dispeyre.
The tyme passed of my felcyppe.
Fortunes tourne with mutabyltye,
Hathe taughte me playnlye I dare it well ex-
In worldly ioye there is no spernelle, pzeffe,
Nor very truste no while to abyde.
But I wyll now for my selfe prouyde,
And in all haste by prudent purueaunce,
He clere discharge from all gouernaunce,
I gayne my sozte me list not maligne.
But sceptre and crowne frely I resigne,
Of Thesalye the lordship and the lande,
Of my fre will hole into thy hande.
There shall no man reclayne nor saye naye.
Interrupte nor make no delaye,
Touching this thinge by no conclusyon,
For I the put full in possession,

And hereupon of all that euer he abyde
Makynge full faryth his hand in his he lapde.
Quene Thetides fytyng there pzeffent,
And Pelles of the same entent,
Unto Pirrhys for his purpartye,
Resygnd eke his ryght of Thesalye.
Fully affermyng that of yore ago,
His full desyre and his ioye also.
Was euer in one his neuewe to succede.
As ryghtfull heyre his kyngdome to possede,
And bitterly without repentaunce,
All that belongeth vnto my lyegeaunce,
Sceptre and sworde crowne and byademe,
So as a kynges lyfe and death to deme,
Into thy hande without longer date,
This same houre holy to translate.
And when the knot of this conuencion,
Was fully brought to this concluson.
Perfourned by hole the byrte,
For euermoze atwene these kynges thye.
Atastus knyghtes disceuerd enuyroune,
Out of the forest be descended downe.
And by byddynge platly of theyr lord,
They were echone sworne to this accorde,
And attones this lusty companye,
To Thesalye fast gan them hie.
And Pirrhys folke lyng on the sea,
Be sayled forth the streight to the Cypre.
And Atastus doth fyte a parliament,
Where openly he gaue commaundement.
That all his lieges of hygh or lowe estate,
Without strife or any moze debate,
Specially of gentyll bloud yborne,
The same daye to Pirrhys to be swozne.
Like theyr degrees in the royall hall.
To perseuer his trewe lieges all.
Durynge theyr lyfe for earnest or for game.
And Pelles commaunded hath the same,
For his partye without any fraude,
And thus with ioye and with solempne laude
Pirrhys was of euery maner age,
Gladly accepted to his heritage.
And on a daye fortunate and good,
With glad aspectes when the heuen stode,
Well accordynge to such maner thinge,
Worthy Pirrhys was perownd kinge,
Of Thesalye the riche reggon.
It were but bayne to make mencion,
Of theyr reuell nor theyr great arraye,

For

For of the feast made the same daye,
Eke in the story I fynde it not in sothe.
I wyll passe ouer as mine auctour dothe,
Sawe in his booke as it is speccyfed,
That the kyngdome was fer magnetyfed,
Of Thesalye by purffauce and might,
Of this Pirrhys whylom so good a knight,
Where I hym leaue in his royall see.
Courynge agayne to kynges ydume,
Which in this while ygraue was vnder stone.
And after hym hys sonne Myerpyone,
The story saith was crowned king of Crete,
That but atwhyle repynge in equyte,
Dyed also it wolde be none other,
And than in hast Leozica hys brother,
As rightfull heyre by successyon,
Was crowned kinge of that reggon.
In which tyme Atastus out of drede,
By thassent of Pirrhys as I rede,
Full busy was to make in speccyal,
A ryche tounbe passynghly royall,
Where buried were with full huge pzeffe.
Menalippus and Polytenes,
That both two were in the forest slawe,
Though Pirrhys swerde by full cruell lawe.
Of them can I none other procelle make,
But euen there fully my tale I take,
Of them bothe and also eke yfere,
Of Atastus theyr owne father dere.
Of whome sothly for all hys lockes hoze,
In Troie booke rede I can no moze.
But now must I again to Pirrhys wende
To wyte of him the sozpe wofull ende,
Which whan he sat highest in his see,
Made full blinde with wayne prosperyte,
Gouerning tho the lande of Thesalye.
There hym betrydde to fall in fantasie,
And to sette hys loue on Hermyon the quene,
Hozestes wyfe reynynge in Methene.
For whome he bent hote as any fyre.
And in fulfylling of hys foule desyre,
His purpose hole thus he brought aboute,
Her rauyngh while her lord was oute,
Tholed hir home and helde her as his wyfe,
Semyng to hym it was a blyssfull lyfe,
And full relese of his paynes smerte.
Of whiche Hozestes bare full heuy herte,
And caste hym playnely auenged for to be,
Whan he therto hath oppoztunte,

And for that tyme though he susteined wrong
He was to feble & Pirrhys was to strong.
Whiche helde also in storye it is tolde,
Andromecha with hym in his houtholde.
Hector's wyfe by whom whylom she had,
A lytell chyld whiche with hir the ladde,
The sege complete and destrucitiuone,
Whan she was brought out of Troie towne.
Laomedonte I fende was his name,
Encresynge after to full worthy fame.
And by this Pirrhys she had a sonne also.
Achylleydos so calleth hym Gydo,
And these women for all theyr great estate
Atwene them selfe amonge were at debate.
And Hermyone with yre full hote,
In complayning thus to her father wrote,
That her fere for all her hygh degre,
Andromecha was cherished better than she.
Of kynges Pirrhys befechyng Henelay,
Hym to enhaste in al that he maye.
And come hym selfe, anone that it were do,
To flea this woman and her childe also.
That naught he abode but fastgan hym hie,
In all heate his forwarde Thesalye,
To be avenged with his swerde of stele,
On her that herein fauleth neuer addele,
But maugre hym in all his cruelte,
She was reskewed amydd of the Cite.
It is a thyng which hath not be herde,
To a woman a kyng to draw hys swerde.
I wyll no moze in hys matter dwelle,
In maner thamed it to wyte or telle.
But this was done while Pirrhys of courage
To Delos was gone was on his pilgrimagi
Hauinge with him but a litell route,
To Apollo there knele and to loute,
For the soule to praye of him Achylle.
And hys bowes also to fulfille,
And hym to thanke with hygge afferpon,
Of good exployte he hadde at Troie towne,
And for the wyche also that was take,
At the Cypre for hys fathers sake.
But all this thinge here yspccified.
Kinge Hozestes weryly hath espyed,
And to Delos haste the full ryght,
Ledinge with him many a lusty knight.
And vnwarely there with Pirrhys mette,
And vengeably he vpon hym sette.
That synally in that straunge lande,

D.ii.

Hozestes

Hoestes slewe him with his owne hande,
 I fynde in sothe he made no diffence,
 So sodayne was the mortall byolence,
 Of his enuye he could not avertere,
 For o that he his sworde myght aduerte,
 He was on him enuyzon all beset,
 Thilke tyme it myght be no bet,
 For there was nother locour nor declyne.
 Thus was Pirrhys brought to his fine,
 Late crowned kinge of Chelalye,
 Lo here the guerdon of auoutrye,
 Lo how the mede and rewarde is ful rife,
 To misuse an other mannes wife,
 It is no drede folowe shall vengeaunce,
 Sodayne death or viware myfchaunce,
 Which euery man greatly ought charge,
 And in Delos in a temple large,
 Kinge Pirrhys was locked vnder stone.
 And hoestes furth his waye is gone,
 And by force gat his wyfe agayne,
 There was no wight durst him tho twayne,
 And to Methene proudly is reperyed,
 And Chelalye piteously dispeyed,
 Desitute as they that can no reade,
 When they wist theyr worthy king was dead
 And heyre was none by succession,
 To governe that noble regyon,
 Saue Achilleydos that but litell afozne,
 In Pirrhys absence was in Grece bozne,
 Fully of age not a quarter cleane.
 The youth of whom sothly was to grene,
 Who lyst consyde and to tender of myght,
 Full many daye to reioyce his ryght,
 And to governe with Sceptre in his hande,
 The large boundes of so great a lande.
 And yet this childe likly and right fayre,
 In very sothe was bozne to be hyre,
 After Pirrhys this the trouthe playne,
 There was no man that lyst it withsaine.
 But I fynde when he came to age,
 He resygned hole his herpytage,
 To his brother frely and his ryght,
 Lamedowne a wonder manly knight,
 That was descended of Troyanthe bloud,
 Downe fro the stock of him that was so good,
 Flourde of knighthod diffence of Frygga,
 That him begat on Andromecha,
 Dwynded nowe who so grutche or frobne,
 Of Chelalye for to beare the crowne.

And whan he was made lord of that lande,
 And all was frely resygned to his hande.
 He hath comaunded no man dare reple,
 Through the kyngdome of all Chelalye,
 That all that were in captiuitie,
 Or prysoners of Troie the Cyte,
 For loue or hate exceptyon was none,
 That all shulde at their large gone.
 By full assent of Achilleydos,
 And suche as were eke in pryson close,
 Without raunsome shall deliuered be.
 And reioyse the full lyberte,
 By custome bled both in borough and towne
 Of the lpeges of that great regyon.
 And thus the folke y came thaille fro Troie,
 Restored be sodaynely to ioye,
 By Lamedowne and ymade free.
 And he eke repyneth in his royall sea,
 Full myghtly as I haue made mynde,
 In Troie boke no more of hym I fynde.
 For of Pirrhys nor of his kynrede,
 Fro henseforth I can no processe reade.
 But incydentes that beare no substaunce,
 Whiche were but bayne to put in remembrance
 Except myne auctour I note to what entent,
 Here in peth in me a littell incydent,
 Pwrought and done of full poze agone.
 Touchyng the death of kyng Menon.
 Whyche by enuye of cruell Achilles,
 Was slayne in soth amonge Prymydones.
 Onely for he prondely gan pursewe,
 Upon Achilles Troilus to reskue.
 Whom kyng Pirram made buryed be,
 Besyde Troilus in Troie the cyte,
 In a temple bylde of marbell olde.
 And to what fyne this tale is tolde,
 In this Chapitle I shall reherse anone.

The noble quene of this kyng Menon,
 After the tyme longe and many day,
 That she was deade and grauen vnder claye
 At the tounbe heuenly gan appere.
 Albe set with byrght sterres clere.
 Whose symplytude for to reken all,
 Was lyke a thyng that were immortall.
 That no man myght vterly sustene,
 To beholde of loke she was so thene,
 Downe descendyng fro the pyramment.
 Full many man beyng there present,

Clade

Clade in a mantell ful celestyall.
 And of her porte passyngly royall,
 With swetenesse freshe as any rose,
 Made in all haste the tombe to vncluse,
 Of her lord and taketh out the bones.
 And in a chest made of golde and stones.
 She couched them as fast as euer she maye.
 Dispeyed and went anone her waye.
 And tofore that nor after in certayne,
 In that place she was neuer sayne,
 Some affermyng as by lyklynesse,
 She was other aungell or goddesse.
 The soule or fate of the same kyng,
 I can not deme in suche heauenly thyng.
 For therein holde none opynon,
 For it transcendeth shortly my reason,
 And me lyst not in suche matter dysfyne,
 But reioyce ryght as any lyne,
 To Alirex and a while dwell,
 Of his ende the surplus for to tell.
 And how that he myght not escape,
 The parodye that was for hym shape,
 For Parchas haue his last terme sette,
 And Atropos mesured out and mette,
 His liues threde on the rocke sponne,
 Dissende thy selfe Alirex if thou konne.
 Shewe thy manhode and not be aferde,
 And be twelfare of thy sonnes sworde.
 For I shall nowe like as I amwonte,
 Sharpe my penne both rude and blonte,
 To descriue the fine of thy sojoure,
 Upon the boundes set of my laboure,
 For almost twery weake and faynt ynough,
 Be the beastes and oxen of my plough.
 The longe daye agayne the hyll to wende,
 But almost now at the landes ende.
 Of Troie booke fyche I wyll a stake,
 Saue I must spende a fewe lynes blake,
 The laste chapter shortly to translate.
 Of all this woike and ymper in the date,
 Of that daye death sette on him areste,
 Full execute by him he loued best.

Lowe on my knees now must I loue.
 To this god that maketh men to route,
 And causeth folkes to haue glad sweteness,
 Both on morowe and on lusty euenes,
 When Morpheus with slepy wande,
 Which that he holdeth allwaye in his hande,

Hath marked them agayne the nyght,
 To make men both mery and lyght.
 And some whyle to haue gladnesse.
 And sodeynly to falle in heauynesse,
 Lyke as to them he grutche euynce,
 By sondry signes in his apparence,
 Unto that lord now must I mekely preyre,
 At this tyme my stile to conueye.
 Of Alirex the dreame to discryue,
 The laste of all he had by his lyne.
 Declaryng hym by tokens full notable,
 And by signes very demonstrable.
 As he slepte agayne the pale mone,
 His satall day that shulde folowe soone,
 For it fell thus as he abedde laye,
 After mydnyght tofore the morowe graye.
 Hym thought he sawe appeare a creatre,
 To his syght celestyall of fygure.
 None erthly thyng but very deupne,
 Of porte and chere wonder fempnyne.
 And as hym sempte in his fantasie,
 Lyke a thyng sent out of fayre,
 For the beaute of her goodly face,
 Recomforted playnely all the place.
 Most surmountyng and most souerayne,
 And the clerenesse of her eyen twayne.
 All sodeynly or men myght aduerte,
 Perce woulde euen to the herte,
 Defence none myght be deupled.
 And Alirex with her loke suppyled,
 Can her beholde alwaye moze and moze,
 And in his slepe for to syghe soze,
 Persyng aye with full busy peyne,
 Her to enbrace in his armes twayne.
 But aye the moze that he gan pursue,
 She agaynewarde gan hym to eschewe.
 And aye the moze he preyed her to se,
 Aye the moze from hym she gan to flee.
 So contrayre to hym was fortune.
 And whan she sawe he was importune,
 She asked hym shortly what he wolde.
 And he to her the platte trouthe tolde.
 Certes quod he my lynes Emperysse,
 Where that ye be woman or goddesse,
 I can not deme nor iudge halfe a ryght.
 I am so derked and bynded in my syght.
 But I dare well affyrme in this place,
 My lyfe my deth stande hooly in your grate,
 More of mercy requyryng than of ryght,

To

To rewe on me which am your owne knight,
And of your pyte and compassyon,
Goodly to se to my saluacyon,
For my desyre but I maye fulfill,
This same night to haue of you my wyll,
To my recure I can no remedye,
For lacke of routhe but nedely I must dye,
Now haue I all atwore hope and drede,
My selfe declared to your womanhead.
And after that she kept her close a while,
And tho full sadly gan on him to smyle,
And as it put is in remembraunce,
Sayde vnto him with sobze countenaunce,
Sothly quod the this thine affection,
Would fully tourne to the confusion,
As of vs both so it is perellous,
So inly mortall and contagious,
That bitterly there gayne may no reade,
But one of vs must anone be dead.
This is the fyne of the hateful chaunce,
That folowe should after our pleasaunce.
And as Ulires gan to nighen nere,
Beholdinge aye on her the heauenty cheare,
Where as the stode by right on the grunde,
He sawe her holde a spere longe and rounde,
The head therof all of bozned stele,
Forged newe and grounde wonder wele,
And therupon in his auislowne,
He sawe a baner blasynge by and doctone,
The felde therof all of coloure ynde,
Full of fythes beaten as I fynde.
And in some bokes like as it is tolde,
In the middes a large crowne of golde,
And oz that she tourne gan her face,
Lykly anone to parte out of the place,
She spake to him & sayd in wordes playne,
This is full token of partynge of vs twayne,
For euermore and este for lowe ne swete,
After this daye neuer agayne to mete.
And disaperynge anone her leue she toke,
And after that he sodainly awoke,
And gan to musen in his fantaspe,
What maner thing this dreame might sygnefy,
But where it mente other euill oz good,
The secretnesse he tho not vnderstode,
For it surmounted sothly his reason,
Therefore he sente throughout his region,
For suche as were subtil expostours,
Of fate oz fortune oz crafty dyuinours,

For all the clerkes subiect to his crowne,
To assemble in one his sweuen to expowne.
And when they knewe by informacyon,
The maner hole of his auision,
They byn concluded accordyng as in one.
The tyme approacheth and shall come anone,
That one that is the next of his kinrede,
With a spere shulde make his herte blede.
Let se where he his fate gan remewe,
Sith it is harde destinye teshewe,
As sape tho folke in theyr opinion,
That worke and trust on constellacion.
And Ulires musynge on this tale,
Chaungeth coloure and gan to wereen pale.
Wonder dreddfull and full of fantaspes,
Gan in him selfe to seke out remedies,
A waye to boyde thinge that will not be.
He stareth brode but he maye not se,
His inwarde loke was with a cloude yblent.
But weninge he for to be prudent,
Shade call to hym his soune Chelamon,
And to be take and set by in pylon,
He supposynge fully in his witte,
From all mischief therby to go quite,
He not aduerteth noz ne toke none hede,
To the sharpenesse of his speares head,
For to the fythes in the baner beate,
For of the sea wherein they swimme and flete
For of the quene that called is Circes
That signes brought of wer & not of peace,
For of the crowne token of dignyte,
Of one that holde shall his royall see,
Waltryng amid the waves both fell & woo
Amonge the fythes in the large floud,
And he shall make the ful diuision,
To fore remembred in the auision,
Agayne his will of very ignoraunce,
And execute the fatall purgynce.
Up of the dreame with his spere of stele,
Whych Ulires conspydeth neuer a dele,
For to no wyght hath susperton,
But to his soune called Chelamon,
That closed is and set by in a towre.
And Ulires with cosse and great labour,
For daye to daye doth his busynesse,
For hym selfe to make a forteresse,
Wylte on a rocke of lime and square stones,
Depe ditched about for the nones,
That no man maye enter on no syde.

Where

Where as he casteth all hys lyfe to abyde,
With certayne men chosen in speccall,
Night and daye to wathe vpon the wall.
That no maner wyght shulde haue none en-
But it so falle that he be aye secree, (tree,
And knowen of olde & to counsaile swozne.

Now as y stozy reherced hath to forne,
The olde foale this dourde Ulires,
A sonne had begot on her Cyres,
Fecche and lusty yonge and coragious,
And he was called Chelagonyus.
Bozne in the see amonge the floddes rage.
That was also to reken his age,
Fyue and twenty yeres and there aboute.
But of hys father he was aye in doute,
What man he was oz who it mighte be,
Verynge therof in no securtye.
Tyll on a daye he despyous to knowe,
To hys mother fell on knees lowe.
Besekyng her goodly and not spare,
Of hys father to him the trouthe declare.
What that he was oz where he shuld dwelle,
He her besought that she woulde hym tell,
But sothly the longe and many dayes,
Of hygh prudence put hym in delays,
Tyll that she sawe the might haue no reste,
So importune he was in his requeste.
And whē she knewe ther was none other bote,
Fro poynt to poynt she tolde him crop & rote,
Of Ulires and where that he was kyng.
And he anone made no tarynge,
But toke leue it may none other be,
And playnely sayde he wolde hys father se.
Wherof the quene gan in her herte colde,
But when she sawe she might hym not withhold
She hym besought wyth chere debonaire,
That he wolde soone agayne to her repayre.
And for the she sayleth onwarde on his way.
Without abode the selfe same day,
By many porte and many fer countre,
Tyll he was brought there as he would be.
To Achaya a lande of great renowne,
And he gan serche throughe out the regyon,
After the place and paleys pryncypall,
Where as the kinge helde his see royall.
And he so longe in the countre rode,
Tyll he was taught where the kyng abode.
There Ulires was thyttē by in mewe,

To which place in haste he gan pursuwe,
A great party releued of hys sorow.
And on a monday eryly by the moztow,
Unto the bypge the ryghtway he toke,
And founde a porter depnyous of hys loke,
And lowely fyrste he gan him for to praye,
That he boutsaie hym goodly to conuere,
Into the courte and make no tarynge,
For he a message he hadde to the kyng.
But proude he derpyed the gate,
And thozily sayd that he came to late,
To entre there in any maner wyse.
And eke vngoodly gan him to despyse,
Frowarde of speche and malpous.
But in all haste thys Chelagonyus,
As he that was in heart not a ferde,
The proude porter hente by the berde,
And with his fyfte rose his chawc bone,
That he fell deade muet as a stone.
And other eke that hym tho withstode,
He made proude lepe into the flode.
And whan mo came to maken resistence,
He hente a swerde by manly vyolence,
And surpously in hys prous tene,
The story sayeth he slewe of them fyftene,
Hym selfe almoste wounded to death,
And gan for wery sothly fayle bzeath.
And Ulires what for noyse and lowe,
To the bridge is descendyd downe.
Fynding his men at entre of his gate,
Dead and slayne by full mortall hate.
And he full yrous hente anone adarte,
Of auenture standinge tho aparte,
And cruelly caste at Chelagon.
But yet the stroke as in conclusyon,
Domaged not for it glode aspyde.
And he for haste no longer would abyde,
Hent by the darte without more arest,
And smote the kinge lowe vnder the best,
Throughe the ribbes thoztly for to sape,
That of the wounde he must nedes depe.
Hauinge as tho no opynion,
That he was kinge noz susperton,
For that he had his owne father slawe.
Which fast gan to his erde drawe.
His wound was so deadly and so kene,
That he might hym selfe not sustene,
But pale and wan to the grounde gan glide.
His men about vpon euery syde,

That

That busp were to helpe hym and releue.
 But his soze gan so ake and greue,
 That he well felte that he must be dead.
 ¶ But abrayding as he list by his head,
 Haunpge as yet both perfect minde & reason,
 Remembre gan of his myfoun.
 And how it was tolde him out of drede,
 That one that was next of his kintrede,
 Descended downe from his owne lyne,
 His sweneu shall parfournme and to the fyne,
 I accomplishe it wyth a darte of stele,
 And soz he could naught conceyue wele,
 What that he was. noz who that it shulde be,
 He badde anone vnto his meyne,
 Without harme oz any vyolence,
 To do him sette anone vnto his presence.
 The ponge man wythch at the gate stode,
 That hath that dape shed so muche bloud.
 ¶ And when he was afoze Wilmes brought,
 Of him he hath enquired out and sought,
 Fyfte of his kyn and next of his countre.
 ¶ Certes quod he I was bozne in the sea,
 Amonge fyfthes myd the waues grene,
 And sayde also his mother was a quene,
 Called Circes of whom the name is kouthye,
 Both east and west and eke right fer by south
 And tolde also his father was a kynge,
 That hym begat at his home compunge.
 Fro Troye towne towarde this countre.
 And as my mother Circes tolde it me,
 Serteynly that he Wilmes byghte.
 Of whom desyrous for to haue a syghte,
 I entred am this myghty regyon.
 And haue purlewed vnto this dungeon.
 Onely in hope my father to haue seyne.
 But I se well my labour is in bayne,
 And syth in sothe lost is my trauayle,
 And that it maye in no syde auayle,
 It were folly longer for to dwell.
 Lo here is all that I can you tell.
 Of my hyured alke of me no more,
 ¶ With that Wilmes gan to sygh the soze.
 For lacke of bloud as he that was full pale,
 And sayde anone when he herde his tale,
 ¶ Now wot I well my woofull destinye,
 Fulfilled is it maye none other be,
 Now wot I well that it is to late,
 To grunte he oz styue agayne my piteous fate
 ¶ For my sonne as clerkes whydom tolde,

Hath made an ende of my dayes olde,
 Theron expectant with paynes full greuous
 ¶ And with that worde Thelagonius,
 When so he wist agayne natures lawe,
 That he alas had his father slawe,
 Which in þ land longe had bozne his crowne,
 Without abode fell anone in swowne,
 ¶ His clothes rente his yelow heppe to tozne
 ¶ Alas quod he that euer was I bozne,
 For cursed is my woofull destinye,
 And my toxtune which I maye not fle,
 Cursed my sozte cursed min auenture,
 And I refuse of e uery creature,
 Forwarred eke my disposycon,
 And cursed is my constellacyon,
 Cursed also and full infortunat,
 The houre in which my father me begat.
 So would god without longer reade,
 To acquite hym anone that I were dead,
 To laye my life for his death to bozowe.
 ¶ And when the kynge sawe his great sozow,
 And wist he was his sonne of Circes bozne,
 By many synnes reheried heretofore,
 He vnto hym anone forgaue his death.
 As tho he might for lacke and want of bertyh,
 So importable was his passyon.
 ¶ And este his sonne called Thelamon.
 Whycho hath in pylon so many dape be set,
 To his presence in all haste was fet.
 Which when he sawe his father in suche poynt
 Wypon his death standynge in dysoynt.
 And knetwe also and the trouthe hath founde,
 By whom he had his last deadly wounde,
 A swozde he hente and mortally pious,
 Woulde tho haue ronne on Thelagonius,
 Of bygh despyte auenged for to be.
 ¶ But Wilmes of fatherly pryte,
 Made his men holde and restrayne,
 And amyd of all his greuous payne,
 By his prudence and that was done anone,
 He made his sonnes for to be all one,
 ¶ And gaue in charge vnto Thelamon,
 Of enterenelle and affection,
 And of hole herte fapned neuer adele,
 All his life loued his brother wele,
 To parte with him treasour golde and good,
 As to the next bozne of all his bloud.
 And tho in sothe it was no longer tarped,
 That Wilmes full royally was carped,

Of

Of all Achaya to the chiefe cyte.
 Where after that he liued dayes thre,
 Without more and tho gaue by the goost,
 I can not saye playnly to what rost.
 After this lyfe that his soule is gone,
 But in a tumbde of metall and of ston,
 The body was clofed and yther.
 And after that there made was no let,
 That Thelamon wyth great solempnyte,
 Percrowned was in his fathers see.
 Swozde and Sceptrre deliuered to his hand,
 Of all Achaya a ryche and worthy lande,
 Ryght habundaunt of treasour and of golde
 And Thelagon wyth hym there abode,
 A yeaere complete well cheryshed in his syght,
 And of his brother toke ozdr of a knyght.
 And for hym list no longer there abyde,
 The kruge for him wysly gan prouyde,
 That he with golde and of treasure plente,
 Repepyed is home to his countre.
 ¶ And his mother of age wexen sadde,
 Of his repeyre passyngly was gladd,
 As the that sawe by her sozcerye,
 He scaped was many iopardye,
 Many peryll and many great dystresse.
 And after that she fell into specknesse,
 And her dette yelde as vnto nature,
 The whych escape maye no maner creature.
 In all this world that is here luyng.
 After whose death her son was crowned king
 Of Aulydos the meruaylous countre,
 As I haue tolde enclosed with a sea,
 Amonge rockes where many shippes drowne
 And sixty yere there he bare his crowne.
 This manly man this Thelagonius,
 And his brother Thelamonius,
 Regned also in his regyon,
 Seuentye wynter as made is mencyon.
 And after that they made a royall ende,
 And both two to Iubiter they wende,
 To regyne there amonge the sterres byght.

But now the lanterne and the clere syght
 Is wasted out of ferygus Darette:
 Whylom of Troye wynter and Poete.
 Gyde haue I none further for to passe,
 For euen here in this selfe place,
 He sytched hath the boundes of his stile.
 At the syege he present all the whyle,

And aye in one wyth them did abyde.
 Dites the Greke on the tother syde
 And both two as in theyz wyrtynge,
 Ne barre not but in a lytell thyngge,
 Touchynge matter as in specyall.
 That is notable oz hyfsoz pall,
 I do no force of inpydentess finale;
 Of whych in sothe is but lytell tale.
 ¶ Saue this Dites maketh mencyon,
 Of the nombze slayne tofoze the towne,
 Lastynge the syege affermyng out of drede,
 Eyght hundred thousande & six weren deade
 On Grekes syde by ryght in the fælde.
 And as Dares also there behelde,
 On Troye partye in the werre kene.
 Six hundred thousande seuentye and sytene;
 Were slayne there in Gydo ye maye se,
 With theym that came in helpe to the Citty,
 From many coste and many regyowne,
 In diffence and rescues of the towne.
 ¶ And full ten yere so as I can caste,
 And six monthes the mighty syege did laste.
 Oz it was gette Dares wypte him selfe.
 And ouermoze complete dayes twelue.
 Oz Grekes had full possessyon,
 By false engyne of the Greke Synon,
 Lyke as tofoze reherled was but late.
 I haue no moze of latyn to translate:
 After Dites, Dares, noz Gydo.
 And me to adde any moze therto,
 Than myn Auctours sperefyre and sayne,
 The occupacyon sothly were in bayne,
 And lyke a maner of presumycon,
 The tyme complete of this translatyon,
 By iuste rechenynge and accountes clere,
 Was a thousande and foure hundred yeaere
 And twenty nere I knowe it out of drede,
 After that chyste reseyued our manhead.
 Of her that was semperesse and quene,
 Of heauen and hell and a mayde cleane.
 The eyght yeaere by iuste computacyon,
 Setwynge next the coronacyon,
 Of him that is most gracious in wozyngge:
 Henry the fyfthe the noble wozyth kynge,
 And protectour of byttes albyon.
 And called is through his high renowne,
 Through his pzoewelle and his chyalrye,
 Also ferre as passeth anye cloude oz skye.
 Of Rozmande the mighty conquerour,

The fyfthe boke.

For though his knightthod & his high labour
 Hangre all tho that list him to withsayne,
 He conquered hath his heritage agayne.
 And by his myghty prudent gouernaunce,
 Recured eke his tittle vnto fraunce.
 ¶ That who so lyst loke and doe vnfolde,
 The pee de Grewe of these cronicles olde,
 And sercheth bores pwyrt longe tofome,
 He shall fynde that he is iustly bozne,
 To reygne in fraunce by lineall dyscende.
 ¶ And onwarde now he is ordemed regent,
 Of thylke lande durynge his fathers lyfe,
 Of his goodnesse to boyden werre & stryfe.
 He to reioyse without moze delay,
 Septe and crowne after the kinges day.
 As it is clerely in conclusion,
 Enrolled by in the comenyon,
 ¶ And than I hope the tyme fortunat,
 ¶ Of the olde world called Aureat,
 Reforte shall by influence of grace,
 That cruell Mars shall no moze manace,
 With his lokys furious and wodde,
 By false aspectes for to shede bloude,
 Atwene the folkes of these realmes twayne.
 Which euery wyght iustly ought complayne.
 ¶ But as I truste in myne oppinion,
 Thys woorthy kynge of wysdome & reason,
 And of knightthode shall so doe his payne,
 To make one that longe hath the betwayne.
 I meane as thus that England and fraunce,
 May be all one withouten varyaunce.
 Out of hertes olde rancour to enchace,
 By influence of his mighty grace,
 That called is of clerkes douterles,
 The soueraygne lord and the prync of peace.
 So that I hope his grace now shall reygne,
 So let a peace atwene these realmes twayne
 For in his power sothly standeth all,
 ¶ And allpaunce of the blode royall,
 That is knet by bybonde of marriage,
 Of werre shall boyde away the rage.
 To make peace with byght beemes thynne.
 ¶ And one that is called Katheryne.
 And named is right good and fayre also,
 Shalbe a mene atwyrt bothe two.
 Of grace empynted in her womanhede,
 That to complayne we shal haue no nede.
 ¶ And as I hope her gracious arpayle,
 Into thys lande shall so much auayle,

That shal her honour and prosperite,
 Without trouble of all aduersyte,
 Repere shall and all hertepleasaunce,
 Plente, welfare, and fulsome habundaunce,
 Peace and quyet both to nigh and ferre,
 Without strife debate or any werre.
 By schiefe, porterte, nede, nor indigence,
 With full reassinge of death and pestylence.
 Sothly I hope all this ye shall sene,
 Come into lande with that noble quene.
 That we shall saye of herte and feyne nought
 Blessed be she that all this hath vs broughte.
 And he þ hath through might of his working,
 Of his knightthod concluded all this thyng,
 And such meruayles i acin' done & wrought,
 And his purpose fully about brought,
 Of high wysdome set in his inwarde syght,
 Inoyng all that longeth to his ryght,
 And highest tyt of woorthynesse in glozpe,
 With the Sceptre of conquest and victoizpe.
 I praye god onely for his beste,
 ¶ When he hath al sette in peace and reste.
 And is full put in clere posselpon,
 Of all that longeth to his subiection.
 To sende him home with triumphe & honour,
 As great as euer had any conquerour.
 After longe in ioye and in quiete,
 To rule and reygne in his royall sete,
 Thus shall I saye there is no moze to saye,
 Daye and night for his exployte praye.
 Of faythfull herte and of hole entente.
 That whilom gaue me in cominaundemente
 Not yore ago in his fathers tyme,
 The spege of Trope on my maner to ryme,
 Most for his sake to speake in speyrall,
 Although that I be boyssous and rurall,
 He gaue me charge this stoze to translate,
 Rude of connyng called John Lpdgate,
 Donke of Burye by profession,
 Wylng an habite of perfection.
 Albe my lyfe accordeyth not therto.
 I feyne not I wot well it is so.
 It nedeth not witnesse for to call,
 Recorde I take of my byrthen all,
 That will not fayle at so great a nede.
 ¶ And all that shall this noble stoze reade,
 I beseeche of suppozte and of grace,
 Where I offende in any maner place,
 Or wher soeuer that they find shal an errour

Of

The fyfthe boke.

Of gentynesse to thewen their fauour,
 And benyngly for to do their payne,
 Wyt to correcte rather then dysdayne.
 For wel wot I þ muche thyng ther is wozenge
 Falsely metryd both of thozte and longe.
 And if they shoulde haue of all dysdayne,
 It is no drede my labour were in vayne.
 Let ignoraunce and rudenesse me excuse,
 For if that ye platly all refuse,
 For cet tayne fautes whiche ye there shal finde
 I doute not my thanke is sette byhynde,
 For in the berse though there be ignoraunce,
 Yet in the stoze ye fynde may pleasaunce,
 Touching substance of þ mine auctour wozit.
 And though so be that any woode misse tyt,
 Amendeth it with chere debonaizte.
 For an errour to hynde and appayze,
 That is not sayde of purpose or mayze,
 It is no woorthyp to hym that is wyse.
 And no wight gladly demeth so soone a lacke,
 Spereally byhynde at the backe,
 As he in soth that can us skylle at all.
 He goeth full hool that neuer had a fall.
 And I not fynde of newe nor of olde,
 For to deme that is alway so bolde,
 As he that is vblent with vnconnyngne,
 For blynde bayarde caste peryll of nothyngne,
 Tyll that he stumbleng fall amydde the lake.
 And none to redpe for to vndertake,
 Than he in sothe nor bolder to saye werse.
 That can no skylle on pzoile nor yet on berse.
 And of all suche that lyften not be styl,
 I lyttell forze where they saye good or yll.
 For vnto them my booke is not directe,
 But to all suche as lyfte haue in effecte,
 On symple folke full compassyon.
 That goodly can by their correction,
 Amende a thyng and hynde neuer adele,
 Of custome aye ready to saye welc.

For he that was groode of well sayinge,
 In all his lyfe byndred no makynge,
 My maister Chaucer þ founde ful many spot
 Hym list not pynche nor geutche at euery blot
 For mene hym selfe to perturbe his reste,
 I haue herde tolde but sayde alway the beste.
 Sufferynge goodly of his gentynesse,
 Full many thyngge embraced with rudenesse.
 And if I shall thoztly hym discerne,

Was neuer none to thys daye alyue,
 To teken all bothe of yonge and olde,
 That woorthy was his rykchozne for to holde
 And in thys lande yf there any be,
 In tozough or towne byllage or cite;
 That connyng hath his trarps for to sewe,
 Where he go brode or he be shet in mew,
 To hym I make a full dyrecyon,
 Of thys boke to haue inspercion.
 Beschinge them with the prudent loke,
 To race and scrape through out al my boke.
 Wozde and adde here them seyneth nede.
 And though so be that they not ne reade,
 In all this boke no Rethorikes newe,
 Yet this I hope that they shal finde al trewe,
 The stoze playne chiefly in substance.
 And who so lyst to se the varyaunce,
 Of wooldly thyngge wozought by dayes olde,
 In this boke he maye full well beholde,
 Chaunge of fortune in her course mutable,
 Selde or not faythfull other stable.
 Lordes, prynces from her royaltie,
 Sodaynly brought in aduersyte.
 And kinges eke plounged in pouerte,
 And for they dzed daryng in deserte.
 Untware slaughter compassed of enuye,
 Murdre conspyred by conspyrnye,
 Awayte layngge falshe and treason,
 And of kingdome sodayne reuersyon.
 Ranyngge of women for delyte
 Roote of the werre and moztall despyte.
 False mayntenaunce of auoutrye,
 Many woorthy causynge for to dye.
 Sinne aye concluding who so taketh hede,
 Vengeaunce vnware for his finall mcede.

To declare that in all wooldly luste,
 As in this boke example ye maye finde.
 If that you list enprunte it in your minde;
 How all passeth and halt there no sojoure,
 Wastynge awaye as doth a somer floure,
 Riche and poze of euery maner age.
 For here our life is but a pilgrimage,
 Depnt with labour and with myche wo,
 That if men would taken hede therto,
 And eke tofore prudently aduerte.
 Litell ioye he shoulde haue in his herte,
 To sette they truste in any wooldly thyng.
 C. ii. For

For there is nother pynce lord nor kynge.
By example of Troye as ye may see,
 That in this lyfe maye haue full surete.
Therfore to him that starfe byp the roode,
 Suffrynge deth for our alder good.
 Lyfte by your hart: & thinke on him amonge
 For be ye neuer so myghty not so gronge,
 Without hym al that may not auaille.
 For he can grue victorie in battayle,
 And holde a fyerde shortly to conclude,
 With a fewe agayne great myltitude.
 And by his grace he maketh pynces stronge,
 And worthy kynges for to regne longe.
 And these Tyzantes sodenly oppresse,
 Thzowe the downe for al their great richesse,
 And in his hande power he reserueth,
 Et he to acquyte lyke as he deserueth.
 To whom I praye with all deuocyon,
 With all myne herte and hole affection,
 That he lyfte graunt longe contynuaunce,
 Prosperite and good perseuerance,
 Helthe welfare victorie and honour,
 Unto that noble myghty conquerour.
Henry the fyfthe tofore elcysped,
 So that his name maye be magnified,
 Here in this lyfe byp the sterres cleere.
 And afterwarde aboue the nynt sphere,
 Whan he is dead for to haue a place.
 This praye I god for to sende him grace,
 At whiche byddynge as I tolde late.
 Fyfte I began the spege to translate,
 And now I haue holly in his honour,
 Full executed the fyne of my labour,
 Unto all that shall this storpe se,
 With humble herte and all humylte.
 This lyttell booke lowely I betake,
 At to suppozte and thus an ende I make.

Of the most noble excellent pynce
 kynge Henry the fyfthe.

Most worthy pynce of knyghthode
 soures and welle,
 Whose highe renowne through the
 worlde doth thynne,
 And that all other in manhode doest excelle,
 Egall of myght to the worthyes myne,
 And bozne also by ryght descent of lyne,

As veray heye by tytle to assayne,
 To beare p crowne of worthy realmes swain
And also fer as Phebus in his sphere,
 Fro East to West thzoweth out his beames
 And as Lucyna is a thzouded chere. (bzeht,
 Goeth compasse rounde with her pale light,
 Thou art preckened for the best knight,
 To be registred worthy as of name,
 In highest place set of the house of fame.

To holde a palme of knyghthod in thy had,
 For worthinesse and for hygh victorie,
 As thou that arte drade on sea and lande,
 And euermore to laude honour and gloze,
 For iust conquest to be put in memoze,
 With a crowne made of laurer grene,
 Upon thy head tofore that famous quene.

Whilom ordeyned onely for conquerours,
 Stable of herte with longe contynuaunce
 And gaue not by till they were victoures
 Empryses take for no sodayne chaunce,
 Whose name ap flourerth in newe remembraunce
 And fadeth not of peares yore agone,
 Amonges which thou mayst be set for one.

For thzough the worlde in many regyon,
 Reported is with fame that fyeth wyde,
 That naturally thy condicion,
 On thynge begonne is knightly to abyde,
 And for the tyme manly set asyde,
 Rest and ease with cosse theron be spente,
 Til thou haue wonne the fine of thyn entente.

Most circumspect and passinge auisee,
 And al thy workes conueyed in high pndere,
 Sad and demure like to Iosue,
 Agayne whose swerde there gayneth no resy,
 And hast also of heauenly influence, (scere,
 With Salamon wisely to discerne,
 Onely by grace thy people to gouerne.

Merely eke ment with thy magnificence,
 On all oppressed for to haue ppte,
 And of rebelles by manly violence,
 Abate thou canst the great cruelte,
 And so with Dauid hast kingly ppte.
 And highe prowesse with Sesar Julius,

That in his tyme was most victorizous.

And manly holdest in thy handes two,
 Who can beholde by clere inspection,
 The sword of knyghthod, thy Sceptre also,
 The tone to bzyng to subiectyon,
 Hertes made proude by false rebellyon,
 And with the sceptre to rule at the best,
 Thy trewe people that can liue in rest.

Now p hast vertue, manhode, and grace
 Attenuaunce fredome and bounte,
 Lowly I praye to the with dreadfull face,
 Disdayne the not benignely for to se,
 Upon this boke rudely made by me,
 To fyne onely to argue thine highnesse,
 And rewe of mercy vpon my sumplesse.

And in thy noble kingly aduertence,
 Consydre the my soueraygne lord most deare
 Of thine innate famous sapience,
 That chyst Iesu receyued with good cheare,
 The two minutes yeue of herte entere,
 By the widowe which of wil and thought,
 Gaue all her good and kepte her selfe ryghte
 (nought.

By which example so that it not offende,
 Thzough mine vnconning to thy high noblesse
 Let your good will my litell giste amende,
 And of thy mercy and renowned goodnesse,
 Take no disdayne of my bareyne rudnesse,
 And in making al though I haue no muse,
 Let trewe meninge the surplus all excuse.

More then good herte hath no maner wight,
 For to present cyther to god or man,
 And for my parte to the as it is ryght,
 That gyue I hoole as fer forth as I can,
 Aye to perseuer fro tyme that I began,

With will and thought for thine estate to pray
 Which to conserue thus finally I saye,

Cryste of almighty god p wraathe to queme,
 With all that maye be to his plesaunce,
 And to thy crowne and to thy diademe,
 Grace and good eue with long continuance,
 And of thy lyes saythfull obeysaunce,
 And the vertue that man maye specifice,
 I praye god graunt vnto thy regallte.

Explicit liber quintus et vltimus.

Lenuoye.



Clitell boke & put the in the grace,
 Of him that is p most of excellence,
 And be not hardye aye where to
 shewe thy face,
 Without suppozte of his magnificence,
 And who so euer in the shall finde offence,
 Be not to bolde for no presumption,
 Thy selfe tenarme aye in patience,
 And the submitte to theyr cozection.

Verba translatoris ad librum suum.

And for p arte enlumed in no floures,
 Of Rethorike but all in white & blacke,
 Therfore thou must nedely abide the shoures
 Of them that list to set on the alacke,
 And when thou arte most likly go to wracke,
 Agaynst them thine errour not diffende,
 But humbly tho withdrawe the & go abacke.
 Requiring them that they thy amulle amende.

FINIS.

Here begynneth the table.

Howe the kinge of Theſalye named Pelles loſte all his men by dyuine puniſhement who after by his prayers obteyned others. Ca.i.

Howe Elon the kinge for that he was olde and myghte no longer weide the gouernayle cauſed to crowne his brother Pelles. Ca.ii.

Howe Pelles fearynge to be depoſed by his brothers ſonne Jalon, a worthy and valiant yonge knight, counſailed him to undertake the peryllous and almoſt inuincible conqueſt of the golden fleſe at Colchos, who by his perſwaſion vnderooke the ſame. Ca.iii.

Howe Jalon in his expedition towardes Colchos, caſually with his ſelowſhippe, arrived in the territories of Troie, meaninge onelye there for a while to reſreſhe and reſte them. Ca.iiii.

How Lamedon kyng of Troie ſent to Jalon commaundingehim and his ſelowſhippe forthwith to departe the conſpyes of his cōtreith and of theyr anſwere ſente apen to the kyng. Ca.v.

How Jalon through the only helpe of Medea Detes daughter, the kyng of Colchos enamored of him he achieved the conqueſt of the golden fleſe. Ca.vi.

How Jalon after this conqueſt with Medea and his ſelowſhippe retourned agayne into Theſalye. Ca.vii.

Howe Jalon, Hercules, and all the prynces of Grece, aſſembled to aduenge the vncurteſſe done to them by Lamedon in this expedition towardes Colchos. Ca.viii.

Of the battayle betwixt the Grecians and the Trojans wherein the Troians were deſcomfited, theyr kinge ſlayne, and after theyr Citie taken, rased, and deſtroyed. Ca.ix.

The Tranſlatour complaineth the miſfortune of the Trojans, in the loſſe of theyr Citie lyuely deſcribinge the ſyble ſtate of Fortune's gouernance, beginning in the ſame chappiter his ſecond booke, perſeuynge the matter of the ſayd hiſtoyre. Ca.x.

Howe Pryam ſonne to Lamedon and ſucceedinge his father, buylded the Citie agayne. Ca.xi.

How king Pryam ſend Antenor into Grece to haue reſtozed apen his ſiſter Erion. Ca.xii.

How Pryam the kinge ſent Parys Deiphobus and others the worthyes of Troie into Grece, to aduenge the raiſing of his ſiſter Erion, & how they befoze they retourne rauyned the faire Heleine wiſe to Menelaus and brought her to Troie. Ca.xiii.

Howe Parys was receyued in Troie at his retourne, and of his mariage to Heleine. Capitulo.xiiii.

Howe the Grekes aſſembled to be aduenged of the Trojans for the raiſing of Heleine. Ca.xv.

The deſcription of Pryam, his ſonnes and daughters & of the arſenal of the Grekes tofoze the temple of Diane the goddeſſe. Ca.xvi.

How Achilles and Patroclus were ſent to Delos to receyue anſwere of god Apollo how they ſhuld ſpede agynſt the Trojans. Ca.xvii.

Howe the Grekes nauyge retournyng from Athenes were diſtreſſed by tempeſt, and howe they toke a caſtell of the Trojans called Saranaba. Ca.xviii.

Howe Agamenon aſſembled counſaile of the nobles of Grece, and determined, and ſent Ulixes and Diomedes in embassade to kyng Pryam. Ca.xix.

Howe Agamenon ſent Achilles and Chelephus into the Ilande of Meſſa for bytayles, and how they ſlew the kyng and after ordeyned Chelephus the kyng there. Ca.xx.

Howe the Grekes landed tofoze Troie where they were ſtoutly fought with all. Capitulo.xxi.

Of the fyrſt battayl wherein Hector ſlew him ſelfe in valyauncy tofoze all other. Capitulo.xxii.

How the Grekes through theyr ſuite obteyned of kinge Pryam a trewe for epght wekes and of theyr battayles after the trewe ended. Capitulo.xxiii.

How the Trojans toke kinge Thoas priſoner and led him captiue to Troie. Ca.xxiiii.

How duringe a trewe of .iii. monthes Hector walked into the Grekes hoſt, and of the talke had betwixt Achilles & him. Ca.xxv.

Of theyr battayles after that trewe, the deſcription of the Palleyes of Ilyon, of a great

The table.

peſtylence in the Grekes hoſte, whereby they were enforced to ſeke fortrefe, whych vpon theyr ſuyte they obteyned for thirtie dayes. Capitulo.xxvi.

Howe Andromecha was by a dreame forewarned of the death of her huſband Hector, if he the day folowynge entred the fyeelde, wher of ſhe admoniſhed him, and he thereto hauing no reſpect was the next day ſlayn of Achilles. Capitulo.xxvii.

The complainte of Lydgate for the death of Hector. Ca.xxviii.

How the grekes depoſing Agamenon ordeyned Pallampdes the generall of theyr armye. Capitulo.xxix.

How kyng Pryam in perſonne iſſued into battayle, for thaduenge of Hector's death, where he dyd ryght valyauntly. Ca.xxx.

Howe Achilles ſlew the worthy Troilus vnknightly, & after trayled his body through the fyeelde to his hoſte. Ca.xxxi.

Howe Parys ſlew Achilles and Archilagus Duke Meſſors ſonne, in the temple of Apollo. Ca.xxxii.

Howe Parys and Chelamon Iyar, ſlew eche other in the fyeelde. Ca.xxxiii.

How Pantafylla quene of Amazonis com-

minge in ayde of the Trojans, was ſlayne by Pirrhys Achilles ſonne. Ca.xxxiiii.

Howe the Grekes made an hoſte of braſſe, wherein was men of armes, and vnder colour of peace brought it into Troie, by the whyche it was utterly deſtroyed for euer. Ca.xxxv.

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